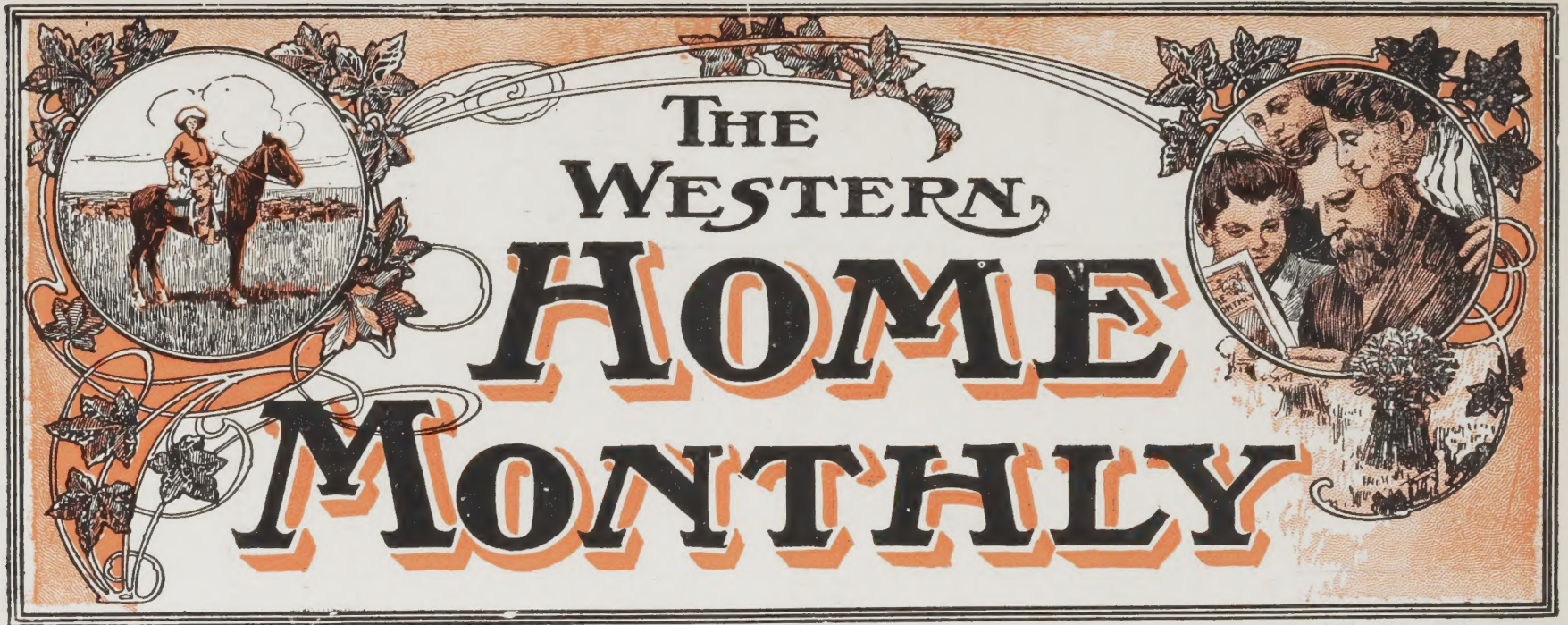




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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IX. No. 8.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, AUGUST, 1908.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

AS BY FIRE

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.



"At the threshold he fell, and a woman, with toil-worn hands and a plain face made beautiful by solicitude, came running out and bent over him."

TED, I wish you would give up this Oliver fellow. I have seen his kind before, and they are no good."

Young Burton flushed resentfully. He was scarcely more than a boy, with all a boy's headstrong notions of the right of personal freedom. Moreover, an uneasy recollection of certain events that had taken place in Oliver's company gave Lethington's words enough of the sharpness of truth to make them sting uncomfortably.

"I don't think you understand Oliver," the boy began, defensively, finding arguments as he went and piling them up to justify his position. "He's an independent chap, and doesn't take any trouble to explain his actions to people he doesn't care about. Just because he is a stranger here it doesn't follow that he isn't as good as other people. He's a good fellow who likes to have a good time and see other people have it, too."

Lethington listened as patiently as he could. It was just the sort of argument he might have expected from a headstrong boy who had fallen into the hands of an older and faster set than he had known, but he had hoped for

better things from Leila's brother. He looked down at the weak, handsome, sulky face and tried to see what change had come over it in the six months of his absence. There was a heaviness about it, a trace of petulance about the mouth and a new bravado of manner, every indication of a young life lived at high pressure.

"Does Oliver have his good times at your expense?" he queried, dryly, and Ted's resentment flashed into temper.

"I presume I may do what I please with my own money," he said, defiantly. "You needn't be alarmed, the estate is evenly divided."

In his excitement the boy uncon-

sciously raised his voice, and a group of men a few yards away caught his words. One of them half turned with a surprised start, and as quickly averted his face again.

The insinuation was a nasty one, since everybody knew that less than a year ago Lethington had been the most assiduous suitor for Ted's sister Leila. Since then the crash had come, Lethington's father had failed, and now Lethington, who had once been a leader among the men and the most alluring of eligibles, was practically penniless, beginning at thirty-four to work his way up again. He was no longer seen at every gay event in Leila Burton's

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Grace Church	St. Stephen's Church	Fort Garry Gateway	Fort Garry Court
Victoria School	General Hospital	Government Buildings	The Assiniboine River
Normal School	Carnegie Library	Manitoba Club	Mr. John Galt's Residence
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Company, gay events being now too expensive for him, but he went to the house with fair frequency, just enough to keep the gossips wondering.

"You may take that back!"

Before the wrath in Lethington's eyes the boy shifted his own uneasily. He knew his petulant fling at the older man had been causeless and childish, and it did not make him feel particularly proud of himself. He offered a lame apology.

"You needn't be so infernally touchy," he said, sulkily. "I didn't mean anything, but I don't see why I should stand still and let people row me about my friends."

Lethington put his own anger aside and returned patiently to his first argument. After all, what could he do by harsh measures, if he wished to reclaim Leila's brother? He longed to shake this spoiled boy who was ruining his own life and bringing anxiety and pain to those who loved him, but he knew that it was on the man Oliver that the weight of his wrath should fall. The boy had merely been drawn, as many others had before, under the flattery of being sought by an older man, the fascination of his worldly knowledge and the power of his unscrupulous will, and he had not the strength of character to resist it.

"I have no wish to row you about your friends," he said, quietly, "but I do hate to see you throw yourself away. I have knocked around the world considerably, and I have seen men of his stamp before, and I know the pace he leads you does not pay. It may seem very fine and manly for a time, but in the end you will be ashamed of it, and the very ones who applaud you now will throw you aside like a squeezed lemon when you are no longer profitable. That is all I am going to say, Ted, except just this friendly warning—keep your eye on Oliver, and watch out that he doesn't use you for an easy thing. Good-bye."

Lethington was off immediately. He was no longer a luxurious idler in expensive clubs, and he had only come in here to-day because he had seen Ted Burton enter, and had followed him to give the advice which had seemed to fall on such stony ground. The men who had heard Burton's ill-considered retort looked curiously after Lethington.

"There seems to be trouble brewing," one of them said, casually. "It sounded as though Burton were trying to pick a quarrel with Tom. It was rather low to twit him on his poverty—the young cub ought to be thrashed. He's going a pretty heady pace anyway."

At the end of the room where Lethington had left him, young Burton leaned against the window casement and stared into the street below. He was not in a happy mood, for the interview had left him half sullen, half ashamed. A consciousness that Lethington's strictures on his conduct were not undeserved mingled with the uncomfortable knowledge that his retort at Tom had been unwarranted and cruel. He had grace enough left to feel hot and ashamed for that, half fretful that his "liberty" should be tampered with, but anxious to keep Lethington's good opinion. As a mere youngster he had envied and admired Tom Lethington, then in the full tide of prosperity and popularity, had even copied his clothes, in a boyish way, the crispness of his speech and the easy swing of his walk. That was before Lethington had left, after the financial crash, to take his father abroad to other scenes and spend what little was left from the wreck in a vain attempt to restore mind and health to the shattered old man. Lethington, Senior, had rallied for a time, only to die in a foreign land and be brought home by the son and daughter who had now nothing left but their two selves and their courage. When they came back Oliver and his crowd had gained their influence over Ted Burton, who saw with some wonder

that Tom's popularity still remained, even though he was almost a pauper. The boy could not reconcile this with the ideas of life which his new friends had brought him. This crowd clustered about the most lavish spender, and the cost of their admiration, as the boy craved it, had already made appalling inroads on even his luxurious finances.

There was another thing, too. This was a girl, whose clear blue eyes seemed to look at him reproachfully. He flushed a little as he remembered some earlier passages between them, the dear dream castles they had built, the promises and plans for the future. How was it that the change had come? It was so imperceptible that he had not realized it at first, but she had been away so long, and when she had returned their paths had diverged so widely. He would even now like to go back to her, if he could reconcile his present "liberty" with all that she stood for, but he could not. It made him uncomfortable to meet her, even though in her own pride she calmly ignored all that had gone before, and so he stayed away.

He looked at his watch with sudden resolve. He would cut the crowd to-day and go home and take his sister for a spin in his new Panhard. Poor Leila, he suspected that she had worried over him of late, when he had spent so many nights in Oliver's rooms, instead of returning to the big house in the suburbs. It was so infernally dull, he told himself, to drown out a certain accusing voice. He would go home and cheer her up.

Just back of him was an archway whose partly drawn portiere half concealed, half revealed the room beyond. Here a man had entered while Lethington and Burton were talking. As he caught sight of the two through the archway he halted, surveyed them critically, as though considering the possibilities of the situation, and then with soundless tread crossed the room, took a chair where the folds of the curtain

concealed him from the next room, and listened. Lethington and the boy were not five feet away from him, and although the newcomer was seemingly oblivious of their presence, entirely out of sight and absorbed in a newspaper, his intent ears lost not a word, and his eyes glinted and narrowed unpleasantly as he listened.

He was a man about forty, dressed with most careful precision, his smoothly brushed brown hair showing a faint trace of gray, the face a little more than good-looking, though lacking in fineness of cut. The mouth was a little loose, the heavy-lidded eyes were handsome, and a calculating gleam in them.

This was Boyd Oliver, the man who had appeared in town less than a year before, taken expensive bachelor apartments and introduced himself with a certain easy grace as a chronic wanderer who was almost a stranger to his own country, having spent most of his time between Paris and Vienna. It was Ted Burton and a few others of the younger men who had gotten him into this exclusive club, although it was whispered that he had had a narrow escape from being blackballed.

The listener's face darkened into an angry sneer. When he heard Lethington's good-bye he shrank still further out of sight behind the curtain.

"So you'll interfere, will you?" he ruminated, the handsome eyes narrowing into gleaming slits. "It's fortunate that I happened along just now. I haven't any intention of letting go of a good thing when I get it, so if my young prig wants to reform Burton he'll have to work. I think I can win out on this game."

He permitted himself a satisfied smile, looked cautiously into the next room and saw Ted Burton in the act of consulting his watch. In a moment he guessed Ted's frame of mind and prepared to mould it to his own. He walked out and laid a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder.



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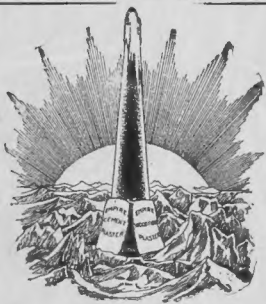
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3



Half an hour later Oliver and Burton were walking out together, and Burton had sent a message to his sister that he would not be home that night.

Lethington went back to the grind of his daily duties in a far from pleasant frame of mind. He had made a mess of it, he told himself, disgustedly, and a warm irritation came over him as he remembered the taunt the spoiled boy had flung at him, a thing he would never have expected of Ted.

Although a little older than most of those who flocked to the Burton house, Lethington had been a frequent visitor there, and had begun to look on these as the sweetest hours that he spent, and to build dream castles in which Leila always moved beside him like a radiant presence. He had watched her unfolding like a flower, passing from childhood to the delicate bloom of early womanhood, and awoke one day to the knowledge that for him she was The One Woman. Then the crash had come, he had gone away with his father, and the dream castles had fallen into dusty ruins. He would not, he could not ask her to marry him now. Now that he had come back, quite penniless, to work out his own way to success, he still went quite frequently to see her, but it was with a difference. He was no longer an eager suitor, meeting her on her own ground and well ahead of all rivals; he was a friend, a brother, a kind adviser—for the Burton home was shadowed by its own bereavement now—and he put the old visions behind him, telling himself sternly that he was getting too old a fellow for a girl like Leila, and was a pauper beside, who should be glad of the sweetness of her friendship, without reaching out for more.

There were those, to be sure, who said that any girl should be glad to get a man like Tom Lethington, rich or poor, and there were others who snappily retorted that Tom Lethington's virtues were only exceeded by his pride, and that if Leila Burton expected to marry him now she would have to do the proposing herself. Meanwhile, quite oblivious of the gossips, Lethington told himself that he was her friend, only her friend. That was why he had tried to check the headstrong folly of this brother of hers, whom she idolized. Nevertheless, that grating insult still rankled.

He came out of a brown study to note that a carriage was drawing close to the curb beside him, and a girl dressed in black, with auburn hair and a face of the bright freshness of dawn, was holding out her hand to him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lethington. I was beginning to fear I was going to be overlooked entirely. A penny for your thoughts."

"Not worth it!" Lethington held the firm little hand for a moment. "What good fairy brought you here? You don't often favor this part of town."

"I came to capture your sister and take her home with me for a week's visit, but she is quite sure your Lordship cannot spare her. Who would have thought you such a domestic tyrant?"

She smiled at him challengingly, but there was a half quiver behind the smile, an abstracted sadness that he had noticed several times of late, and had laid wrathfully at the door of that graceless brother.

"I wish Nina would desert me now and then," he said, quickly. "She is a dear little housekeeper, but I fear she is overdoing it. I shall have to use my elder-brotherly authority."

She remembered his old reputation of being the most obliging and generous of brothers, making Nina Lethington envied of all her friends, whose own brothers, good enough in their way, were still too occupied with horses and sports and other girls to bestow more than the most casual attentions on their sisters. It reminded her of something very close to her own heart, and with a quick resolution she made place for him beside her.

"Won't you drive on with me? There is something I want to ask of you. I know you are busy, but we can drive toward your office."

Lethington stepped in, and the carriage with its daintily stepping horses turned and went smoothly down the

street. It was the old feeling of ease, the natural, unostentatious luxury which had always seemed his own by right, but which was now denied him. He had no complaints to make, but he made a silent promise to his own ambition that in ten years he would have horses of his own again, and then, perhaps—but that would take a long time, and meanwhile some man worthier to claim this prize would win her away from him.

It was several minutes before Leila spoke, and then the words came slowly.

"You have been such a good friend, Mr. Lethington, that I think you will understand why I speak to you about a matter which one usually prefers to keep very closely within one's own family. It is about my brother."

She paused, coloring, and looked at him. Lethington felt it would be false kindness to attempt to palliate the truth.

"Yes, I know," he said, and a little sigh struggled in her throat at this confirmation of her fears, making him suddenly desire to thrash the headstrong boy who was causing them.

"You know then, you understand!" she said, quickly. "Everybody knows, perhaps, and that makes it so hard to shield him. Mr. Lethington, something is wrong with Ted, and it must be stopped. I have done my best to influence him, and have failed. He needs a man's strength now. You know what a dear fellow he was before this Mr. Oliver came. It frightens me to see the difference, to think what he is getting to be. He is home so seldom now, sometimes he is hard and flippant and reckless, and again he is haggard and silent, and all the while it is money, money, as fast as he can get it. He isn't vicious, he is not lost—there is hope yet to make a splendid man of Ted, but it must be done soon. You know him, Mr. Lethington. He likes you, he respects you. Will you save Ted for me?"

It was an eager, impassioned plea that she made to him, her fear and excitement carrying her far beyond what she had meant to say, and she looked half frightened when she stopped. It gave him an odd stricture about the throat, and the knowledge that she scarcely knew what she was asking him did not make it easier. A few seconds of silence followed, while the carriage drew up before the office building where Lethington was trying to build a new structure over the ruins of his fortune. He held out his hand to her.

"I am wholly at your service. So far as it is in the power of one man to influence another, I will work to save Ted for you."

She could not realize the sacrifice it meant, the time it would take from the work which meant so much to him, the difficulties in the way, now that he was no longer able to cope financially with the men Ted knew, or to be at the places where Ted was likely to be found. She only knew that he seemed a monument of strength to her, a sure refuge in every trouble, but to himself he seemed a very human man, very far from the success he craved and very close to the black shadow of discouragement, a man whose pulses jumped rebelliously at the warm touch of her fingers.

As he left her he wondered how he was to accomplish the task he had undertaken, and all day long the problem came between him and his work, but there was a persistent ray of sunshine through the cloud. Leila had asked him to do this, of all her friends, because there was none other to whom she could tell this intimate thing. She had turned to him for help, and she should not find him wanting.

When he went home, late that afternoon, to the tiny, cramped apartment which had succeeded the spacious home he and Nina had always known, it struck him with sudden alarm that his sister was looking white and tired. She was so much younger than he—scarcely twenty—that it was hard for him to realize that "Babe" had grown to womanhood.

"Well, little girl," he said, affectionately, "do you know what I am going to do with you? I am going to pack you off for a vacation. I met Miss Burton this morning, and she says she wants you for a while. If you don't

want to visit anyone, off you go on a little trip, but I've just awakened to the fact that you need a change."

He was standing in the doorway of the tiny kitchen, where Nina's unaccustomed hands were putting the finishing touches to their evening meal. She bent a little lower over her work and shook her head.

"I'd rather not," she said, listlessly.

He looked at her closely for a moment, but her face was hidden from him.

"I don't want you to tie yourself down on my account, Babe. You're the best little housekeeper in the world, but you don't know how easily I can get along in bachelor's hall for a while. In fact, I need it. You have been feeding me too high—it's bad for my liver. Come, change your mind and go out with Leila."

"I'd rather not."

The same answer, but this time there was a betraying catch in her voice. Lethington took away the dish she held and drew her chin gently up until he could see her face and the unshed tears brimming in her eyes.

"What is it, little girl?"

With a convulsive movement she buried her yellow head on his shoulder, and her slender young body heaved with uncontrollable sobs.

For a few moments more she sobbed out emotions which had been held bravely back, day after day, week after week. Then, as the sobs subsided, there came first a quiver of a sigh, and then a smothered voice.

"I can't tell you. You—you would despise me."

"I couldn't do that, dear."

"It—it's about Ted Burton."

Ted again! Lethington felt an insane desire to choke this headstrong youngster whose folly could make two girls like Nina and Leila Burton the sorrow he was seeing to-day. But he merely stroked the bowed head comfortingly, and presently she disengaged herself and went on with downcast eyes, fingering the top button of his coat with a wistful forefinger.

"It began before our trouble," she confessed, slowly. "Ted and I saw a great deal of each other, and presently—well, you know, Tom. It wasn't exactly an engagement, and yet we both understood. We didn't want to say anything yet, because it was my first winter out, and we were so young that we were afraid people would object. Then the crash came. Ted was lovely then, and he wrote such dear letters for a time after we went away with father, but after a while they did not come so often, and somehow they sounded different. When we came back—well, everything was changed."

She stopped to control her voice, and then went on with her little head raised proudly.

"So you see why I don't wish to visit Leila. It is very different now. I scarcely ever see Ted, but I would not for worlds try to call him back to me, or show him that I feel it, but, oh, Tom, he *did* love me once, and I cared so much! And everybody, all the people we know, whisper about the wild things he is doing, and shrug their shoulders when his name is mentioned. I've given him up, Tom. I'm a Lethington, and too proud to let any man see that I grieve for him, but it hurts me to think of his going like this."

Her voice broke into a little wail, and her brother's arm came around her.

"Ted is not going to the bad, Babe. He has started, I know, but he is going to be brought back. It won't be an easy victory nor a quick one, but it will be won. As for the rest, that is something between you two alone, but don't worry. It will come out all right."

For three weeks Lethington pursued the careful and diplomatic course he had marked out for himself. He particularly avoided seeking the boy's company too obviously, but somehow Ted often found him nowadays where he went—the better places—and usually in the center of a group of good fellows. No one knew better than Lethington how to gain the liking of his fellow men, and from noting how others flocked to him Burton came to stroll over to the group himself. No one but himself and Nina guessed how hard he worked in the small hours to atone for

these times of genial loitering, but he told himself that he was gaining ground. He was getting near to the boy's confidence. It came quite naturally after a time that they should be alone once in a while, and there were times when Ted seemed on the verge of unburdening his mind of something, but something always jerked him up on the edge of it.

He was haggard and anxious most of the time now, but feverish always for change, for excitement, for anything, seemingly, that would bring forgetfulness of whatever preyed on his mind. Lethington guessed shrewdly that this was a money trouble, and felt reasonably sure that Oliver was draining him like a persistent leech, and that the boy was gambling, in one way or another, to find his blind way out of the difficulties that beset him.

Meanwhile Lethington pursued some private investigations concerning Oliver, and came to conclusions which plunged him into frowning cogitation as to the best course to pursue to bring this enterprising gentleman to a short stop, but in these events were moving too rapidly for him. For three years a slow justice had been following Boyd Oliver's trail for an old offense, doggedly keeping to his track, although time and again he had flitted to new and more profitable pastures just as the law's hand seemed closing around him. Now, under a new name and in a new character, they had found him here, although the only indication of danger was a quiet little man in gray, with a mild and deprecating manner, who loitered around town for a few days and then had a brief but surprising interview with the Chief of Police. There were two days more of delay, while the local department cautiously inspected this little scandal in their midst, and then all was ready for the *coup-d'état*.

It happened that that very day Lethington had made an engagement with Ted Burton for the evening. It had required some diplomacy, for the boy was in a particularly restless and moody humor, and though he had voluntarily sought Lethington out, had fidgeted around for half an hour without saying scarcely more than a monosyllable or two. His consent had been absently given, and Lethington was not greatly surprised when night came, and the time of their appointment passed by, without a sign of Ted.

"Oliver has his claws on him again," he reflected, and tried to take it philosophically, saying that it was a poor victory that was won without effort, but nevertheless he was annoyed and anxious. He had not liked the boy's look in the morning.

An hour went by, while Lethington still lingered in the hotel lobby which was to have been their rendezvous. Two hours went by. Midnight came and went. Two young men passed Lethington just as he had decided to leave. He knew them for reporters, but they did not see him in the sheltered seat where he had retreated to avoid being accosted and carried off somewhere by any of his old friends, and a murmur of low-toned conversation came to him.

"—special assignment. They're going to pull a swell gambling house they've just smelled out. There'll be a good scent of scandal in the air when —"

Like a flash of inspiration it came to Lethington. He did not need to be told where that place was. He waited until the reporters had gone, and then he was going down the street with long-striding haste. He must get to Oliver's rooms and get Ted out before the police came, by fair means or foul. After that they might raid all they pleased.

The air in Boyd Oliver's rooms was heavy with smoke and the fumes of drink. There were no harsh sounds there, no glaring lights. Thick, gorgeous rugs hushed every footfall, and a mellow, golden light alternately softened and brought into relief the multiplied luxuries that an unlimited purse may bring from the ends of the world to pander to a man's love of ease and beauty. It was a large suite for a bachelor's needs, although at the first glance it did not seem particularly extensive.



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One entered first into a room of fair size, where inviting chairs and a pleasant litter of books and magazines, and a pipe or two, seemed to indicate that the master of the place had just stepped out for a moment, but would come strolling back in a minute or two, yet this was only the outer gate of the citadel. You were here met by a discreet man servant. If you were known your coat was taken, and you were promptly ushered through the archway whose muffling curtains were always drawn by night. If you were strange, and had not the card of a friend to bring Mr. Boyd Oliver out from the room beyond to greet you with pleasant recognition, the chances are ten to one that you saw no one at all, or at best that you did not get beyond that comfortable outer room.

Beyond the curtains was a large room elaborately beautiful in every detail, this, too, with the ever-present suggestion of physical comfort and ease. Here, to-night, half a dozen men sat around a table, with frequently replenished glasses beside them and growing and diminishing piles of chips. What of it? May not a man have a game or two in his own rooms with his friends, even though the stakes may sometimes rise high? It was well within the law, if by chance any inquiring eye should get beyond that ante-room, but beyond this the beautiful hangings on the walls screened other doorways. There were three of these, each leading to a smaller room containing a mysterious device of its own with a presiding genius in charge. Here excited groups clustered, some cool and cautious, some gay and reckless, some haggard with the strain of heavy losses. In short, from being an affable "good fellow" who threw open his rooms for the companionship of others, Mr. Boyd Oliver had cleverly insinuated one change after another, until the suite was nothing more nor less than a luxurious, closely secluded gambling house, operating outside the pale of the law, but conducted so skillfully that the law had never scented its pernicious presence, might never have done so, perhaps, but for the advent of that quiet little man in gray, of whose presence in town Mr. Oliver was quite ignorant.

Boyd Oliver sat at the table in the larger room. He was always ready for a "friendly game," but he never patronized the little rooms beyond. The little spinning wheel, with the watchful croupier above it, was "for the amusement of his friends," he said, but when the lights went out at night, sometimes so far in the morning that dawn had lightened the outer world, when this way of amusing his friends had ceased until another night, it was always he who was the richer. Some of them won, to be sure, and won enormously, while others lost to the desperation point, but Boyd Oliver was living on them all.

Ted Burton sat beside him. His face was flushed and hot; he had been losing steadily, and the glass beside him had been replenished far too often. Presently he flung his hand down on the table and without a word rose and walked toward a curtained archway leading to the one secluded and quiet room of the suite, Oliver's bed-room.

"Oh, I say, Burton, don't desert us!" one of the men called after him, but he paid no attention, and disappeared in Oliver's room.

A light-stepping attendant came in from the outer room, looked the occupants over quickly and laid a card before Oliver with a low-toned word of explanation. He had orders that all cards to strangers should first be submitted to his master, no matter for whom the visitors might inquire.

A momentary frown flickered over the suave mask of Oliver's face. Mr. Thomas Courtney Lethington! Pray what was he doing here, asking for Ted Burton? Why was he following the boy up, and what business had he to come here in his search?

Oliver put the card in his pocket and arose, going a few steps away from the table before he gave instructions to his man.

"Tell Mr. Lethington that Mr. Burton is not here. Get him away as quietly as possible."

Then he strolled after Ted, with a

casual excuse to the men he had left. His fingers played with the little pasteboard in his pocket. What did it mean? This fellow Lethington was getting to be a nuisance. For some weeks past, ever since that overheard interview at the club, angry as it had been, Oliver had felt his hold on the boy slipping. He was getting harder to manage by judicious flattery and good-fellowship, more irritable under the constant drain.

Oliver looked back for a moment at the soft colored, luxurious rooms which he had so cunningly changed into a gambling establishment for his own gain. It was simply coining money for him, but he was beginning to be uneasy. Something—his "lucky imp," he called it—was whispering uneasy premonitions that it was time to "move along." It was like throwing away money, he reflected, regretfully, when he had such an easy thing here and was living royally at the expense of Ted Burton and young fools like him, but Boyd Oliver had all of a gambler's superstition, and never turned a deaf ear to the whispering of the "lucky imp." It was too bad, but he had made a fine roll of money at it, and by next week he would quietly close up and get out of town with his profits. Confound that Lethington! Oliver somehow held him accountable for the turn of fortune which he felt to be coming his way.

Sauntering into the bed-room, he found Ted Burton slouched moodily down in a chair, his hands deep in his pockets, his chin almost touching his chest. The boy was sounding the depths of shamed desperation. The sum he had lost to-night, following on the heels of previous losses, was appalling even to his recklessness. Wealthy as he was, his father's estate was not yet settled, his money was tied up. He had drawn all he could from the executors and had mortgaged his credit until he was overwhelmingly in debt, and nothing remained now but disclosure and disgrace. He did not know where to turn to pay his losses to-night. Leila? No, he dared not ask Leila for a sum like that. He had been a fool, perhaps a black-guard, but he would at least be man enough to stand for his own debts.

He scarcely looked up as Oliver entered. His feelings toward this man had changed of late. He no longer had the boy's excitable admiration for the world who flattered and led him; he had learned that the bright tissue of the life that Oliver showed him had ugly seams on the hidden side, yet matters had gone so far that there seemed no way out. They were both in the thing so deeply, he argued, that there was nothing to do but to stick together. He did not suspect how completely Oliver was using him, nor how swiftly he would be thrown aside when his use was over, but he was conscious of a growing restlessness and distaste for it all, without being able to get away from it.

"Bad luck to-night, old man?"

Burton nodded, leaned forward with an irritable sigh and propped his chin on his hands. His brain ached with the endless procession of figures marching through it.

"I've reached the end," he said, shortly. "There will be a beautiful scandal in a day or two."

"Oh, nonsense!" protested the older man, mentally congratulating himself that he had decided to get out of it, and concerned only to postpone developments until after his own departure. "Brace up, there's no alley so dark that there isn't light at the other end. You'll pull yourself together inside of a week."

Ted shook his head.

"It's too late. I made my last plunge to-night, and lost. Last week I took a flyer in B. & O. to pay Halliwell, and to-day that dropped out of sight and left me stranded for thousands. Old Morrison won't advance me another cent, and everybody I owe seems to know that I'm down and is pressing me for money. Money! By the terms of my father's will I can't touch the principal until I am thirty, and it will take every cent of my income for five years to pay what I owe now! No, it's no use, I've reached the limit. It—it's the coming out that I mind," he added,

and his voice had a dry sound in his throat. "It's a cowardly thing to disgrace your family and disappoint your—your friends."

"Now, Burton, see here," Oliver spoke firmly, and his eyes turned shrewd and calculating. He registered a determination to leave town before next week, but it would spoil his plans materially if this young fool made any damaging admissions before he had gone. "You don't want to do anything of the kind. Just leave this to me. Your nerves are jangled, and you are taking a morbid view of a few debts such as any gentleman may run into once in a while. You are bound to come out if you don't lose your nerve."

Oliver fingered the card in his pocket, and threw in a gratuitous lie in part payment of his grudge against Lethington, and to keep Burton away from that allow's influence until he could get away.

"You just leave this to your friends, your real friends. To tell the truth, it isn't like you to show the white feather, and I am afraid there must be some foundation for what I've been hearing."

"What do you mean?" the boy asked resentfully.

"Oh, just a nasty bit of gossip. Some of the boys were laughing over it, and saying that somebody was making conspicuous attempts to influence you—somebody who might, perhaps, have a selfish interest in seeing that the Burton money wasn't spent too lavishly."

A growing amazement and anger swept over the boy's face, but Oliver went on smoothly, poisoning another shaft. With all his shrewdness, he had not learned that this was the point beyond which he might not go, that however reckless this boy might be himself, the affairs of his sister or her friends were not to be bandied about lightly.

"I have not spoken about it before, because I thought you'd soon shake the fellow yourself, but the fact is it is common talk that Lethington is playing grandmother to the Burton estate to recoup the family fortunes by marrying his pallid little sister off to you, and then—"

"You lie!"

A dozen people in the next room sprang up as the boy's voice rang out, high and excited, but the curtain between hid these two from view. Burton was blazing with wrath, smarting, stinging with the shame of it. That Nina's name should be dragged in, and in such a way, his sister's too, by implication! Hot, shamed memories of that young romance and its wretched ending seemed to crowd up and mock him, and sharp recollections of Nina's own attitude toward him since his defection, calm, proud, unreachably aloof, branded the whole story as a hideous lie, yet its inference frenzied him, unhinged as he was by torturing anxiety and the fever of drink in his brain. He paused speechless for a moment, half choked by the torrent of refutation struggling to be released. In that moment Oliver shrugged his shoulders and smiled, his first false move in many weeks. Something snapped in the boy's center of control; he came at the smiling face like a young cyclone.

"Take it back!" he commanded, furiously, his tense fingers closing like a vise around Oliver's throat.

He was the younger and stronger of the two, and for the moment that the frenzy of his wrath was on him he shook the other back and forth with that angry grip. Oliver fought with one hand, struggling, swaying; the other sought his pocket and came out with a revolver just as Burton flung him heavily aside.

There was a hateful treachery and determination in Oliver's eyes as he swung his arm up for its aim, one of those black rages which now and then swept over him regardless of life or law or human consequences, and as Burton saw it he sprang to wrest the weapon from him, knowing in that instant that his life hung only on the swiftness of his arm. He barely made it, and they closed and struggled silently over the little shining weapon.

There was a commotion in the next room, footsteps running through. Someone threw the curtain aside, a fam-

iliar voice cried his name, and he found time to wonder how Lethington had come there, and remembered the broken engagement, swept from his mind by his harassing financial troubles. On the heels of this a new commotion, a hoarse warning. "Run, we're raided!" and in the next instant the lights were out, and he was struggling in the darkness with a furious man whose only mind now was to wrench himself away and flee.

Out of the blackness, with its scurrying footsteps and the new uproar outside, there came a single shot, the thud of a falling body. In the same instant the doors crashed in; someone turned on the lights. Disordered rooms were there, overturned chairs and tables, coins and cards and glasses strewn the floor, and a group of baffled young men who had been caught before they could escape. Boyd Oliver was one of them, red with anger yet, trying still to be jaunty, but not succeeding very well as a little, unostentatious man in gray tapped him on the shoulder and reminded him of that old charge against him, and the men around him almost forgot their own predicament in staring wonderingly at him.

Beyond these, in the bed-room, Tom Lethington lay out on the floor, a widening stream of red staining the white of his shirt front, and over him stood Ted Burton, a smoking revolver still held in his hand as he looked with dazed and uncomprehending eyes at the figure on the floor. He searched for the pulse, and found none, placed half shrinking fingers on the creeping stain over the heart, and felt no answering beat. He straightened up again, looking down with fascinated eyes.

The officers of the law were taking quick possession. It had all happened in a few flying seconds, and now one of them flung aside the curtain, took it in with swift eyes and made a leap to disarm the man standing there. In that instant Ted Burton seemed to come out of the trance that possessed him, to realize that he was a murderer, to be seized by the law. He jerked his eyes away from the still figure of the man who had been so true and tried a friend to him, and the revolver went up at the officer coming toward him. It was scarcely a second's respite, but in that time there was a desperate, reckless leap through the open window, the thud of a body on the roof below, and a scramble for the next leap, then shots, as men on watch chased a fear-stricken fugitive, flying footsteps that died in the distance, and after that only silence and the night outside.

Tom Lethington lived. He opened his eyes weakly on a new world, a room of immaculate neatness and simplicity, with a pervading odor of antiseptics and a uniformed nurse bending above him. He looked at her vaguely and closed his eyes again. He was so tired. He could not even think how he had come there.

Then he went into a fever, chatted deliriously of Nina, of Ted, of Boyd Oliver, of old friends and old pleasures, and through it all the reiterated assertion that he must hurry, and get Ted away before the police came. He had vague notions of a man who came and did things to him with the assistance of the nurse, and he caught disjointed phrases, such as "debilitated condition," "overwork," "nervous strain." He seemed to dream that Leila Burton came in, kneeling beside the bed and caressing his hot hands with little inarticulate murmurs of love and grief, although he was quite sure that he was many miles away from home, chasing Boyd Oliver and Ted over an endless road. There were many other strange visions, too, but little by little the fever left him, weak and tired, to lie there and collect his bewildered thoughts.

Meanwhile there was a more than nine days' scandal. Ted Burton a fugitive from justice, almost a murderer, the sons of a dozen fine old families in disgrace, and Boyd Oliver, who had come so jauntily in their midst, on trial for running a gambling house, and another indictment awaiting him in New Orleans, for impersonating a wealthy man and incidentally forging checks with his name.

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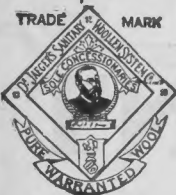
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testing himself, gave much evidence which otherwise must have been concealed by Ted Burton's absence and Lethington's illness—how Boyd Oliver had borrowed and borrowed, from Ted Burton particularly and others also, until he practically lived on them, how he had slowly made a profitable gambling house of his rooms, and had twined the net so closely about them all that his interests were theirs, and their safety in his hands, what round sums he had made there each night. This had evidently been a canny servant, with a keen ear to keyholes, for he told of overheard conversations that went far to incriminate his master and to clear the boy who had fled of any greater crime than a headstrong folly. He told how Lethington, hitherto unknown to these rooms, had come that night and inquired for Mr. Burton, how his master had taken the card and instructed him to send Lethington quietly away, how Lethington had insisted that he heard Burton's voice within and finally had brushed him aside and gone in, just an instant before the police had come upon them. Others among the shamed culprits testified to the quarrel between Oliver and Burton, for what cause they knew not, and the sharp giving of the lie, just as Lethington had appeared. The revolver was identified as Oliver's, always, his man said, in his pocket on these nights of high play. Boyd Oliver now was practically a convicted criminal, and there was no one who did not believe that it as only by pure accident that the boy he had flattered and almost ruined had shot Tom Lethington.

But how to find Ted Burton, and tell him how nearly his name was cleared? His financial affairs were bad enough, but were being energetically brought into better shape. Still he was a fugitive, a self-convicted murderer, tormented by a thousand pangs of fear and remorse, if indeed he lived at all.

Then a letter came to Leila Burton, scribbled in pencil on an odd bit of paper, as though the writer either had no money to buy better or shrank from going where he might buy it. It was postmarked from an obscure western town:

"DEAR LEILA: Forgive me if you can. I can't forgive myself. I swear it was an accident. I was struggling for the revolver with another man, and it went off as I jerked it from him. When the lights were turned on again I found I had killed Tom. I can't get away from the sight of him as he lay there; it is driving me mad. Won't you tell Nina? I dare not write her myself, but I'd like her to know that much. I've been a beast about the money, too, but I turn over my share of the estate to you. I shall never be back again. Good-bye. I am sorry for all the trouble and disgrace I have brought on you."

"TED."

A dozen detectives were put on the trail of this letter, a hundred newspapers throughout the West came out day after day with "personals" begging Ted Burton to return, but there was no answer, no trace. The deep waters had closed over his head, and there was scarcely a ripple now to show where he had gone down.

There came a message to Leila one day. Nina brought it, for Ted's remorseful and incoherent letter had brought forth its own explanation, and all the stifled love in Leila Burton's heart welled out now to the girl who had suffered as much as she, the girl who should have been her sister, in more senses than one. Tom had asked for her, Nina said, and she went, half eager, half afraid of the interview before her. The doctor met her at the door.

"You may speak freely with him. He remembers now, and suspense might be harmful. I have told him practically all that the public knows. It seemed best."

She went in, found him alone this time, for the nurse had slipped out on her arrival.

Where was the barrier between them, that fiction of cool friendship, only friendship, built up by his poverty and pride, and her wealth? It seemed to have vanished somehow, for he held out his thin hands eagerly, and she

came, kneeling beside the bed in the circle that his arms made for her.

"Dear little girl, dear little girl," he whispered. "I tried so hard to save you suffering, and failed."

"No, no!" she protested, vehemently. "You have not failed. It will come right, it must come right!"

A precious hour slipped by as they went step by step over the whole story. He saw the letter, pondered it carefully, and gave it back.

"Poor Ted, he is reaping a bitter harvest, but this is more than he deserves. We can't let him go on like this. Sweetheart, I want you and Nina to look after each other for a while. I am going away Monday to find Ted, and, if he is living, some day I will bring him back to you."

"Oh, but your wound, your weakness—" she said, fearfully, half joyful and half tormented at the thought of his going. He gently caressed the fingers in his clasp, and shook his head.

"Men have travelled with wounds less healed than this, and I'll be none the stronger for lying here fretting. I shall start on Monday, doctor or no doctor. It may be a long hunt, but it will be worth while. Oh, my dear, my dear! Kiss me once more—I have waited so long."

"Come in and take a hand, Kid."

"No, I'd rather not."

"Rather not! Say, boys, ain't he sociable? Maybe his mamma don't let him play cards. Come on, let's yank the Kid in and teach him the game!"

The speaker made a lunge forward, with the evident jocular intention of dragging his man bodily inside the "hotel" to the game he had refused, but another said, "Let him alone!" with gruff authority, and "the Kid" went his way, unmolested. These were the men by whose side he worked every day at rough, hard labor, and who frankly called him a "freak" for his unsociable ways. He was tall, and might have been well built, but he seemed to have lost much flesh, and his eyes burned restlessly in a gaunt face shaggy with an unkempt beard. Here in this isolated mining settlement among the hills men were rough and strong and often violent, but always friendly after their own fashion, and the taciturnity of this young stranger, and his evident distaste for their society, had made him a thing apart.

He was soon through the little, rough town of one street, past the raw "hotel" where his fellow miners gambled and drank their earnings away, past the gaudy little "dance hall" where screaming laughter drifted out to him, past the rough cabins where a few women and children sat. Into the encircling strip of woods beyond the clearing he plunged for solitude. Here the noisy mirth of the town did not reach, the air was filled with fresh night odors, and the black shadow of clustered trees alternated with the white radiance of moonlight in the clearings.

He threw himself heavily down in the shadow, his head on his arm. He heard the creaking and rumbling of the stage, three hours late, on the road below him, but had no care for who might come or go by it. How he loathed it all, the sights, the sounds, the turmoil in his own brain! He was exhausted in body, too, yet it was only in this back-breaking labor that he could forget. A criminal! A murderer! A fugitive! A hundred times he had decided to end it all and go back to give himself up, this silent, taciturn boy whom his fellow laborers called the Kid, and as many times he had revolted fiercely from it. Go through that trial, the curious horror of his former friends, the bitter disgrace to his family, the loathing of one other, whose face in these days was seldom absent from his thoughts? No, he could not. This was bad enough, but that was worse.

He lay there for several hours, and meanwhile, in the town he had left, a man who had arrived that night strolled quietly from one place to another in the little noisy settlement, seemingly bent only on his own en-

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952

tertainment, but dropping casual questions here and there. If the stranger sought any one he did not find him, and presently, stifled with the reeking atmosphere, and not a little puzzled and disappointed, he left the flaring lights and loud voices behind him and went out, strolling toward the quiet stretch beyond, the clearing silvered white with moonlight, the dense shadow of the trees beyond.

In that dim shelter toward which he moved, the young miner rose at last to go back, knowing that now the noisy clamor in the town was beginning to subside. He was tired, stiff from muscular fatigue, and his legs seemed to drag wearily as he started back, walking slowly through the black shades that concealed him to the more open strip near the town.

In a moment he stopped, shrank back, with staring, incredulous eyes. He could hear his own heavy breathing, and his fingers twitched nervously.

There in the half clearing at the edge of the wood a man stood with head thrown back, looking up and away toward the dim majesty of the mountains around them. A flood of white moonlight bathed him in its radiance, brought his still figure out sharply against the mountain background, and threw an unearthly pallor over every feature. He did not move, his eyes seemed to search infinity, and his left hand was pressed closely over his heart.

The man in the woods gave one long, unbelieving look at him and fled blindly, swiftly, over rocks and fallen trees, through thick woods and rank, thorny growths in the open, stumbling, falling, rising scratched and bleeding, but always staggering on again, anywhere, anyhow, to put mile after mile between himself and that accusing vision.

Thus, all unconsciously, by a trick of moonlight and his own recent habit of putting his hand over that still troublesome wound when he was tired, Tom Lethington lost track of the boy he had sought for four long months, lost him just as success lay nearest him, and a few more steps would have brought them face to face. The mining town knew the silent "Kid" no more, and Lethington patiently took up the endless trail again.

Was it three or four weeks, or more, that Ted Burton pushed on through an untracked wilderness, or was it only a few days? He did not know, time meant nothing to him. It was only a nightmare of succeeding nights and days while he plodded doggedly ahead, drenched with rains and scorched with blazing sunshine, hungry, sometimes racked with pains from the exposure he had not been bred to, and always burning with fever. He did not even know that he was sick, very sick, that mind and body had rebelled at last from the hideous strain on them; he only knew enough to push on, to keep ahead of the accusing figure that pursued him. At times that great yearning filled him to go back, to see the old faces again, to hear the consoling sweetness of his sister's voice, and feel old Tom's hand on his shoulder, and wonder what the good old chap would say when he knew that Nina had promised— But no, Tom Lethington was dead, for he had killed him, Nina hated him now, and Leila was bearing alone the disgrace and sorrow of his making. Then he would rise weakly again, and continue his weary tramp through the hills.

Toward night one day he staggered into a green valley where a house and barns clustered. At the threshold he fell, and a woman, with toil-worn hands and a plain face made beautiful by solicitude, came running out and bent over him.

They took him in, the woman and her husband, and for two weeks he lay there in the best bed the rough house afforded, dead to his surroundings and to them, but babbling weakly now and then of Nina, and a lost fortune that she was not to mind because his own would be ample for both of them. Very near the dark valley he went, only to be held back

by careful nursing, and, as he slowly rallied, he lay there listlessly, gently grateful for the slightest service, but showing no joy in life so narrowly won back for him.

Twice in that time the woman's brown, strong limbed husband rode down the little valley twenty miles to the nearest town. The second time he brought a stranger back with him.

"Dear old boy, I've found you at last!" No accusing vision from the grave this, but a flesh and blood presence, a well-known voice and a warm grip of friendship.

"It is all right, Ted—everything is all right now, and I have come to take you home."

Ted Burton was coming home. After nearly a year of frantic wandering he was returning to his own, still gaunt and weak, and shrinking a little from the glances of old friends as he arrived that day, in company with the man he had so nearly killed. He had expected cold aversion and distant greetings, but the few who caught sight of him through the carriage window as they went through the dear old familiar streets were instant with smile and friendly nod, for the story of that hideous year had spread far, and there were many ready to believe that there was more of the man in Ted Burton now than there had been in those reckless days of greater prosperity.

Ted looked hungrily at the familiar scenes. They were all so good to him, from Tom down, but he would show them that they had not spent their kindness in vain. He was going to begin over again, soberly and earnestly, and make his way up, get out of that black shadow of debt and make a name that they could yet be proud of.

He knew that Boyd Oliver was already serving his twenty year term in the penitentiary, richly deserved, and how thoroughly the man had fleeced him. He knew that Tom and Leila were to be married in a few weeks, and that Nina had been with Leila during the long months of Lethington's search for him. Was she still there? Would she speak to him?

The old familiar driveway, Perkins, quiet, respectful, obviously glad to see him, at his usual place at the door, and beyond him Leila, with open arms and sweet forgiveness. She cried on his shoulder, his poor thin shoulder.

"I don't deserve it," he said, shakily, "but I've come back to show you that I can be a man yet."

A few moments later he went up to his old room, for he was still weak from the sickness that had drained his strength, and besides he felt that it was cruel not to leave his sister and Tom to themselves a while. Restlessness, however, soon drove him down stairs again. Where was Nina?

In the library he caught a glimpse of her dear golden head. How sweet and dainty and unattainable she looked; and with what perfect courtesy and repose of manner she came forward to greet him, as though they were mere friendly acquaintances who had not met for some months! He hesitated, tried to speak, failed wretchedly and stood there, miserably mute before the gracious kindness of her welcome.

If he had come in strength and confidence and prosperity, as she had last seen him, she could have scorned him and gone away, even though the act seemed to take part of her life with it. But he stood there gaunt and wasted, with clothes that hung loosely upon him, a face with lines graven by suffering on his boyish good looks, and sunken eyes that took her sweet remoteness humbly, as his just punishment. She took another step or two with a little rush of tenderness and pity, and held out her arms.

An hour later Perkins, coming to announce dinner, found them still there in the creeping dusk, hand in hand like two happy children, planning a golden future which should more than blot out the wretched year that had passed.

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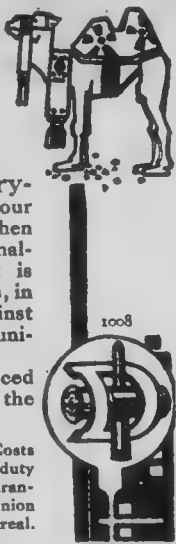
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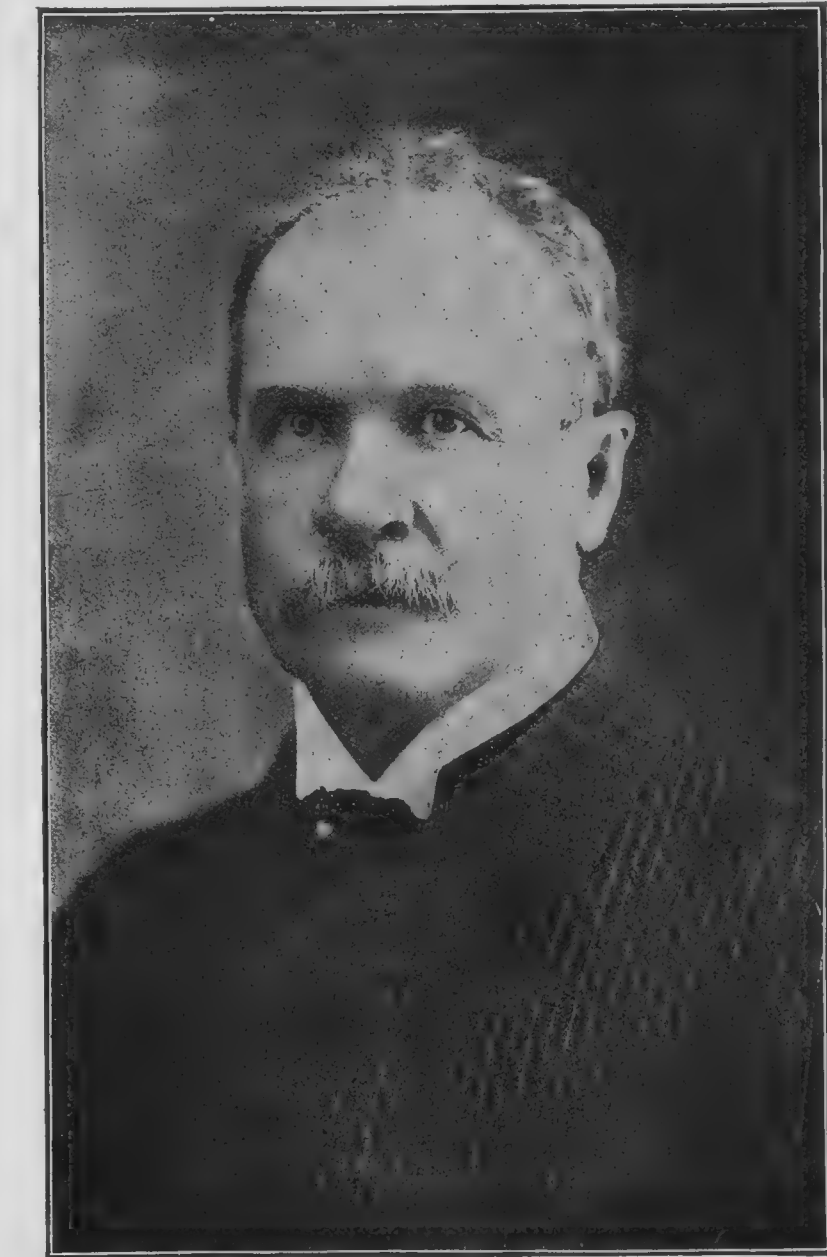
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Canadians are now reassured that the Imperial Government is desirous to safeguard the interests of Canada and have at the same time paid a great honor to the Dominion by appointing Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, K. C. M. G., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, one of the four representatives of Great Britain on the permanent court of arbitration of international arbitration at the Hague, this being the first British colonial appointment to the peace tribunal. This appointment is not only a conspicuous honor to Sir Charles Fitzpatrick but it is a high honor to Canada, as it will have the effect of strengthening and broadening the Hague Tribunal, whose mission is one requiring the presence of men of known tact, able and of sound learn-

ing, men of absolute fairness of mind, men who have had widespread experience with respect to the difficulties of dealing with important questions appertaining to public affairs.



SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, K. C. M. G.
The Canadian representative on the Hague Peace Tribunal.

to that he had a practice and reputation that pretty well covered Canada. An Irish-Canadian, brought up in the city of Quebec, he is equally at home in French and English, and were he by nature an orator he might well have rivalled Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the select company of the great speakers of Canada.

which at once made his name well known over the whole Dominion.

During all this time Mr. Fitzpatrick was naturally accumulating political influence, and in June, 1890, he entered the Legislature at Quebec, where his command of the two languages made him a formidable force. In 1891 he was offered, but refused, a portfolio in the De Boucherville Ministry, preferring the freedom of the Opposition, with whose sentiments his own views more accurately coincided.

On Sir Wilfrid Laurier assuming office in July, 1896, he invited Mr. Fitzpatrick to join him as Solicitor-General, and since then, or at least up to his appointment to the Supreme Court Bench, his relationship to Federal affairs had been constant and unremitting. The death of Hon. David Mills in 1901 led to his natural promotion to the post of Minister of Justice, where he remained until his elevation to the Bench two years ago. Mr. Fitzpatrick's services in the House of Commons are those with which the people are most familiar. It is a simple fact to say that when he left it that chamber lost a strong, capable and interesting figure. The Minister of Justice was never happier than when on the firing line. When a matter in which he was concerned was up for discussion he grappled at close quarters, and woe be to the enemy whose armor left any opening for the fierce and unrelenting application of his sword of sarcasm. He was a quick and impetuous speaker, a man of too few words to be an orator, and a powerful aid to the Government in any cause in which they were assailed. As Minister of Justice his clearness of perception and his incisive language made him a powerful force in the administration of his department.

As a judge, Sir Charles, who received the honor of Knighthood in 1907, brought to bear the quickness and keenness which had marked him in other fields. It is safe to say that since his appointment as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that the "law's delays" and "the insolence of office" has not been a charge laid at the door of the Supreme Court, so far as Sir Charles Fitzpatrick could do one man's part to prevent it. Genial, democratic and breezy, a man among men, Sir Charles is one of the best known and most popular figures in the public service at Ottawa and is regarded in high esteem by the leading lights in the legal profession in Canada.

Knee-Deep in June.

Tell you what I like the best
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon,
Like to jest git out and rest,
And not work at nothing else.

Orchard's where I'd ruther be
Needn't fence it in fer me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead
And the whole airth underneath,—
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadders thick and soft
As the kivers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company!

March ain't never nothing new!—
April's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate it's promises,
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land,
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip birds, and a sprout or two,—
Drap asleep, and it turns in,
'Fore day light and snows agin!

But when June comes—clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

First Women Educators in Canada.

Many years passed after the founding of Quebec three hundred years ago before the women of this western world really came to their own. A French girl of the seventeenth century had no such liberty to work out her own destiny as have the American and Canadian women of today. Regardless of her tastes, capabilities or aspirations, she was usually predestined to an early marriage, and she might count herself happy if she were permitted to decide for herself. Yet the women of old France were not generally nonentities, and despite the restrictions that hedged them round about, those who first came to Canada have left upon it the impress of strong individualities.

For the first few years, indeed, Champlain's log fort at Quebec was solely a bachelor establishment; but the great Frenchman was determined to found a colony, not a mere trading post, and to this plan women were a necessity. Accordingly, in 1617, he persuaded several men to bring out their wives and families. With the women came all kinds of fresh interests—weddings, baptisms, and little household fetes—and one of the newcomers, Dame Hebert, wife of the first settler on the historic rock, soon showed herself ready to mother the whole colony from the hard-working missionary priests to the little red-skinned infants whom they claimed for the Church by baptism. Nay, upon one occasion of dire starvation she earned the gratitude of the stalwart Governor and his garrison by well-timed succor in the shape of two barrels of peas. So highly valued were they that they were eaten almost by count!

For three years Dame Hebert had made her home in New France, when Champlain ventured to try the experiment of bringing out his own wife, whom he had wedded in her childhood, and for a brief period we may imagine Madame de Champlain (a graceful, somewhat shadowy, presence) gliding through the forest trees beside the St. Lawrence, teaching the catechism to Indian lads and lasses, and rewarding them for attention by glimpses of their own dusky faces in a little mirror, which, according to a fashion of the time, she carried at her girdle.

Helene de Champlain left behind her little trace of her four years' sojourn in Canada, but in course of time a wonderful ardor for the conversion of the savages seized some of the greatest ladies in France, and in 1639 a little company of seven women missionaries set sail for Quebec.

One of these, Madame de la Peltrie, notable as the foundress of the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, was a beautiful and wealthy widow, who had left youth behind, but retained to the full its burning zeal and enthusiasm. Her history can hardly be summed up in a paragraph; suffice it to say, however, that bereavement,

sickness, strange visions, full experience of the pomps and vanities of the gay world had all worked together to turn her thoughts to a life of self-abnegation in the Canadian wilderness.

There many privations awaited her, and also much that brought joy to her kindly, sentimental soul. At Quebec she and her companions were received with mighty rejoicings. As they landed, and flung themselves down to kiss the very dust of the new land whither they had been led, the cannon roared a noisy welcome. They were taken in glad procession to feast at the Chateau St. Louis, and the next day they hurried off to see an Indian village, utterly stupefying its stolid inhabitants by the eager fashion in which they ran from lodge to lodge and kissed and cried over the children. But the Indians, old and young, liked the vivacious French women, and soon Madame de la Peltrie had a class of little savages, tricked out in stiff Norman caps and kerchiefs, learning to sew and to make elaborate courtesies like French queens of fashion.

The quondam court lady longed, however, to plunge deeper into the wilderness, and soon we find her at Montreal, decking a sylvan altar for the first Mass with fire flies and wild flowers, and taking part in a pilgrimage to plant a cross on the summit of the mountain. She would have pressed forward into the perilous Huron missions had not some adroit father persuaded her to return to her deserted Ursulines at Quebec, and there in the shadow of the convent and the society of the Mother Superior she passed the remainder of her days.

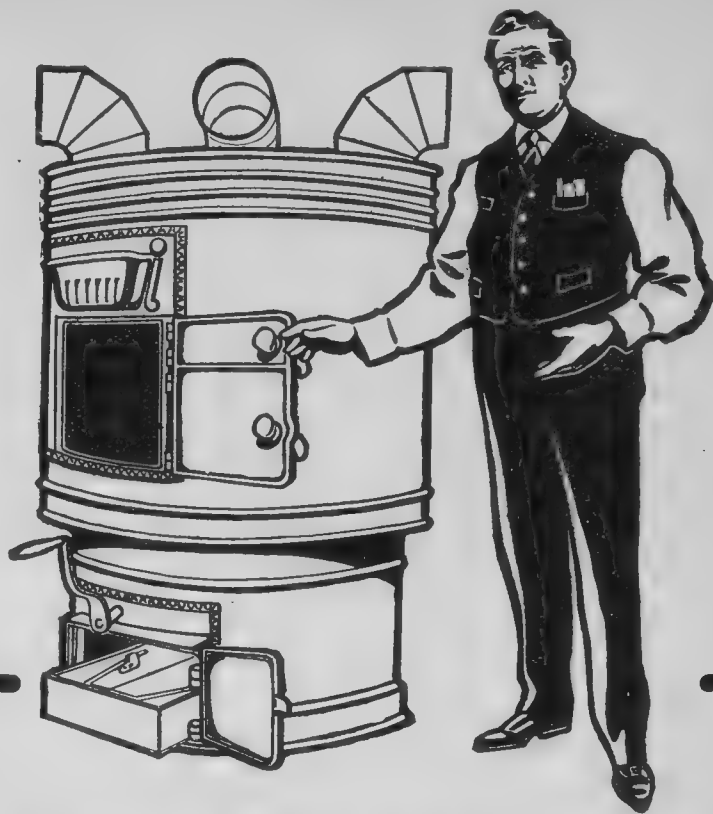
Another nun, Marie de l'Incarnation, was also a widow, who had been influenced by strange visions and revelations, but was made of sterner stuff than her friend and patroness. She had left for the convent an aged father and a little orphan son, and she encountered all the difficulties of pioneer life with masterful fortitude, turning her hand and mind to anything from letter-writing and embroidery to compiling an Indian dictionary, aiding to defend her convent when besieged or working like a day laborer to rebuild the house after its destruction by fire.

To this woman was confided for years the education of the little maids of New France, and under the impress of her steadfastness and fervor it is not wonderful that many of them thought the life of a professed religious the only life worth living. Amongst the pupils of the Ursuline Seminary were Jeanne Le Ber, the extraordinary recluse of Montreal, who spent thirty-five years immured in a solitary's cell, and later pretty Marie Marguerite de la Jemmerais, who, after wrecking her happiness by marrying a handsome, worthless young scamp, founded in her widowhood the Grey Nunnery at Montreal.

TWO SOULS.

WITH minds intent upon their noisy play,
Two towled boys, with hands and feet
Begrimed from playing in the street,
Obstruct my way.
I start to roughly thrust them to one side,
For I am hurried—then the sense
Of two Immortal Souls and Influence
In fullest time
Comes over me, and mutely there
I bless the youngsters unaware.

CLYDE TULL.



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has not a fault from top to bottom.

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Peter Dawson's Diaries.

M. M. Boivin Wilson & Co., wholesale liquor dealers, 520 St. Paul Street, Montreal, wish to inform the public that they have still on hand a limited number of Peter Dawson's diaries for 1908. These magnificent diaries will be mailed to any address in Canada on receipt of a 5¢ stamp to cover cost of mailing.

Correspondence

Our bachelor correspondents will observe that during the past few months we have shown a preference to the women folk and have published quite a grist of letters from our lady correspondents. The days of chivalry are not so far distant, and we believe that if our bachelor correspondents were in our place that they would have done exactly as we did in the matter.

We will promise not to overlook the letters received from bachelor correspondents and will publish them beginning in a future issue, and in the order in which they were received by us. If you desire to form the acquaintance of any lady writer writing in the correspondence columns in this magazine address the Western Home Monthly, enclosing in a sealed envelope with stamp attached letter intended for such writer as you may designate and we will forward it through the mail to the party you so intend it for. When writing us, please give full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Widow Wants Employment.

Ontario, July 14, 1908.

Editor.—I get your magazine and as I want to go West I thought I would write to you for some advice.

I am a widow, 45 years of age, have two boys, 16 and 13 years (large for their age, as the eldest one is called a man here, and they are both good workers). I also have one little girl of 7 years. I have been making my living as laundress since my husband died 6 years ago. I do want to go West with the harvest excursion this summer. How can I get a place for myself and boys? I would like a place as housekeeper to bachelor or widower where my boys could get work. Please advise me as soon as you can and oblige.

"Widow."

A Manitoba Violet.

Manitoba, June 20, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a very interested reader of your correspondence column but have been a little shy, but have plucked up courage at last to write to you and trust it does not find its way to the waste basket. I think some of the bachelors are a little bit too hard on us and I think some of them are wanting slaves not wives or else they only want to frighten the girls a little bit. I don't think a girl has any right to feed pigs and do chores when a man is not very busy, though I don't think it hurts a girl to milk when it is nice weather. I am hoping that some nice fellows will be kind enough to write to me. I am five feet four inches tall and weigh 130 pounds, brown hair and eyes and am not over sixty years of age, and I don't look over twenty.

"A Manitoba Violet."

Thinks Girls Should Write First.

Bond, Sask., June 16, 1907.

Editor.—I am just a new subscriber to the W. H. M. but would like to join in the correspondence list. It is very interesting to read the letters contributed. Now, I am not matrimonially inclined, but if some of the fair sex take a notion to write, who knows what might not happen. If it should so happen that "Shy Ann" should see this, I wish it would induce her to send a trial packet of fudge with directions; it might be good for my health and might take the taste of bachelor diet away for a while. While I am at it, I may as well let Miss West know that there are a few cows about the place she could milk; of course, it would just be when I was away. But if I had some person to cook meals there would always be wood at the shack door, unless the wife bothered me so as to make it impossible or dangerous to venture near enough to the house to saw wood. If further information is necessary regarding myself I would be only too pleased to accommodate. This being Leap Year I think the girls ought to write first. I am no beauty to look at, at least I can not remember of ever having anybody tell me so and I have had them tell me I ought to have a hair cut, that it would improve my looks. Now, if some girl would just say so I would correspond with her.

"Jimmy G."

Hands Out a Few Hot Ones.

Williston, Alta., June 18, 1908.

Editor.—I have perused the correspondence columns of the Western Home Monthly for several months, and would like to pen a few remarks myself.

Say, boys, doesn't it make you feel tired when you read some letters that the girls write? Surely they can't be looking for mere mortals, they must be after angels. I would like to meet some of those divine creatures, who don't seem to have a sin amongst the whole bunch. I bet they are that homely their faces would stop a clock. Probably their only sin was being born at all. I daresay half of these girls who say they wouldn't marry a man who drank, chewed, smoked, swore or played cards would jump at the opportunity if any of us who are addicted to these awful habits would give them half a chance. Mind you, I don't hold with

a man going on a "tear" or turning a house into a spittoon, but I certainly don't think it is going to hurt anyone quenching his thirst with a glass of beer, or taking a chew or smoke when he feels like it.

With regard to card-playing. I don't believe the girls care a button as to whether it's right or wrong; the reason they object to it is because they are afraid a man might be tempted to stake a little on a game and perhaps lose and then they wouldn't be able to have quite all of his money to spend on dress.

Swearing is certainly a bad habit, but no man with any gentlemanly instinct at all would think of using bad language before a lady, and what the ear don't hear, well, the heart needn't grieve over.

Another point I would like to dwell upon is regarding the ideas that some of the gentler sex hold upon a bachelor's ability to cook a meal. They seem to be all at sea on that subject. Man has always proved himself a far better cook than a woman. How many female cooks are there on board ships, or railroads, in camps, or in hotels? No, no, my dear girls, you can't teach us how to cook. The best you can do is to marry a man, take the job off his hands and try to feed him as well as he used to feed himself while he lived a life of single blessedness. You want to get around a bit and see things for yourselves before you sit down to write yarns about a bachelor's cooking. Come around this part of the world sometime, you lady cooks, and we bachelors will give you a few headers on how to prepare a real good meal. I have seen a lot of women who could not boil water hardly without burning it. On the other hand I have met women who did know how to cook. They were mostly married, though, and I noticed that their handsome husbands generally smoked or did some other equally wicked thing. Probably these women had written in their copy books when children at school that old proverb, "To err is human, to forgive divine," and remembered it when married. I won't give any details of my personal appearance in this letter, as I am pretty certain none of the girls will want to correspond with me. I have too many failings to make a perfect husband. One word in conclusion. Statistics show us that there are about three women for every man in the world. So some of you girls had better not be too particular or you will get left on the shelf. Half a loaf is better than none at all, you know. Trusting I have not written too long a letter to be printed, I will close, signing myself

"Flymo."

Engineer and Farmer.

Clearyville, Alta., June 15, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your W. H. M. and find it very interesting. I am a farmer at present but could find enough time to correspond with some young lady who wishes a cosy Western home.

I am of good disposition and called good looking, having black hair, dark eyes, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 165 pounds; have a good education, have a farm of 320 acres, have 7 head of good working horses, also a single driver; am also an engineer by trade.

Any young lady between 18 or 25 who wishes to correspond with a jolly Western Bachelor will find my address with the editor.

"Jolly Quaker."

Old Favorite in the Running.

Ontario, June 12, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a devoted reader of your paper for some time and enjoy the correspondence page very much. I think some of the bachelors write very nice letters. They must have a very lonesome time on the homesteads.

I am a farmer's daughter, aged 20. I prefer living on the farm and would like to live in the West.

My eldest brother died and father is in very delicate health so I have to help my brother considerably on the farm. I am strong and do not mind hard work especially when I know father cannot do very much work. I am not at all pretty but will say I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, have black hair and dark grey eyes. I am sorry I cannot say something nice about my looks but cannot. I am a teacher in the Methodist Sabbath school and organist in the church. I would like to correspond with Western bachelors, especially "Wild Charlie," of Tuxford, and "Sailor Boy," of Weyburn, and any others. If they would care to write I will answer all letters. Hoping I have not taken up too much space and hoping to see this in print, I will sign the nickname my friends call me

"Old Favorite."

Has Necessary Qualifications.

Manitoba, June 10, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your paper for four months and enjoy the correspondence column very much. I have always lived on a farm and like it all right. I can cook, sew my own clothes and milk cows and when occasion demanded have fed and cared for horses, cattle and pigs. I can drive a team of horses and am very fond of horseback riding. My ideas are that when a woman marries she should not expect to have nothing to do. I don't think it will hurt any woman to help her husband with the chores once in a while. If her husband thinks she has enough to do in the house he won't ask her to help inside.

My description is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weight 135 pounds, dark brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, and some dimples, 20 years of age. If some of the girls or boys would write to me I would answer. As this is my first letter I would very much like to see it in print.

"Orange Blossom"

Peggy McCarthy Tenders Advice.

Manitoba, June 21, 1908.

Editor.—As the men will all be busy seeding I suppose it will fall to the lot of the fair sex to keep up the letters. I hope my first letter did not bring "Handsome Gent" to an early end, as he has not written since, or perhaps he has found the one woman who will let him do all the work.

"Fair Lillian" is right, I enjoy a joke above everything and just like to make people laugh and will tell her why "Lazy Bill" is advertising for a wife is because he is too perfect; she is right when she says she "does not care to write to a man who takes a drink when he wants one." Every woman should say the same and act up to it, for it is the women who suffer for it in the end.

"An Unclaimed Treasure," take a bit of advice from a friend and don't be chained by any one you will never regret it; I don't.

I do not know how any girl would marry a man just by writing to him a few times; if they are going to spend a lifetime together they surely would want to know more of each other beforehand.

"Peggy McCarthy."

Would Like a Few Silk Dresses.

Elgin, Man., June 12, 1908.

Editor.—Just a line from another Western chick who would like to correspond with some one pretty nice.

I live in town, but like the country very much. Am not particularly struck on hard work but think I could do my share, especially cooking. I am 18 years of age, have dark hair and blue eyes; am 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weigh 107 pounds. Not very big, eh? Would like my gentlemen friends to be Protestants, tall, fairly handsome, abstain from all intoxicating liquors, profane language, also tobacco. (Might let them smoke a pipe once a day if they were good). Me thinks I hear some lonely bachelor say, "Well that's one crank!" But honestly, boys, I'm not.

Please answer quickly as this is Leap Year and I don't intend to let it pass without getting a few silk dresses.

Pardon me, editor, for taking up so much of your precious space. Would be pleased if "Ham and Eggs" would write. Trusting to see this in print.

"Hello Girl."

Looks Good at a Distance.

Ontario, June 21, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of the Western Home Monthly and find it very interesting, especially the correspondence.

Like most of the others, I will give a description of myself. I am 19 years old, fair complexion, brown eyes and brown hair, height 5 feet 5 inches, and weigh 130 pounds. I am considered very good looking for I generally pass in a crowd without a push. I live on a farm and agree with some of the bachelors about women milking cows and feeding pigs when the men are busy. I for one have often done chores.

I can play the organ, do all kinds of housework and am a very good cook.

If any of those Western bachelors wish to correspond with me I will answer all letters. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Sunny Rilla."

A Happy Go Lucky Fellow.

Saskatchewan, June 22, 1908.

Editor.—I have been much interested in your correspondence column and am much pleased and amused with the correspondence of both sexes. But some of the girls seem awfully particular about the habits of the man they would like for life; for instance, "Sweet Rosebud" wants a man who neither smokes, chews, drinks nor swears. Those kind of men in this wild West are rather scarce. There is nothing like an high ideal, even if you don't attain it.

"Miss West" does not want a man who takes alcohol in any form whatever. I hope she is not so particular as to not allow it even in sickness as a wee drop of the cracker goes a long way in some cases of sickness.

Also "Oberon Girl No. 1" says she could not love a smoker. Many good fellows I have known never smoked until holding down a homestead and commenced to so wile away their time in the winter months. But I don't consider that they have lost much virtue by that.

I am one of those happy go lucky fellows who like a good spree once in a while and have also an inclination to chew and smoke, but I cannot do so as the one makes me dizzy and the other makes me sick. However, I think I am passable in a crowd with all my faults, and if lady correspondent wishes to write she will find my address with the editor. All letters will be answered.

"Canary Cyclone."

Dudley, You are Too Short.

Wilbert, June 20, 1908.

Editor.—As I am an interested reader of the W. H. M., although not as yet a subscriber, I thought I would take a place in the correspondence column—that's what tickles me.

Now, I am one of those bachelors myself that you read about, but don't

know that I want a wife just at present. I think this is a very good way to gain an acquaintance but think it is rather a peculiar way to seek matrimony. There are some very sensible letters, but there are some if the writers ever expect to marry they had better keep off the paper.

Now, my idea of a woman is one that is pretty good looking, not too big nor yet too small, can keep house, entertain and likes fun, and one that does not want everything her own way, but still with gumption enough to take her own part.

As for myself, I have a very loving disposition, will never be hung for good looks, am 4 feet high and weigh 160 pounds; a beautiful complexion and handsome mustache. Anyone wishing to write to me will receive a sensible reply. "Dudley."

Short and to the Point.

Saskatchewan, June 24, 1908.
Editor.—Please forward enclosed letter to "Lazy Bill," of Gladstone, Man., November issue. Don't you think "Wild Bill No. 1" you could hire a girl to help your mother. I should imagine you would find it hard to secure a wife. I, for one, should not care to grace the position. I imagine, "Girl's Ideal," you are laying it on rather too thick to be honest. I would like correspondents if they care to write first, and for pleasure only.

I am nearly 18, 5 feet 4 inches in height, brown hair and gray eyes, and could not possibly say I am very accomplished. Would like to correspond with "Shell River Cowboy," if he would send his photo and write first.

"Leap Year Girl."

A Nice Sort of Girl.

Manitoba, July 24th, 1908.
Editor.—I am also an interested reader of your valuable magazine, especially the correspondence columns. As this is my first letter I will be wondering if it escapes the waste paper basket.

I am the only daughter of a rich farmer, am 18 years of age, 5 feet, 6 inches in height, weigh 125 lbs., auburn hair, blue eyes, considered good looking, am good natured, jolly, and fond of all kinds of sport, good cook and house-keeper.

I should be pleased to correspond with some nice, good natured, jolly bachelor, must be Protestant and abstainer. One with brown eyes and black hair preferred.

I should like to hear from "A Soldier Boy," if he would write first. Will exchange photo and answer any letters. Princess Helena.

Would Correspond.

Ontario, July 20th, 1908.
Editor.—Kindly allow another reader a little space in your interesting magazine. I think some of the letters are very amusing, especially "Prospector's" letter in the April number. It seems rather odd for young girls to call themselves old maids. I think we are called old soon enough without calling ourselves old maids at the tender age of seventeen and eighteen.

As this is my first letter I will not air my ideas on the matrimonial subject but I think as a rule the old saying, "Those who marry in a hurry at leisure repent" is quite true.

I would like a few respectable correspondents of either sex for pastime. My address is with the Editor. I will close, wishing the readers every success.

Calla Lilly.

A Farmer's Daughter and 22.

Brantford, July 20th, 1908.
Editor.—I have for a short time past been a reader and subscriber to your magazine and enjoy it very much.

I am a farmer's daughter, just 22, have dark brown hair and pretty gray eyes and considered good looking, can play an organ but cannot dance.

I live in a very nice part of Ontario. I like to milk cows but not in love with feeding pigs, yet I can do it occasionally.

I have no wish to correspond with anyone with a view to matrimony but am willing to exchange post cards with anyone.

I would be pleased if Editor would forward enclosed post card to Jessamine. Wishing the W. H. M. every success I will close leaving my address with the Editor. Violet.

Sister Clara Preaches.

Alberta, July 23, 1908.
Editor.—May I come and have a chat, along with the rest.

I have long been interested in reading the letters that have appeared in this column, and I think some are so sensible while others are very foolish.

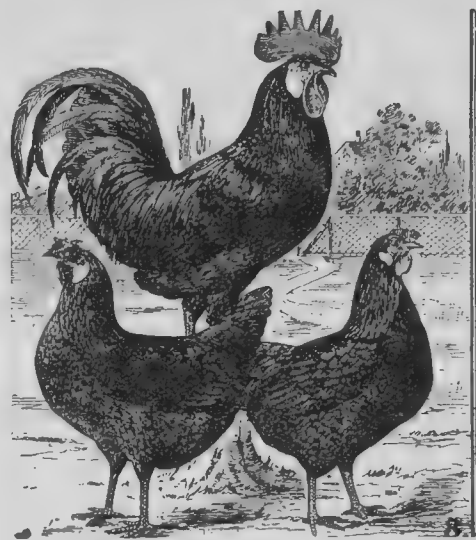
Now girls, some of you are so hard on the drunkard. Which do you think would do him the most good, hard words, or pity and help for him? For my part I don't see how hard words can help, strengthen and encourage him to live better.

Some may think that I am not for temperance but I can say that I am.

Girls, do you know that a girl's brother is just about what you choose to make him, especially where the sister is older.

Oh! how often one hears a young man say if it had not been for his dear

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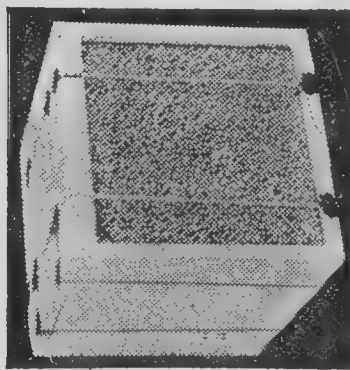
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(REGISTERED)

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Here's the Cube.
One Foot Each Way Inside.



ODORKILL
(REGISTERED)

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- 2.—The next six persons making the nearest correct estimates will each be given a Torrens Title to a lot in the City of Brandon, Manitoba. These lots are valued at \$200 each.
- 3.—Every competitor must with letter containing estimate remit \$2.00 for a gallon jar of ODORKILL.
- 4.—Any person may make as many estimates as he desires provided he remit \$2.00 for a gallon jar of ODORKILL with every estimate.
- 5.—The competition closes at 12 o'clock noon, September 15th, 1908.
- 6.—In case of a tie, priority of receipt of estimate will decide the winner.
- 7.—The judges are Arthur Stewart, Esq., Manager of the National Trust Co., Winnipeg; George Bowles, Esq., Manager of the Traders' Bank, Winnipeg; W. Sanford Evans, Esq., City Controller, Winnipeg.

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precious sisters, all kindness and gentleness, he would have been much wilder.

A good gentle sister is the light of the home, and how a brother loves his sister and a word of encouragement if she is the right kind of a sister. Above all try and make home pleasant for your brothers. If more would do this, there would not be so many seek the bar-room, don't be afraid to sing and play for your brothers, for you don't know how they appreciate this, and it will always be remembered by them, and there is so many things a good sister can do to help her brothers.

I am sure the home would be much happier if we girls would seek the pleasure of our brothers instead of our own all the time.

Girls, is there anything nicer than to see a nice true, manly young man, and if we would always treat our brothers with smiles and kind words, they would love us more.

Now boys here is a word or two for you, treat other boy's sisters as you would have men treat your own gentle sister.

Now, I believe I hear some saying that I am an old crank and don't practice what I preach but a small beginning is a good ending.

Sister Clara.

Not For Sale.

Ontario, July 25th, 1908.

Editor.—As I have been receiving your paper for the past three months I thought I would write a short letter to while away some spare time.

I live down in the Eastern part of Canada and it is very interesting to read about the western people.

I always enjoy reading the correspondence page and my sympathy goes out to the lonely young bachelors. I am a girl 18 years old and a March bird at that.

I have fair hair, blue eyes and weigh 120 pounds, and am 5 feet, 5½ inches in height.

I have never had any person tell me I am pretty, so for that part I could not tell.

I do not blame some of the bachelors for wanting to get hooked up, it must be lonely for them.

I would like to correspond with "Pitiful Pete" in April number, also "Girl's Ideal" in February number and would gladly answer any letter any of your young lady or bachelor correspondents would write and would gladly exchange post cards. I will have to close now, you will find my address with the Editor.

"Buttercup."

Lonely Madge the Real Goods.

Minot, N. D., June 1, 1908.

Editor.—Though not a subscriber to your paper, I have had the privilege of reading it, especially the letters in the correspondence club. I think they are very interesting as well as amusing. I don't exactly approve of a girl hunting a husband, but as this is Leap Year it might not be such an out of the way thing to do after all. However, I am not looking for a mate as I have had two proposals, both parties having a pretty good share of this world's goods, but they didn't suit me. My mother tells me I'm too particular.

Now, I think I would like a man as well if he were poor if he could make pretty good money and don't drink. This letter may never be seen in print among the others, but I hope it will. Now, I will correspond with any nice young man between the age of 25 and 35, one who has dark hair and eyes, smooth faced, not too tall, one who can dance and enjoys a good time.

About myself, I am a girl of 24 years old, dark hair and eyes, 5 feet 5 inches tall, have been considered pretty good looking. Can keep house and cook, that being what I mostly do. If there is any lonely young man who would like to correspond for pleasure's sake I will gladly answer all letters received or exchange post cards, whichever desired, considering he writes first. Now, boys, there is no use to be lonely. I think correspondence is the most pleasant pastime there is. Wishing the W. H. M. the best of success, I remain, anxiously waiting to hear from some sensible man.

"Lonely Madge."

Gloomy Gus Googles.

High Hill, Alta., June 31, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your valuable paper and if you have space I would like to add a few lines.

I am a bachelor in southern Alberta, but I won't say lonely like the rest of them write, as I have a good time driving the girls around and going to all kinds of parties. I think some of the eastern girls have a poor opinion of the bachelors out West when they speak of them as poor lonely bachelors. I don't think if I were married I would have as good a time as I do now, but I often wish I were married about meal time.

I will now give my description. I am 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight 165 lbs., age 22 years, am fond of dancing and all kinds of sport. If any young girl about my own age or a year or two younger wishes to write I will gladly answer her letter.

"Gloomy Gus."

Banker Getting Anxious.

Edmonton, June 9th, 1908.

Editor.—I received your May number of the W. H. M. and am delighted with it. I did not see my letter in print but

hope it escaped the waste paper basket and will be published in the June number. The correspondence column is my special delight. Enclosed you will find a letter to be forwarded to "School Girl," from Buffalo Plain, published in the May number. Again renewing my request for my former letter to be published and wishing every success to the W. H. M., I remain.

"Banker."

Can't Dance but Can Ride Horseback.

Saskatchewan, July 24, 1908.

Editor.—As I am a reader of the W. H. M. I thought I would like to be one of the many who write letters to it. I think some of the letters are very amusing. I do not think that many people would be happy in married life if they never saw one another until they met to get married. I think they ought to be acquainted with each other better than they could be by correspondence alone, but I think that corresponding would help them to get acquainted.

Well, as I see a great many describe themselves I will try also. I am 5 feet 4 inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. Have brown hair and eyes, but I am not hurt with beauty. I have always lived on a farm, and can keep house, ride horseback and tease. I can not dance and never intend to, for I might as well say I am a Christian and belong to the Methodist church. I do not think that a woman should have to do out-of-door work, for if she keeps the home clean and cheerful she has enough to do. I think that a woman should be allowed to use the money she makes for her own self and not have to keep the whole family on what she makes. Well, I guess this is enough said on this subject or some of the readers might think I am a cranky old maid, but I am not; I am between 15 and 30 years old, but not an old maid yet.

I would like to write to some nice young man between 16 and 30. Would like to write to "Bank Clerk," whose letter appeared in the May issue, if he would write first to "Prairie Lilly."

"Chick" Can Deliver the Goods.

Nova Scotia, July 30, 1908.

Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your paper but happened to be reading it a few days ago and became interested in the correspondence column and would like to join the circle.

My home is in Nova Scotia but I have often thought I would like to go out West and live on a farm as I enjoy any kind of outdoor work and am very fond of animals, especially horses.

Now, as for a description of myself, well, that is pretty hard. I am 23 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall and weigh 149 pounds, quite a good, lively size, eh? Have brown eyes and brown hair, am fond of dancing and music, sing very well but do not play any instrument much although can milk a cow (if she don't kick) and that seems a pretty good accomplishment, especially if one lives on a farm.

I would like to correspond with some of your members of either sex if they write first, but "Curly," who writes in the May number of your magazine, seems to take my fancy as he is nice and tall and I do like a tall man. Any one who wishes to correspond will find my address with the editor. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your paper, I remain.

"Chick."

Nice Sort of Letter.

Ontario, July 27, 1908.

Editor.—Although I do not live in the West I have been a subscriber to your very interesting paper, the W. H. M., for a short time and have become interested in the correspondence column.

This is my first letter. Some of the letters are quite amusing. As most of the writers describe themselves, I will do likewise. My height is 5 feet 5 inches, weight 130 pounds, abundance of fair hair, and fair complexion, light brown eyes and fairly good looking. Am 25 years old; have always lived on a farm, therefore know a little about work. I am a clean, tidy housekeeper, have had three years' experience alone with father and brother. I am a Christian girl. If any would care to write first, including "Bank Clerk," B. C., I would be pleased to answer. My address will be with the editor.

"Housekeeper."

English Maiden of Thirty.

Leeds, Eng., July 15, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your splendid magazine now for some months. I am deeply interested in it.

I would like to correspond with "Lonely One," Swan Lake, March 18, 1908. My age is 31, am considered good looking, and of a kind and gentle disposition. I do not care about a rich man, but a good man.

"Mayflower."

Sweet 21 and Likes Country Life.

Ontario, July 30, 1908.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your W. H. M. and think this column will do a great deal of good for the lonely bachelors, as they describe themselves.

I am a young girl, 21 years old, and live in a beautiful country place. Talk about your towns and cities! I am well acquainted with both and I find when we leave the city and come to the country and breathe the pure, fresh air how good it seems to us. I am living with my parents who keep a store and also a post office. My main occupation

has been that of a saleslady, though there are very few of things which I cannot do, either in housework or fancy work.

Why are city girls delicate? I will tell you for I have been in their places myself. No doubt the city has attractions even in the summer, but the girls' work in those nasty, dirty, hot factories and department stores, standing all day.

I would like to correspond with anyone who cares to write first. Please forward enclosed letter to "Finger Fingerson," in May's copy. Wishing you every success.

Lonely Teddy's Song.

Humbolt, Sask., July 22, 1908.

Editor.—As a reader of the W. H. M. I would be very pleased if you would insert this in the correspondence column:

A Bachelor's Wish.

Wanted, a wife to sweeten life
By a bachelor young and healthy,
I do not care who the lady be
How poor she may be or wealthy.
She must not be tall nor yet very small,
But beautiful, slender and young,
With a voice like a bird
And as light on her feet as a fairy.

And when I can find one
Just to my mind
I'll love her sincerely and ever,
I vow not to leave her
Nor harm her or grieve her,
Till death shall the pair sever.
"Lonely Teddy."

Bank Clerk Not on the Trail.

Rossland, B. C., July 27, 1908.

Editor.—I received a letter from a lady correspondent in answer to my letter which was inserted in the correspondence column of the May W. H. M. and signed "Bank Clerk." This lady friend by some misunderstanding, no doubt, has omitted to give me her name and address, but finished her letter like this, "Au Revoir. A Voice from Manitoba."

Would you be kind enough to favor me with her name and address; should you not be able to do this, may I trouble you to insert the following in the correspondence column of the next W. H. M. issue: Correspondent, who wrote to "Bank Clerk" on May 21, and signed "A Voice from Manitoba," please write again and give me your name and address.

"Bank Clerk."

Short and to the Point.

Saskatchewan, July 29, 1908.

Editor.—I have read your magazine with interest for two years and find it interesting. I am 17 years of age, weight 125 pounds, 5 feet 3 inches in height, fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes. I like the letter signed "Ham and Eggs." I will answer all letters addressed to me.

"Just One Girl."

Cherry Blossom Very Lonely.

Manitoba, July 22, 1908.

Editor.—I am one of those lonely girls who want a man to correspond with me. I am a girl of almost eighteen, live on a farm, can milk and cook and keep house, so if any lonely bachelor would like to share his time with me I will be very pleased. I have dark hair and very dark brown eyes. The man I want must not drink or chew, but I do not mind smoking but would rather he did not. Please forward enclosed letter to "A Juggler" of the May number. Anybody who wishes to write to me, my address is with the editor.

"Cherry Blossom."

A Voice from Merrie England.

Yorkshire, Eng., July 28, 1908.

Editor.—Have received your excellent magazine for a few months now and find the correspondence column especially interesting.

Well, I enjoy receiving letters, so thought I would send you this epistle with the hope that probably it may bring me some interesting correspondence as a result.

I think the letter from "Miles Standish" in your March issue most interesting and sensible.

Now a few words as to myself. I am 28 years of age, fair complexion and blue eyes; that will suffice at present. And now I will close, hoping to see this in one of your future issues.

"Lucie."

An Athletic Miss.

Winnipeg, Man., July 28, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber but a constant reader, I have taken much interest in the correspondence page, but really some of the girls do write such fool-hardy letters.

As one of the sex, it makes me long, at times, to bunch them all together and give them a talking to that they would not forget in a hurry. Talk about throwing yourself at anybody's head, judging from some of the letters I have read, a "Half Nelson" wouldn't be in it.

You see, Mr. Editor, I have been raised with five big brothers, therefore you must excuse the slang. I think the correspondence page of the good old W. H. M. is a delightful way to make new friends, but as to finding a husband in the same way, "not for mine."

However, I would be much pleased to hear from any of the boys or girls and will do my best to answer in the way they would best like. I don't care much about describing myself, but seeing it's in order, here goes.

I am 22 years of age (have not reach-

ed the skiddoo age yet, "Lonely Boy"). stand 5 feet 6 inches, have brown hair and grey eyes, good teeth (at least my dentist says so), play the piano, sing, dance, skate, golf, punch the bag and box with my brothers; now doesn't that sound like I was patting myself on the back? Anyway, it's sad but true, and quoting somebody or other, "The half has not been told."

I would like to exchange post cards with anyone and will return same with views of our lovely city.

"Yankee Doodle Girl."

Homely Happy Hooligan.

Manitoba, July 30, 1908.

Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time and take great amusement out of the correspondence columns.

I am not advertising myself as a matrimonial mark but would like to correspond with some of the young ladies who like corresponding for amusement. I am 5 feet 7 inches tall, weight 140 pounds, fair hair, blue eyes, and as homely as a hedge fence. I am strictly temperance but use tobacco, so if any one has any objection to the weed they are on the shelf.

Anyone wishing to correspond will find my address with the editor.

"Happy Hooligan."

Letters Exchanged.

Space will not permit us to print a complete list of the letters received and exchanged from this office relative to our correspondence page. We present to our readers a brief summary and partial list which demonstrates very clearly that the interest in our correspondence page is on the increase.

Mailed from	Addressed to
Regina, Sask.	"School Girl"
Iowalla, Alta.	"School Girl"
Red Willow, Alta.	"J. H."
Innisfail, Alta.	"Susan Jane"
Rawdonville, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Hardisty, Alta.	"Goldie"
Yellow Grass, Sask.	"School Girl"
McEwan, Alta.	"Brown Betty"
Golden Plain, Sask.	"School Girl"
Hamiota, Man.	"I. B. Longfellow"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Hamiota, Man.	"Curly"
Staveland, Alta.	"Goldie"
Port Colborne, Ont.	"Marie"
Granum, Alta.	"Ellen Jane"
Broadview, Sask.	"Oberon Girl No. 1"
Victoria, B. C.	"Curly"
East Clover Bar, Alta.	"Susan Jane"
Central Butte, Sask.	"Ally Ann"
Bellevue, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Staveland, Alta.	"Brown Betty"
Hamiota, Man.	"Rosemary"
Taber, Alta.	"Pansy"
Swan River, Man.	"Curly"
Hardisty, Alta.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Lonely Boy"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Canadian Pacific"
Taber, Alta.	"Sweet Rosebud"
Taber, Alta.	"Ellen Jane"
Yellow Grass, Sask.	"Sweet Rosebud"
Lacombe, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Rosetown, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"Brown Betty"
Quill Lake, Sask.	"Goldie"
Saskatoon, Sask.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Boissevain, Man.	"Sunshine"
Toronto, Ont.	"American Rose"
Toronto, Ont.	"School Girl"
Thunder Creek, Sask.	"School Girl"
Brownlie, Sask.	"Lalla Rookh"
Benchonzie, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Reid Hill, Alta.	"American Rose"
Reid Hill, Alta.	"Lalla Rookh"
Laurence, Alta.	"Pansy"
Indian Head, Sask.	"Wild Irish Girl"
Summerland, B. C.	"Rosemary"
Rose Plain, Sask.	"School Girl"
Quebec, P. Q.	"Tiny Rose Bud"
Katrine, Man.	"American Rose"
Rapid City, Man.	"Goldie"
Strassburg, Sask.	"Cigarette"
Rainy River, Ont.	"Rosemary"
Victoria, B. C.	"Finger Fingerson"
Blackfalds, Alta.	"Husky"
Willows, Alta.	"School Girl"
Willows, Alta.	"Prairie Rose"
Saskatoon, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Elora, Ont.	"Susan Jane"
Glascott, Ont.	"Bank Clerk"
Kitscoty, Alta.	"Rosemary"
High River, Alta.	"American Rose"
Radisson, Sask.	"Brown Betty"
Radisson, Sask.	"Pansy"
Oak Island, Man.	"Lalla Rookh"
Oak Island, Man.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Marquette, Man.	"Bonny Lass"
Middle, Sask.	"Goldie"
Nanton, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Lalla Rookh"
Didsbury, Alta.	"Pansy"
Didsbury, Alta.	"American Rose"
Allandale, Ont.	"Hayseed"
Cardston, Alta.	"American Rose"
Rainham, Ont.	"Bank Clerk"
Rainham, Ont.	"Juggler"
Cardston, Alta.	"Pansy"
Star, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Carstairs, Alta.	"School Girl"
Star City, Sask.	"A Juggler"
Star City, Sask.	"Ham and Eggs"
Penhold, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Innisfail, Alta.	"Prairie Rose"
Staveland, Alta.	"Norma"
Gap View, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Gap View, Sask.	"School Girl"
St. Elizabeth, Man.	"Snow Bird"
Broadview, Sask.	"Brick Yard Blonde"
McKinnon, Sask.	"Shy Ann"
Denholme, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Richard's Ldg., Ont.	"Bank Clerk"
Holland, Man.	"Snow Bird"
Austin, Man.	"A Farmer"
Medicine Hat, Alta.	"A Juggler"
Dorence, Alta.	"Jessamine"
Cochrane, Alta.	"Ellen Jane"
Edmonton, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Morse, Sask.	"Olive"

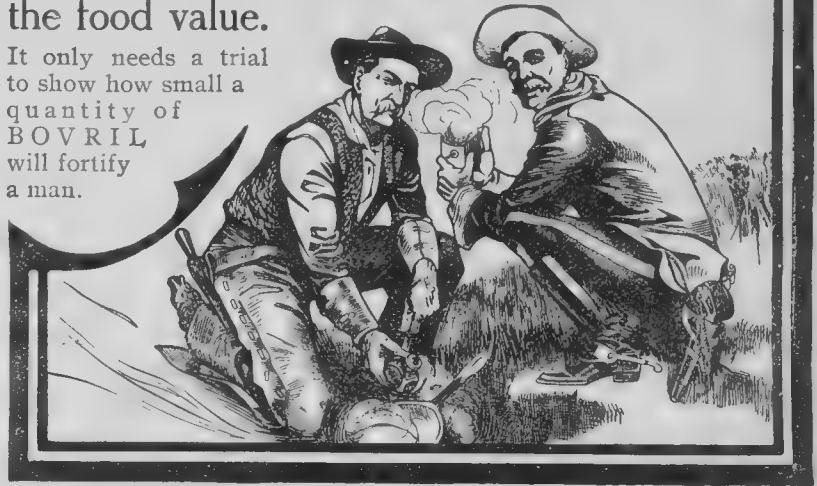
Mailed from	Addressed to
Thigh Hill, Alta.	"Chattaway"
Boissevain, Man.	"Piker"
Eyebrook Sta., Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Laurence, Alta.	"Madge"
Nanton, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
McTaggart, Sask.	"J. H."
Boissevain, Man.	"A Pretty Man"
Boissevain, Man.	"Sunshine"
Fertile Valley, Sask.	"Red & White Roses"
Victoria, B. C.	"Oberon Girl No. 2"
Gleichen, Alta.	"Oberon Girl No. 2"
Girvin, Sask.	"Olive"
Earlville, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Olds, Alta.	"White Rose"
Milestone, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Carievale, Sask.	"Norma"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Franklin, Man.	"Red & White Roses"
Granum, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Dwight, Ont.	"Brick Yard Blonde"
Cardston, Alta.	"Oberon Girl No. 1"
Carievale, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Canyon, Alta.	"Goldie"
Brier Crest, Sask.	"Fair Maid of Perth"
Camrose, Alta.	"The Yankee Kid"
Brookdale, Man.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Cupar, Sask.	"Blythe Bridget"
New Glasgow, N. S.	"Sod Buster"
Star City, Sask.	"Big Bill"
Radisson, Sask.	"Blue Eyes"
Olds, Alta.	"School Girl"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"Lalla Rookh"
Sprattsville, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Sheho, Sask.	"Juggler"
Sheho, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Sheho, Sask.	"Blue Eyes"
Solsgrith, Man.	"Lonely Harry"
Solsgrith, Man.	"Yankee Kid"
Birtle, Man.	"Lonely Bachelor"
Black Hawk, Ont.	"American Rose"
Kaleida, Man.	"Pansy"
Lyleton, Man.	"Pansy"
Claresholm, Alta.	"School Girl"
Saskatoon, Sask.	"Fair Maid of Perth"
Delisle, Sask.	"Peaches and Cream"
Simcoe, Ont.	"Yankee Kid"
Cardston, Alta.	"Oberon Girl No. 2"
Fannystelle, Man.	"Snow Bird"
Cardston, Alta.	"Norma"
Bergen, Alta.	"Nobody's Darling"
Regina, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Star City, Sask.	"Big Bill"
Swift Current, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
McTaggart, Sask.	"Shy Ann"
Regina, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Rosetown, Sask.	"Evangeline"
Thunder Creek, Sask.	"Fair Maid of Perth"
Thigh Hill, Alta.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Calgary, Alta.	"Fair Maid of Perth"
Victoria, B. C.	"Canadian Pacific"
Holden, Alta.	"Mustard"
Dorence, Alta.	"Brown Betty"
Govan, Sask.	"Prairie Rose"
Govan, Sask.	"Brown Betty"
Sidney, Man.	"Bank Clerk"
Macdonald, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Mannville, Alta.	"Rosemary"
Neepawa, Man.	"Starlight"
Talbot, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Carman, Man.	"Hayseed"
Cannington Manor, Sask.	"Two Sisters"
Didsbury, Alta.	"White Rose"
Claresholm, Alta.	"Trailing Arbutus"
Camrose, Alta.	"Bank Clerk"
Pembina, Alta.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Stratford, Ont.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Redvers, Sask.	"Goldie"
Cummings, Sask.	"Red Rose 5"
Cardston, Alta.	"Blue-eyed Elyth"
Purves, Man.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Fork River, Man.	"Pansy"
Napanee, Ont.	"Bank Clerk"
Russell, Man.	"Ally Ann"
Girvin, Sask.	"School Girl"
Kenaston, Sask.	"Montrose Chums"
Rudy, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Pendennis, Man.	"Sweet Rose Bud"
Owen Sound, Ont.	"Husky"
Reid Hill, Alta.	"Prairie Rose"
Minotia, Man.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Wetaskiwin, Alta.	"Ontario Widow"
Thunder Creek, Sask.	"Lalla Rookh"
Innisfail, Alta.	"Rosemary"
New Westminster, B. C.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Una, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
New Westminster, B. C.	"School Girl"
Swan Lake, Man.	"Sod Buster"
Bethune, Sask.	"Rosemary"
Brandon, Man.	"Two Alberta Bush-rangers"
Parkbeg, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Cause, N. S.	"Mosquito"
Manor, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Milestone, Sask.	"An Eastern Rose"
Drinkwater, Sask.	"Blue Eyes"
Killam, Alta.	"Cigarette"
Killam, Alta.	"Brown Eyes"
Parkbeg, Sask.	"Starlight"
Parkbeg, Sask.	"Two Sisters"
Dauphin, Man.	"Blue Eyes"
Regina, Sask.	"Ally Ann"
Macoun, Sask.	"Pearl of Great Price"
Drinkwater, Sask.	"Polly Ann"
Drinkwater, Sask.	"Two Sisters"
Dwight, Ont.	"Curly"
Dwight, Ont.	"Happy Pat"
Basswood, Man.	"Sporting Bill"
Curlew, Alta.	"Ontario Widow"
Bladworth, Sask.	"Lonely Widow"
Boharm, Sask.	"Oberon Girl No. 1"
Saskatoon, Sask.	"Airy Fairy Lillian"
Toronto, Ont.	"Sweet Rose Bud"
Thunder Creek, Sask.	"Oberon Girl 1"
Weyburn, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
McLeod, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Sedgewick, Alta.	"One of the Number"
Thigh Hill, Alta.	"The Withered Rose"
Star City, Sask.	"Brownie"
Melfort, Sask.	"Scotch Lassie"
Willows, Sask.	"Balcarras Rosebud"
Vermilion, Alta.	"Oberon Girl No. 2"
Rimby, Alta.	"Vangy"
Markinch, Sask.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Kuroki, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Kuroki, Sask.	"Sweet Rosebud"
Summerland, B. C.	"An Ontario Widow"
Summerland, B. C.	"Lonely Molly"
Carnduff, Sask.	"Shy Ann"
Reid Hill, Alta.	"Cigarette"
Deloraine, Man.	"Peaches and Cream"

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J. GEO. GARNEAU, Mayor

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If you will send us any advertising literature you may have—letter-head, card, booklet etc.—we will design an advt. and outline a plan that should prove profitable to you.

We are as much interested in your advertising success as you are, so you can depend on securing our best efforts.

We shall be glad to hear from you. Why not let us take up the matter now.

Phone 7000

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition for 1908 was brought to a successful termination on Saturday, July 18th.

The management of the fair has ventured the information that it is well satisfied with the attendance and general result. For the first three days the weather behaved admirably, resulting in a larger attendance on the grounds and in the grand stands than for a like time at any fair held in this city in previous years.

On Wednesday morning the weather man apparently heard the prayers of the farmers for rain and opened the floodgates of Heaven for rain on twenty four hours to their delight and the discomfiture of the management of the fair. The rain interfered seriously with the racing program arranged for the week and to please patrons of this class of sport as well as to allow the visiting horsemen an opportunity to make expenses a full and complete racing bill of fare was pulled off on Saturday afternoon to the pleasure of those who were fortunate enough to attend.

The platform attractions this year were better than those presented in former years and Dr. Bell deserves the thanks of the visiting public for the sound judgment he displayed in selecting the talent for the very popular adjunct to the exhibition.

Objection was taken by some to the double somersaulting automobile performance, and when the fair management became cognizant of the fact that this feature was not popular they very wisely discontinued it. An innovation was introduced this year when the fair management secured the services for the week of a funny-man announcer for the platform attractions in the person of one Rube Shields. His witticisms, funny stories and antics were enjoyed by the patrons of the grand stand between acts, keeping everybody in rare good humour. The attractions on the

Drag provided amusement for the many who care for that sort of thing and no complaints were heard of anything of an indecent or objectionable nature being introduced in any of the various side shows.

Some complaints were made last year about the "Barkers" being permitted to locate too close to the main promenade leading through the grounds, to the annoyance and discomfort of the public. The fair management this year very wisely remembered this matter by giving them locations further away from the promenade. The Band concerts given every afternoon by Innes' Band and the 91st Regimental Band of Hamilton were thoroughly enjoyed. These Band concerts were given from a band stand erected on the grounds confronting two immense marquees in which comfortable benches were placed where tired sightseers could rest from the heat of the sun and enjoy the music.

The introduction of the marquees and seats was a thoughtful move on the part of the fair officials and they were given the kindest thanks of the visitors for providing this feature. The fireworks at the evening performances were deservedly popular and the military tattoo was a pleasing spectacle and proved a great attraction. The display of threshing machinery was most interesting and went far to convince visitors of the importance of Western Canada as a grain growing country.

The exhibit of the live stock was up to the average and some excellent specimens of horseflesh, cattle and pigs were shown. The display in the manufacturers' buildings attracted great crowds during the week. The exhibits were tastefully arranged and proved to the satisfaction of everyone that the manufacturers of Canada and the United States are alive to the importance of the increasing markets for all kinds of manufactured goods in Western Canada.

The dog show with its two hundred and eighty odd entries attracted lovers of the canine tribe and went far to prove that many city "purps" had so far escaped the new death chamber recently introduced in Winnipeg. The poultry show demonstrated that the domestic feathered family is becoming more popular in the West and a few very good specimens were on exhibition. In the dairy building the exhibits were well arranged and the butter making competition proved an interesting feature.

The display in the Art building had many admirers.

The light motor competition added interest to the exhibition and attracted many men from all parts of Canada and the United States; the latter government sending an official from their agricultural department to watch it and take notes on the proceedings.

Taking the exhibition on the whole it was a success and Dr. Bell and the directors are entitled to the thanks of the people of this province for their painstaking efforts in bringing it to such a happy conclusion.

Before concluding this article we would like to say to the business men and citizens of Winnipeg that they should decorate their premises more lavishly next year.

In Eastern cities during fair week citizens decorate their homes, using flags and bunting in profusion.

The firms there vie with one another in the decoration of their places of business. This sort of thing gives a city a gala appearance and goes far to convince visitors that preparations are made beforehand by the people to receive them in a manner befitting the occasion. We trust that next year when Fair week will arrive that private homes and business houses will display more flags and bunting than during fair week 1908.

Brandon Inter-Provincial Fair.

The Inter-Provincial Fair for 1908 in Brandon was a decided success. The Premier of Manitoba, the Hon. Minister of Agriculture, was present on opening day, pressed the button and declared the fair open. The daily attendance prior to the rain on Wednesday was large and representative. The rain on Wednesday somewhat marred the proceedings but the management and others took it good naturedly for they appreciated the fact that the rain was needed for the growing crops. Friday furnished gloomy weather again and as a consequence interfered with the attendance on the grounds.

The exhibits this year were in quality and number superior to those of other years, notwithstanding the fact that Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition was in progress at the same time. It was a farmers' fair in every sense of the word, the exhibits being thor-

oughly representative of the best live stock, dairy, and grain growing interests in the province of Manitoba.

The live stock entries were more numerous than in past years, resulting in some valuable animals having to stand under improvised sheds erected temporarily for the occasion. This the exhibitors accepted good naturedly and another year will find more barns for the accommodation of the live stock. The exhibit of Short-horns could not fail to gladden the heart of the connoisseur.

The hog entries numbered over 200 and some rare good porkers were shown.

The sheep entries showed an improvement over former years. There are no better fair grounds in the West than in Brandon, with its rows of beautiful shade trees set in a green sward, affording tired sightseers a resting place out of the sun. The ex-

hibits in the Industrial Building showed how progressive the citizens and business men of Brandon are. Several tables of Manitoba grown fruit and vegetables were greatly admired and proved that our farmers should take a greater interest in those two crops.

The Brandon Experimental Farm and the Dominion Forestry Branch made a splendid display of farm and forestry products. The dairy and poultry portion of the show provided food for thought and showed the gigantic strides made in the dairy and poultry business in recent years.

The midway, or "Drag," had its usual number of "barkers" and provided amusement for visitors who are fond of that sort of thing. Mr. C. Fraser, manager, together with the directors, are entitled to unstinted praise for the great success they made of the Brandon fair for 1908.

Portage la Prairie Fair.

The Portage la Prairie annual fair was this year held on July 9, 10 and 11 and was far and away the most successful in the history of the Portage Plains. The live stock entries were stronger than ever before, the industrial exhibits were a compliment to the management and the exhibits and attractions were of such quality as to draw a crowded grand stand every night of the fair. The Clydesdales constituted the most important part of the horse show and the judges had no enviable task in picking out the best from a number of such ex-

cellent animals. There was little competition in the Shire classes and there were no Percherons shown at all. The championship was awarded to the Portage Shire Horse Society.

A feature of this fair that is most worthy of mention was the show of heavy draft, agricultural and general purpose animals. It was a farmers' fair and a good one and the above classes were more hotly contested than were the pure-bred rings. Neither were light horses and ponies overlooked, a large number of these animals coming from all over the

West. Competition was strong in both the Shorthorn and Hereford classes and there was a peculiar incident in the yearling classes when the highest priced bull sold at the Brandon spring bull sale was placed well down the line by the judge. This fact is ample proof of the number of fine animals in evidence in this particular class.

Great credit is due to Mr. Humber and an efficient board of directors for their success in transforming the country fair of a few years ago to an exhibition of such size and importance.

Let the Honeymoon be Brief.

By Mrs. Humphrey.

Among the numerous things that have been revised by society is the old fashioned honeymoon. It used to consist of four more or less happy weeks spent in a dual solitude and bridging the time between the wedding day and the installment in the new home. Now it means anything from a couple of days to a couple of years. This last is exceptional, the tendency being rather towards abridgment. Only the other day the bride of Monday turned up at the marriage of a bride of Thursday and no one was surprised. Commenting on this, some one remarked "Who should turn up this morning but Angelina! She and Edwin have been three days wed and already are bored with each other's society. Their plan is to stop at an out of the way hotel and make a round of the theatres, sitting in the upper boxes to avoid detection. Edwin sneaks past his club in the seclusion of a four wheeler."

Many happy pairs snub the honeymoon even more than this. They pretend that they are going away, but do nothing of the kind. They simply go home and amuse themselves with arranging their wedding presents to their liking. Or, if home is not quite ready, they go to a big hotel for a few days and secrete themselves there. It is easily done. They have their meals in private sitting room. Their names are unknown to any one but the manager, and they enjoy privacy.

One reads in the accounts of fashionable weddings: "The bride and bridegroom left later in the afternoon amidst a shower of rice and old satin slippers for the beautiful country home lent by some one for the honeymoon." The servants at the country house ask each other: "Where are they?" as the hours of the wedding day roll by. Perhaps someone thinks of sending the housekeeper a telegram. Perhaps not. But this is the case of the newly wedded pair. It is out of the question, they think, to drive up to the station with rice or confetti shedding itself from them every time they move. Why not do as the Lovewells did—go to a hotel? They are both so tired that the idea of the railway journey exhausts them even if they could get rid of the rice and the too significant confetti. So the brougham is dismissed, the coachman is tipped, and a cab conveys the couple to a hotel. A day or two later they are supposed to take possession of the country house or proceed "to Niagara Falls or the Italian lakes, via Paris," as announced.

The middle classes are more orthodox about the honeymoon, but even with them it is dwindling even from the fortnight to which it has long been reduced. There seems to be no medium between a few days at some hotel at a lake resort and a voyage to South Africa, a visit to Cairo, a journey up the Nile, or a trip to Japan. A honeymoon tour of the world is not uncommon. In these busy days the bridegroom

never may have had his opportunity for making the modern equivalent of the "grand tour," which used to mean a visit to London, to Paris, to Berlin, to Vienna, and to Rome. That has now shrunk by comparison to a mere excursion. To share one's wanderjahr with a charming bride might be a project with a flavor of tameness in it, but this depends on temperament. To some men the plan strongly recommends itself.

The lakes have been in great favor as honeymoon resorts of late, though the European trip is more up to date. "Via Paris" legislates the bride. Now Paris has its dangers for the husband and it may be remarked that the young couples do not always return via Paris. The shops there are so tempting that even the bride whose trousseau is of the most complete and sumptuous description cannot always refrain from coveting supplementary articles of dress. The bridegroom is but too eager to indulge her; and here is one reason that the honeymoon occasionally has to be abbreviated, though reluctantly. Even those agreeable checks that it is now the fashion for relatives and intimate friends to give as wedding presents are like all other money in failing to do half what one expects of it. "Money melts!" And its melting mood particularly is observable when the owner is traveling. What wonder that anemic purses often cause the happy pair to wend their homeward way a week or two before their friends expect them?

Sometimes a premature return is due to one of those little tiffs which often free the first few months of married life from anything approaching monotony. The honeymoon in such a case is like one of those Italian dishes of which the flavor is compounded of agro dolce. The sweet is too sweet, the bitter is most bitter, though the general effect is not unpleasant. But when the bitter temporarily is predominant the bride longs for a talk with mother—the worst thing she could have, by the way. And it is more than likely that by the time the return journey is over the sweet will have surged up and conquered the bitter.

So varied is temperament and so freely is it allowed to rule us nowadays, that there is excellent reason for elasticity in the duration of the honeymoon. While some could enjoy a double moon of bliss, there are others to whom a single fortnight of uninterrupted companionship is wearing. Let such by all means cut it short. Three days are long enough when two have dragged unduly. Then it is time to pack the portmanteaux and away. The month of honey was devised for happy lovers. What of the loveless—the May and December couples? The "matched, not mated"? The partners in a marriage of convenience? The tete-a-tete is but a weary business to such as these and the honeymoon is sweet in name only. Let it be brief.



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SEE DESCRIPTIVE ADVT. ON PAGE 15

Katie of Red Gulch

By Julia Truitt Bishop.

Tarrant of the East Gets an Object Lesson in the Conditions of the West. He Comes, He Sees, He is Conquered.



AS the Great Northern pushed its grimy nose further and further west, it pushed Douglas Trent along with it, somebody in authority having discovered that he had a genius for affiliating with the West and bringing order out of chaos. Hence it happened that no sooner did the first brick store begin to lay its foundations beside the public square, while the Ladies' Aid Society gave mite socials to raise money for a church-bell, than Trent was moved along to the end of the road, where every other plank shanty was a saloon, and nobody needed a church-bell, because there was no church. Out of this primitive un-Arcadia he was expected to drive the steel rails still further west, to organize and control large bodies of men, and to lick the town into shape, so that he could move out of it. And this was the narrow and boundless life which he had been living some two years.

Once in awhile Tarrant, who was in authority over him, left his carpeted and steam-heated office, and shudderingly went to the end of the line to see how Trent was getting along. When he found Trent he always complained bitterly of everything, from the climate to the baking-powder calendars, which were the sole decoration of the office walls. He made it a special point to complain of Trent's management of men, exhorting to greater firmness and showing conclusively how one must rule these fellows with an iron hand. Then he went back to the comforts of civilization, and said grudgingly that Trent was doing fairly well, but that he needed overlooking once in a while, as he was a man of no originality and did not seem to understand the West. Which, when Trent heard—as one always hears things—made him love his superior dearly, and ask the Fates to let him get even.

The weather should have been all that was beautiful at Red Gulch when Mr. Tarrant stepped from the train on his first visit to that city, it being late April; but in honor of his coming it had chosen to send down a belated norther, with rain, sleet, snow, and a howling wind straight from the frozen pole; and he descended from the train shivering. He had chosen to take Trent by surprise, always filled with the conviction that sooner or later he would find his subordinate "up to something;" consequently Trent was not there to receive him. The soles of Mr. Tarrant's patent-leathers were hot from the steam-pipes over which he had been hovering in the car; the rude platform in front of the plank station was aglare with ice, and the gentleman who was waltzing solemnly up and down the platform was suffering from a temporary defect of vision which made him see four distinct Mr. Tarrants. In trying to dodge three of them he received the fourth in his open arms, head on, and patted his back lovingly.

"Glad shee me?" he questioned. "Coursh glad shee me! Don' blame you. I'd be glad 'shelf. Come on, ol' shport—join in giddy dansh! Not workin' 'day. Nothin' do all day long, dansh wi' you."

He waltzed solemnly on, dragging with him a slipping and sliding and sputtering visitor. Red Gulch gathered merrily to see.

"Let me go, fellow!" roared Mr. Tarrant, tearing himself loose from the giddy dance, and flinging himself out of the way with infinite risk to his neck.

There was a gale of laughter from the bystanders, and he turned furiously.

"Who is that drunken beast?" he demanded.

One of the men in the station door replied, with a seductive drawl, "That's Brig Foster, foreman o' construction on this line; an' as he'll be sober about

to-morrer, I wouldn't stay over if I was you, after givin' him that name."

"He is discharged!" shouted Mr. Tarrant, in most undignified wrath. "Do you hear, sir?" You are discharged! And if you are living in one of the company's houses, see that you get out of it before night!" and Mr. Tarrant strode sulkily across to the Palace Hotel.

His wrath had not subsided when he sought Trent in the little den, politely called an office, over the depot, and found that young man sitting at a deal table, which was his desk. The white cotton cloth tacked over wall and ceiling shrank and swelled cheerfully as the wind blew, and with every gust a puff of smoke poured from beneath the door of the rusty stove.

"Hello! When did you come in?" said Trent, affably, but with the light

and I have already found it necessary to discharge your foreman of construction—a drunken and impertinent scoundrel, wholly unfit for such a position. It is disgraceful, Mr. Trent, disgraceful, sir!"

Trent turned his head toward the window with an air of listening. His face was lit up with an unholy joy.

"Oh. You have discharged Foster!" he remarked, tentatively.

"Yes, sir, I have!" replied Tarrant, visibly swelling, because Trent, who was his inferior in position, and therefore to be bullied, always made him feel uncomfortable instead. "I do not find, Mr. Trent, that you show the ability expected of you in your management of affairs. You must remember, sir, that the West is very different from the East, and that you have to deal with new

now shooting the front out of the Two Brothers saloon, with an occasional clip at the First and Last Chance and The Gem. The two men that you see dodging about the corners back of him are the marshal and his deputy; and the remaining citizens have gone into hiding. He is slowly moving up this way, as you see, Mr. Tarrant—and as he shoots at the two officers whenever they put their heads out—"

Mr. Tarrant had grown a shade paler. "Isn't there any law in this God-forsaken country?" he sputtered.

"The law has just gone behind that corner," said Trent, with judicial calm. "It likes Foster immensely, and doesn't care to kill him nor to be killed by him. You observe that he is coming nearer. I should certainly hate to have these windows shot out, cold as the weather is to-day!" and Trent breathed a regretful sigh.

"Isn't there—isn't there such a thing as a Vigilance Committee?" gasped Tarrant, watching Foster's progress up the main street of Red Gulch.

"Oh, to be sure—Foster is president of the Vig.," returned Trent, amiably.

"Zhere'll be—a hot time—in—zhe ol' town—t'night!" caroled Foster, as he fired impartially at everything that moved. He was bearing rapidly down upon the station.

"Ah-h-h!" murmured Trent, and Tarrant ventured to peep forth again.

From the dining-room of the Palace Hotel issued a girl—the red-haired girl who had given Tarrant his breakfast half an hour before. Her sleeves were still rolled up, and she was throwing a little white shawl over the shining glory of her hair as she walked straight up to the howling, shooting terror in the middle of the street.

"Zhere'll be a hot ti—" caroled Foster. "Hello, Katie! Come on an' help ush tear zhe ol' town wide open."

Then the girl snatched the pistol out of his hand and cuffed his ears. "Go home to your wife, Brig Foster!" she commanded; "and be ashamed of yourself!"

She turned her back upon him, and walked away, while he trailed after her, weeping consumedly.

"I'm 'shamed, Katie—mosht awfl'y 'shamed!" he protested. "Been tryin' think o' zhat all time, an' couldn'—an' sho shot at shaloon."

Trent, watching breathlessly, might have been seen to draw up one foot with ecstasy. "She's coming here!" he murmured, mentally hugging himself. "Now all the saints be praised, she's coming here!"

Whereupon Mr. Trent sat down at the deal table, and began to write with a holy look on his face that might have showed mischief was afoot.

The girl came in, the little white shawl held tight under her chin, but the wind had tossed splendid rings of red-brown hair about her white forehead; and Mr. Tarrant said to himself, with surprise, "if this girl were East she would be a beauty!"

Large eyes, darker than her hair, dwelt upon Mr. Tarrant reflectively, and there was a smile around the mouth that made Mr. Trent look still more pious. The girl still held the pistol she had taken away from Brig Foster.

"This looks like a hold-up, doesn't it?" she said to Mr. Tarrant, with only the merest side-glance at his busy companion. "But I don't really mean any violence. I took it away from a poor fellow who was playing with it down in the street."

"Yes—I saw you," said Mr. Tarrant, grimly. He felt much more comfortable now that the pistol was no longer in the hands of Foster. "It doesn't occur to me that the man deserves much pity."

"Oh, but he does," said the girl, with unruffled composure, declining Trent's stool, and perching herself on the end of the table. "He's a good man, Brig Foster, and he doesn't drink often. And besides, he has a



"Who spoke of intimidation?" she retorted. "I am simply asking you to leave Brig in his place, and being a wise man, you are going to do it."

"I cer'ainly am not!" he cried, regaining confidence. "He stands dismissed, and I mean exactly what I have said."

of battle in his eyes. "No, not that chair; the off hind leg's broken. Take this and I'll sit on the stool. Hope you'll excuse the smoke. The stove rather cuts up when the wind is in the north."

Tarrant kicked the stove door. "It appears to me that every thing in this office and everything connected with it is run in a devilish poor fashion," he said, frowningly.

"The stove?" said Trent, guilelessly. "I've been thinking all winter that I'd climb up on the roof some day and fix that pipe, but when it's cold we're using it, and when it's warm—"

"I was not speaking particularly of the stove," retorted Mr. Tarrant, with dignity, buttoning his overcoat tighter. "It seems to me Mr. Trent, that you do not show much discrimination in your selection of men for important posts. I have been in town an hour,

conditions here, sir. And it is necessary to handle these men without gloves, Mr. Trent, without gloves, as I have done in the case of this man Foster. Nambypamby dealings may go in the East, but here everything is different. You do not seem to understand the conditions of the West—"

Thus far had Tarrant maundered on to his own undoing, when he saw that Trent had risen from his desk, and was at the window.

"You discharged him!" he murmured, sweetly. "That explains it!"

"Explains what?" questioned Tarrant, suddenly becoming conscious of a popping as of champagne-corks. He joined Trent at the window.

"When I saw Foster, just before your train pulled in," said Trent, gently "he had merely been drinking. You discharged him, and he then proceeded to go on a tear that would last. He is

wife and four little children, Mr. Tarrant.

Tarrant's face set like a flint. He already understood. This girl had come to plead the cause of the man he had seen hit to discharge—he, Tarrant. He would not even deign to answer. The steady scratch, scratch, of Trent's pen was apparently the only sound in Red Gulch. Yet Trent, in the most businesslike manner, was giving himself to trivialities. He was making numberless copies of Brig Foster's song.

"One of the children is a little cripple," suggested Katie, thoughtfully, throwing aside the shawl, and tossing back the straying curls with an upward fling of the deer-like head.

No answer.

"We think if she were sent east to one of the great hospitals she might be cured," said Katie, unconsciously giving a tighter roll to one of the blue sleeves that had begun to slip down.

Trent looked at the round, white arm that was rather near him.

"That is what Foster has been working for—to save that money," said Katie, a little more distinctly. "That is what has kept him a sober man for months and months."

She spoke so quietly that Tarrant was deceived, and thought a sneer would be opportune.

"I didn't notice any particular soberness about your friend to-day," he said, in a nasty tone.

Her voice was sweetness itself. "No; the gangs had to be laid off to-day, on account of the weather, and he fell into temptation, I suppose—there's plenty of it. But that doesn't mean he's to be kicked just because he's down. It's the hope for that little child that's going to make him a good man—and that hope's not going to be taken away from him while I live in Red Gulch."

Mr. Tarrant was irritated, and delivered himself at large.

"If you are trying to induce me to take the fellow back, you may save yourself the trouble," he said, brusquely. "He is discharged and done with so far as this road is concerned. He should not be taken on again even as a section-hand. And if he isn't out of the company's house by night I'll have his things thrown into the street."

Katie laughed, a little ripple of laughter that brought out unexpected dimples at the corners of her mouth and a wholly unwarranted one by the side of her chin.

"Now, do you know," she said, sweetly, "you won't do anything of the kind. Isn't it funny that you should think you would? But you won't put Brig's wife and babies into the street, and you won't discharge Brig. In fact, you never have discharged him. It wasn't your place to come out here discharging workmen, anyway. Nobody but Mr. Trent could do that, and he won't give up a good man like Brig. The end of it is that you realize you have acted like a meddling old woman, and you are going to apologize for it and promise never to do so again."

Tarrant's face crimsoned with fury, and he started up from his chair.

"Will you have the goodness to tell me what you mean, young woman?" he demanded.

Then Trent also rose, and spoke with labored politeness.

"Will you have the goodness to listen to me a few moments, Mr. Tarrant? You told me a little while ago that I didn't understand Red Gulch, that I didn't understand anything about conditions in the West. I saw the Vigilance Committee once in this town, wild with fury against a young fellow, whom they were about to hang to that tree—you can see it from where you stand. It was a girl who broke through the crowd, mounted the box beside the prisoner, and with her arm over his shoulder, talked, and told funny stories, and sang, and recited negro dialect, and so beguiled and befooled the crowd that the officers got here and saved the boy—who was innocent, by the way. When Fung Long over there came in here and opened his laundry, and a crowd

of drunken cow-boys came in one night to have fun with him, it was a girl who hid him in her kitchen, and stood in the door, pistol in hand, and kept the boys back, and talked to them so sweetly that the last one of them promised to give Fung Long work if he had to wear a 'biled shirt, once in a while to do it. When Black Ike was cut to pieces out yonder in the First and Last Chance, it was a girl he sent for, and she sat by him in that saloon and held his hand while he talked—Harvard and football, and home. In fact, Mr. Tarrant, that girl is one of the conditions of the West—she owns Red Gulch—she is Red Gulch—besides which, she's my friend—and if I were you I would be a little more careful in my manner of speech."

Mr. Tarrant had heard, and his eyes shifted uneasily. He remembered that the girl still held the pistol, and his mouth was dry.

"You don't imagine that I can be intimidated into taking back a man I have already discharged?" he demanded, with what loftiness he could.

The girl laughed again. She had the delicate skin that goes with red-brown hair, and a warm color had swept up into it.

"Who spoke of intimidating?" she retorted. "I am simply asking you to leave Brig in his place, and being a wise man, you are going to do it."

"I certainly am not!" he replied, regaining confidence. "He stands dismissed, and I mean exactly what I have said."

"Then I shall have to use moral suasion," she replied, mildly, getting down from the table and throwing the white shawl over her head. "Did you bring any food and bedding with you, Mr. Tarrant? I hope you did, for it is a long stretch from now to eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—and the nights are cold."

She had moved to the door, her hand was upon the knob, when Tarrant started up.

"What the—what do you mean?" he cried, biting back the oath with a furious glance at Trent.

The girl looked at him between the eyes, her head up.

"Simply that I am going out now to send word around the town; and you will neither get bite nor shelter in this place after that word is sent. My uncle keeps the hotel. In five minutes you will find your luggage on the front step. It is as Mr. Trent says, Mr. Tarrant. I am Red Gulch. These people love me—they are my people. You shall not come out here and trample down a man who has fought such battles as you never dreamed of. I know the East, too—I am a college girl, Mr. Tarrant—but this is the West, Mr. Tarrant—this is Red Gulch—and you and your methods are out of place. And—as I said—the nights are cold."

Mr. Tarrant's face paled, and then flushed a burning red. Would she dare? But there was no need to ask it. She would dare anything! There was a long silence, during which the wind flapped the ceiling cloth; and a cold shiver seized upon the Eastern man.

"Oh, well," he said, turning furiously upon Trent—he would make Trent suffer for this—"put the hound back in his place again since that suits you!"

"Beg pardon," said Trent, drily, but this is none of my funeral. You discharged him, and I'm afraid you'll have to be at the trouble of putting him back."

"Yes," said the girl at the door, sweetly; "I shall want a written statement to that effect—mentioning that this is not to be held to his prejudice in future dealings, you know, and that nobody concerned is to be persecuted—otherwise, we might all be uneasy. Mr. Trent, will you lend Mr. Tarrant your pen? Thanks, Mr. Tarrant. You have the earnest gratitude of one of—of the conditions of the West."

But before she had reached the rickety stairway, Trent came running down after her. There was laughter in his eyes, but a choke in his voice.

"Oh, Katie," he whispered; "Katie,

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it's got to be told now. I need you—more than I can tell—and if you'll just love me—"

The girl's face was turned away, but he held her hands.

"Not a bit of it," she cried, and turned her face toward him; upon which he laughed joyously.

"Oh, it's proud of you I was this day!" he cried. "And I want to be president of this road, Katie dear, and President of the United States, and maybe a few other little things—and I can be all of them, with you to help!"

A disgraceful figure, reclining on a box on the station platform, looked in upon a very pretty little scene in the quiet stairway.

"Babesh in zhe wood," he murmured, sentimentally. "Makesh a man wish he wash deshent man. Will be deshent man! Brig, ol' boy, lesh go 'ome an' be deshent!"

Which, with many waverings, but with ultimate success, he proceeded to do.

Knew What He Wanted.

A certain old gentleman's lack of "polish" is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. Not long ago the family were gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air—" the father began, but was quickly interrupted.

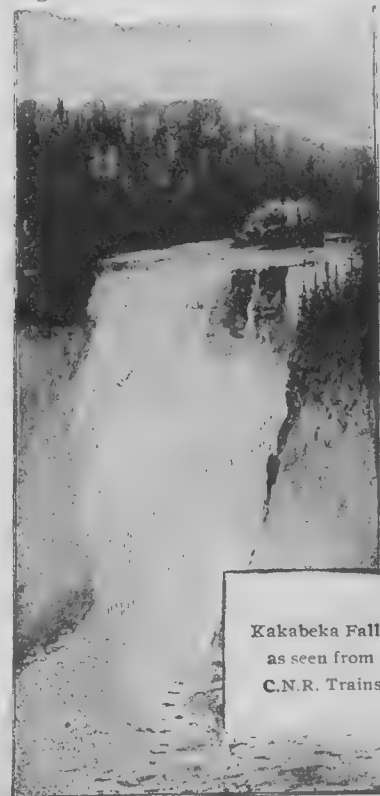
"Father, dear, don't say 'that air'—say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this 'ear'—" he again attempted, but was as quickly brought to a halt.

"Nor 'this ear'; 'this here' is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry snort.

"Look here, Mary," he said. "Of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say, an' I am going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air, and I'm going to shut the window!"



Kakabeka Falls as seen from C.N.R. Trains

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

The sum total of a man's knowledge is expressed in one word—Conscience. What a man knows, or what a man thinks he knows, is congested in that pregnant word. A knowledge of the world is important. A knowledge of God is indispensable. But self-knowledge is the one thing which is fundamental, for upon it the superstructure of character is built. A recent writer had this thought in mind when he penned the following lines:

"I like the piety of those artists who wrought well the hidden parts because 'the gods see everywhere,'" but I like still better the religion of the faithful Welsh stonemason I know up in Wisconsin, who, when urged to toss off a piece of work roughly because the building would hide it and no one would know how it looked, replied: 'Ah, but I would know it!' and so finished the inside pillar with the deliberation and nicety of the loving craftsman."

BOYS, DON'T SMOKE.

Smoking is a luxury intended for mature years and old age. It calls for an expenditure of energy stored away by nature for an emergency. It is a luxury which most young men under thirty years of age ought to forego. The physical and mental pleasure of smoking comes from a more rapid action of the heart and an increased force in the current of blood as it flows through the body and toward the brain. Such pleasure means an expenditure of your reserve force. We copy the following from the New York Observer:

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a youth's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work, and discount his chances for success."

STEADY NERVES.

The temperance wave which has been sweeping over the United States is not a wave of religious reformation, but a revival of good common sense—or what the old-fashioned citizen would call, "good horse sense." The truth is that our complex and advancing civilization calls for the man of clear brain and steady nerve. Robert E. Speer, says, in a book just published:

"At one of the annual dinners of the Periodical Publishers' Association I sat next to the proprietor of one of our best known magazines. On the other side of him sat a justice of the United States Supreme Court, and beyond him other men of like prominence and influence with these two. During the dinner I noticed that only one man in the row on our side of the table was drinking. I called the magazine publisher's attention to the fact and asked him if he did not think it unusual. 'No,' he said, 'I do not think it is. Our life is at too high a tension now. When everything may hang upon a sudden decision at an unexpected moment, a man can't afford to take any chances.'"

YOUR COMPETITOR.

Speak well of your neighbor. It will help you in the neighborhood. Be fair. Be kind. Be generous. You can afford to commend the good points in the character of your competitor. It will strengthen you with your customer. You can never run yourself up by running another down. The world admires fair play and just treatment. You will never lose a dollar by paying a timely compliment to your neighbor's enterprise or by defending his character when it is unjustly attacked.

One important phase of the character of Turner, the artist, is revealed by his attitude toward his fellow-artists. "I knew him (Turner) for ten years," said John Ruskin, "and during that time had much familiar discourse with him. I never once heard him say an unkind thing of a brother artist, and I never once heard him find a fault with another man's work. I could say this of no other artist whom I have ever known." The fine spirit of Robert Louis Stevenson comes out in one of his letters: "I was delighted to hear the good news about —. Bravo, he goes uphill fast. Let him beware of vanity, and he will go higher; let him be still discontented, and let him (if it might be) see the merits and not the faults of his rivals, and he may swarm at last to the top-gallant. There is no other way."

INGERSOLL AND WHISKEY.

Col. Clark E. Carr has written an exceedingly interesting book entitled "My Day and Generation." In one of the chapters he gives an account of how Mrs. Ingersoll cured the great orator of his weakness for strong drink. It is one of the best incidents set forth in recent biography:

In those earlier days Robt. G. Ingersoll was given to drink and afterward to infidelity, and both had a bad effect on public sentiment, for Illinois does not like men who drink or men who scoff. From the one Ingersoll was rescued, but not from the other. It was his wife who broke up the drink habit. I heard the story while in Peoria a year or so ago. My informant said that when the colonel came home one night he found his wife and child in the parlor, dressed as if to go out. He looked surprised, but she looked stern.

"Mr. Ingersoll," she said, "you are either going to stop drinking or I'm going away with the children. We can't stay here with a whiskey-drinking husband and father. Take your choice, and take it now."

The colonel pleaded for delay, but the tall, handsome wife was determined.

"Decide right now," she commanded. "Whiskey or wife and children? Which is it?"

The colonel pulled himself up and with the resolute look of a martyr replied, "The whiskey will go and the wife and children will stay."

That was the last of the whiskey business

SELF-FAITH IS SAVING FAITH.

Self-faith is saving faith considered from the standpoint of a man's individuality. Even a college course is a poor thing if it robs a man of a legitimate confidence in himself. You must believe in yourself if you ever expect anybody else to believe in you. These are sad words quoted by an American writer from the life of an over cautious youth:

"I confess that I came out of college with my initiative atrophied. I was afraid to do anything. I was afraid I would make a mistake if I did anything; afraid I was not well enough equipped to do the things that suggested themselves; afraid that if I did try to do anything everybody would criticize what I did; afraid that my old college mates would laugh at me."

"And I confess in humility that I myself acquired the habit of intellectual suspicion toward everybody who does try to do any real thing. I find myself unconsciously sneering at young men who are accomplishing things. Yes, and that is not the worst of it; I find myself sneering at myself." That is pathos—a soul doubting, denying itself. Pathos! yes, it is tragedy!

THE HARD GRIND.

The hard grind makes a smooth surface. Rule and regulation lay the foundation for force and character. An easy time in youth, as a rule, means a hard time in old age. Be hard on yourself in the beginning and nature will be gracious to you in the end. Hard lessons, well learned, mean certain results and gratifying rewards. Sir Algernon West said, in speaking of Eton, "I look back to dear old Eton and think of the life there, the absolute order, the regular hours, the six-o'clock breakfast, the bare floor, the many restrictions, the few rewards. And I go back there now and see the luxury—the upholstery, the cushioned benches, the easy life—and wonder whether it is all improvement. The old way was hard, but it made men hardy; it brought out the thews and sinews of our manhood."

THE SCIENCE OF LAUGHTER.

When you are discouraged—laugh. When you are disappointed—laugh. When you meet with a loss—laugh. When your best friend fails you—laugh. When the unexpected happens—laugh. When you are misunderstood—laugh. Speaking of the perpetual smile which rests on the animated face of Theodore Roosevelt, a student of the American president says:

"If there is jocularity, there is plenty of seriousness too. It would be killing business without the relief of fun. The President has grown in suavity of manner, and his good humor has deepened. He is by nature severe—he is severe with himself—and he is masterful; but he has learned to find recreation in the indulgence of a

sense of the ridiculous, and he has grown kinder. His talent for order surprised me. He never looks at the clock, but he seems to have a subconscious sense of the passing of the minutes. He takes up a new man with a new interest like a machine grabbing a new piece of metal to shape it to the requirement in precisely so many seconds. He works off a crowd as if by the stop-watch. Not a second is lost. He sees with eyes fitted by nature with a wide-angle lens, commanding the whole room at once, but intent on the eye of the man to whom he is talking."

HOW TO READ.

F. W. Robertson, the great English preacher, was a famous reader. He compelled universal literature to yield its gems and jewels that his public discourses might thereby be enriched and beautified. But he was a slow reader. He mastered what he read. With him the pages turned slowly. Each page was well scanned, well studied and well marked. He never skipped a paragraph and seldom missed an idea. Listen! "I read hard, or not at all—never skimming—never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." He adds: "I never knew but one or two fast readers and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. Miss Martineau says of herself that she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page in an hour; but then what she reads she makes her own."

HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

It takes time to talk and time is money. You must have something to talk about and fuel for your tongue may involve the reputation of your neighbor and the secrets of your profession. How people trust the quiet man. He says little to his neighbor so his neighbor reveals much to him. Learn to hold your tongue and it may assist you to get other "holdings" which will prove of value to you. The biographer of Thomas A. Edison says: "A quality which Edison admires most in a workman is his ability to keep silence. Any employee who talks outside about things which he has no right to mention he has no use for. On one or two occasions a workman—smart and ambitious, perhaps—has obtained a position in the Edison laboratory, and soon after been 'fired' through his insatiable fondness for gossip. When given a fortnight's money and shown the door he has felt aggrieved, not realizing that he possesses every sense but common sense, and has yet to learn the value of silence. There are in the Edison laboratory, more perhaps than in any other, secrets which have to be guarded, and did his workmen talk the results of Edison's investigations would, of course, become known long before he desired to take the public into his confidence. Hence the value the inventor places on a man's ability to 'hold his tongue.'"

EARLY DEFEATS.

Men are prone to talk about their victories. They hide their defeats, or, what is even better, forget them. And yet there is nothing in the history of the world's great men more inspiring than the record of their early failures, mistakes, defeats and disappointments. It is encouraging to me, as a preacher, to know that even Savonarola preached to a congregation of twenty-five in the city of Florence. From a bright little magazine called "The Bible Today," I cull the following concerning Abraham Lincoln:

"Lincoln, too, has a high place among the men who would not be put down by adversity and defeat. He won his way upward and achieved in the face of startling defeats. His vicissitudes are vividly set forth by Mr. Nicolay in the last chapter of his unequalled 'Life of Lincoln.' He says that almost all of Lincoln's successes were balanced—sometimes overbalanced by a seeming failure. Reversing the usual promotion, he went into the Black Hawk War a captain, and, through no fault of his own, came out a private. He rode to the hostile frontier on horseback, and trudged home on foot. His store 'winked out.' His surveyor's compass and chain, with which he was earning a scanty living, were sold for debt. He was defeated for his first campaign for the legislature; defeated in his first attempt to be nominated for congress; defeated in his application to be appointed commissioner of the General Land Office; defeated for the Senate in the Illinois legislature of 1854." These rebuffs were followed by others no less exasperating.

"But these defeats, as Mr. Nicolay points out, were not failures, but in reality a slow success. Every scaffolding of temporary elevation he pulled down, every ladder of transient expectation which broke under his feet accumulated his strength, and piled up a solid mound which raised him to wider usefulness and clearer vision." The buffets that he met were a part of the discipline that fitted him for his masterful career."

ODDS AND ENDS IN POETRY.

The Little Sandman.

Say, when the little Sandman comes
to town,
You must receive him in your best
night-gown,
And nod your head and close your
eyes so bright,
For that will cause the Sandman great
delight.

Blue eyes and black, and eyes of hazel
brown,
Will open when the Sandman leaves
the town;
But you must waken with the early
light
To see the little Sandman fade from
sight.

Hush! hush! hush! you'll never hear
him creeping,
Hist! the little Sandman, he is quiet
as a mouse.
You will never know he's with you till
you're sleeping.
And then you'll dream he's creep-
ing through the house.
—Walter Beverley Crane.

Bo-peep.

What becomes of the baby-stars
That play all night at their game—
Bo-peep.
When the moon comes out with her sil-
ver bars.
And we little children are fast asleep?
Now, this is why, when the moon is
bright,
We scarcely see the little stars:
She puts them to sleep by her silver
light,
And fondles them close behind her
bars.

But when the moon has gone away,
And happy children sing their song,
The baby-stars come out to play,
And laugh and twinkle all night long.
They laugh and twinkle the livelong
night,
When we little children are fast
asleep;
When the moon no longer gives her
light,
The stars are playing their game—
Bo-peep!
—E. Norman Gunnison.

A Valentine.

If I could just steal a feather
From out of a butterfly's wing,
I'd make it into a pen to write
Of you, you dear little thing!
But I'd have to dip it in sunshine,
And into the bluest skies.
To write of your bonny, curling hair
And your beautiful, shining eyes.
I'd have to press from a rose leaf
The juice of the summer day.
Or a proper word of your dimpled
cheeks
I'm sure I never could say.
But still—with all Dame Nature's
help,
Can I ever write a line,
Which will be dainty and sweet enough
For you, pretty Valentine?
—S. D.

Christmas Carol.

The earth has grown old with its bur-
den of care,
But at Christmas it is always young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous
and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth
on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.
It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-
night!
On the snowflakes that covered thy
sod;
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle
and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells
out on the night,
That marked are the children of God.
On the sad and the lonely, the wretch-
ed and poor,
The voice of the Christ-child shall
fall;
And to every blind wanderer open the
door
Of a hope, that he dared not dream of
before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.
The feet of the humblest may walk in
the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have
trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals re-
vealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christ-
mas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.
—Phillips Brooks.

My Valentine.

O valentines, flying all over the land!
O valentines skimming the sea!
Valentines rosy and golden and white!
Are none of you coming to me?
"I see tumin', tumin'!" a wee voice cries,
And two sweet lips press mine;
Ah, who in the whole wide world, I
ask
Has a lovelier valentine?

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	In Bbl. per Gal.	½ Bbl. per Gal.	5 Gal. Cases ea.		In Bbl. per Gal.	½ Bbl. per Gal.	5 Gal. Cases ea.
Diamond "E" Amber Cylin- der Oil	65c.	70c.	\$3.75	Diamond "E" Harvester Oil	40c.	45c.	\$2.65
Diamond "E" Dark Cylin- der Oil	46c.	50c.	\$2.85	Diamond "E" Castor Ma- chine Oil	29c.	36c.	\$2.00
Diamond "E" Gas Engine Oil	55c.	60c.	\$3.25	Diamond "E" Black Ma- chine Oil	25c.	30c.	\$1.85
Diamond "E" Engine Oil...	33c.	37c.	\$2.15	Diamond "E" Neatsfoot Oil	80c.	85c.	\$4.50
" " Dynamo Oil...	55c.	60c.	\$3.25	" " Dark Axle Grease, 25 lbs.....			\$1.50
Diamond "E" Cream Separ- ator Oil	45c.	50c.	\$2.75	" " Dark Axle Grease, 10 lbs.....			.75
Raw Linseed Oil, per gal. 85c., 5 gal. lots 70c. gal. ;				" " Threshers' Hard Oil, 10 lbs.....			\$1.10
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Diamond "E" Brand Highest Grade American Coal Oil, in barrels of about 44 Imperial Gallons (no charge for barrels) per gallon.....26c. Shipping weight about 400 pounds.
In cases of two five-gallon tins (wine measure) equal to 8 ½ gallons, Imperial measure, per case.....\$2.75
Shipping weight about 85 pounds.

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Highest Grade American Gasoline, for Gasoline Lamps, in barrels of about 44 gallons, Imperial measure (no charge for barrels) per gallon.....34c. Shipping weight about 400 pounds.
In cases of two five-gallon tins (wine measure) equal to 8 ½ gallons, Imperial measure, per case.....\$3.25
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What the World is Saying

Bouncing Miss Canada.

Miss Canada has grown to be fair, fat and forty-one.—Chicago Tribune.

A Flippant Suggestion.

"How can we beautify 'the Jaw?'" asks a Moose Jaw exchange. Why not try a nice crop of side whiskers?—Toronto News.

The Fruits of Monopoly.

Dr. Simmons is now the only dentist in Greenwood, and is rich enough to hire a plumber this week.—Greenwood, B. C., Ledger.

A Bad Example.

If Champlain got out of his canoe as depicted on the tercentenary poster, careless boating parties existed in the earliest days as now.—Ottawa Citizen.

As to the Small Boy.

Somehow or other the small boy doesn't seem to take nearly as much interest in Sunday school these days as he does along about December.—Hamilton Herald.

A Good Law.

The new Dominion law prohibits chewing as well as smoking tobacco by boys in the streets, and the old prevarication that it is liquorice will not be accepted.—Bowmanville Statesman.

Town Lots at the Pas.

The Government sale of town lots in the Pas—the present railhead on the road to Hudson Bay—netted \$20,000. Ten years ago nobody would have offered twenty thousand cents for the property.—Brockville Recorder.

Calgary in Fair Time.

Your Uncle Willie will be staying out pretty late these nights. There are so many customers in town. And if uncle is sleeping in the morning please don't waken him.—Calgary Herald.

Be Cheerful.

Life is very much what men try to make it. The genial ones, whom one meets in travel, who come and go with all the freshness of the morning breeze, are really the best of human nature, and their kindly words have the virtue of an elixir.—Kingston Whig.

The Way the West is Growing.

Six years ago there was not a grain elevator on the whole two hundred miles of the Calgary & Edmonton Railway. Now there are dozens. Nanton, a town which did not exist six years ago, has two.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Nature's Way with Gold.

A gold discovery of some magnitude is reported from Chilliwack. The only reason why we hesitate about believing it to be an exceeding good thing is because the locality is so easily got at. Nature usually tucks gold away in inaccessible places.—Vancouver World.

Wheat and Wheels.

Seventy-two millions of dollars is the estimate of the wheat harvest in the west this year made by Mr. George H. Shaw, Traffic Manager of the Canadian Northern. That ought to turn some wheels on Canadian railways and in Canadian factories.—Montreal Gazette.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

Britain's mobilization of a fleet of over three hundred vessels this week in home waters will doubtless cause Germany and other interested nations to sit up and take notice. There is still a modicum of strength in Campbell's lines: "Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep."—Halifax Herald.

Canada's Railway Mileage.

Canada has more than 23,000 miles of completed railway, built at a cost of more than one billion dollars. In actual railway mileage Canada ranks eighth among the countries of the world, and her mileage per capita is greater than that of any other country. Fully 5,000 miles are now under construction.—Brantford Expositor.

Getting Down to Business.

They are getting down to business in the American elections. The great Democratic editor, Colonel Watterson, is writing about the kind of spirit "that binds men and wins battles even with pebbles against mail-clad giants, though hell should belch forth millionaires and Satan bar the way." That is pretty hot stuff for the middle of July.—Ottawa Free Press.

Montcalm's One Living Descendant.

It is interesting to learn that the Marquis of Montcalm, who fell at Quebec, has one descendant living, and that his name is Paul Louis Joseph de Montcalm, with the right to call himself Marquis de Montcalm, Count de Saint Veran and Viscount de Candia. Instead of this high sounding title he poses simply as Mr. Montcalm, and his home is at Hackensack, New Jersey.—Montreal Herald.

A Real Grievance, This.

The need for cleaner paper currency is felt all over the country. Bank bills are in circulation which are so filthy as to be a grave danger to the health of all who handle them. Some action should be taken to compel the banks to renew their issues more frequently—and the Government should take the initiative in retiring soiled bills it issues.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Eastern Papers Please Note.

The sinking of the great luminary of day is always a little more splendid than it is anywhere else in Canada, but last evening the sunset exceeded the average in impressive grandeur and gorgeous color. The sun had been pouring vitality at a high temperature into the earth all day long, and the old gold, rose and purple transformation scene that accompanied the finish of his day's work had to be seen to be believed.—Vancouver Province.

Church and People.

Church leaders and church people generally will show a sympathetic spirit of inquiry into the subjects which touch the daily lives of the masses, they will find a readiness to accept guidance and direction. It is because at times the church and church people have shown a do-nothing spirit that the masses have been led to find out paths for themselves.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Personal Journalism.

It was feared that the good old days of personal journalism were gone forever, but the country was gladdened recently by this historic touch from the Salt Lake Tribune: "Our esteemed contemporary is a unique newspaper. It is unique in its capacity for unbounded, continuous and malignant lying and false pretense, volubility, and denseness of moral perception in defense of crime and of criminals. Upon its merits it is a tricky, vicious, partizan, bigoted, fanatical, sectarian organ."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

An Exhibition in Spitalfields.

There is something pathetic in an exhibition of flowers and babies, recently held in Spitalfields, a lonely and dreary part of London, England. The flowers were grown on fire escapes and the babies in crowded tenements to which the humblest Canadian child is happily a stranger. And yet such is the spontaneity of human nature, the fond mothers proudly exhibited both, and created much credit for the worthy display made under such adverse circumstances.—Hamilton Spectator.

Motive Power.

A stroke of the pen, and the wheels are in motion. An order has been signed for twenty locomotives for the Canadian Pacific Railway. To build these will cost something like fifteen hundred thousand dollars. Each engine can draw some fifty cars of wheat from the west—a picturesque string of a thousand laden cars. Each car will hold about one thousand bushels—a total of a million of bushels to be turned into coin and food. Twenty locomotives constitute the plot of a big development story.—Monetary Times.

Aerial Warfare.

Clearly the imminence of a practical airship must cause governments which are thinking of spending huge sums on the war instruments of the present day to go a little slowly. It may be that all Europe must plunge hastily into a fierce competition in airship building. Fleets of airships must be met in the same element, and no army can afford the possibility of having its flank turned by even a small force carried thither by a "mosquito" fleet of cruisers of the blue. Forts and warships will still have their uses, but they will not be paramount, nor will their protection be complete.—Toronto Globe.

The Makers of Canada.

We may congratulate ourselves upon the prosperity and the enlightenment of these "piping times of peace" in comparison with the old days of darkness, of ignorance and conflict, but we may question ourselves if we cannot learn much from the great men of the old time. Their chivalrous faith, their hunger for honor, rather than for ease and riches, their simple, soldierly devotion to duty, sometimes shame us in our cowardly self-seeking, our pleasure-hunting, our money-grubbing and our love of compromise. Had the men who settled Canada and the men on either side who battled on the Plains of Abraham been poor and low in their ideals we should have had no Dominion Day to celebrate.—Montreal Witness.

Lord Grey's Prophecy.

The Dominion of Canada is forty-one years old. And forty-one is very young. Double the span—look ahead forty-one years—and what prophet is daring enough to fill in the picture, the outlines of which are in everybody's mind's eye? Earl Grey tells us Canada will one day contain the seat of Government of the British Empire. The Governor-General sees far. Had he been in Canadian public life in the sixties he would have been an ardent advocate of Confederation, the associate of the men of that day who were not afraid to plan the structure which now occupies half a continent and which will glorify it. Our good friends who growl on Dominion Day gaze too long and too fixedly at the hole in the doughnut. They should feast their eyes for a period upon the wide and nutritious rim of the aforesaid.—St. John Telegraph.

Drink and Business.

Now the C. P. R., like most corporations, is probably little troubled with moral consciousness. Its attitude toward the liquor traffic is purely business-like. Where there is profit for the company from the sale of liquor, the company not only permits but participates in the sale. Its dining cars are well stocked with alcoholic drinks of every description; its large hotels maintain and will continue their bars; for such of its passengers as may desire alcoholic stimulant ample opportunity is and will be provided for refreshment or destruction. It is no part of its mission or intention to reform the general public. But the management has learned from hard experience that drinking by the company's employees is detrimental to the company's interests. While there is profit in selling liquor to the travelling public, the sale of liquor to its own men spells loss; so that sale is to be stopped.—St. John Sun.

Canada's Century.

That the nineteenth century belonged to the United States and that the twentieth would be Canada's has been the jubilant attitude of the Canadians for ten years and more. Now the grain carrying trade of New York is suffering from the competition of Montreal, with the result that the White Star line has withdrawn five of its freighters from the service at this port. Other lines have taken similar action. Two and one-half cents can be saved on each bushel by shipping by way of Montreal, and the grain trade will follow the line of least resistance. It remains to be seen what action can be taken to bring this trade back to the United States. The steamship officials want reductions in railway charges to overcome the present advantages of Montreal. This presupposes the willingness of the shipping men to do their share. Yet, if the natural advantages are with the Canadian port, the effort to compete with it by means of artificial stimulation is not likely to be successful in the long run.—New York Sun.



The past month will hold a unique place in Canadian history by reason of the great pageants on the Plains of Abraham, in celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Canada. Only some thousands actually witnessed the impressive spectacles of that great

HISTORY IN PAGEANT.

celebration; but the mind of the whole world has been impressed by their meaning. To every Canadian heart that meaning has brought a new thrill of patriotism and of pride in Canada's history. With the Prince of Wales representing the King, and with representatives of the United States and of France, and of other nations looking on, the great historic pageant pictured the story of three hundred years; but the dominating note of triumph is in the wonderful development since the morning Wolfe climbed the heights and conquered New France for the British flag. The celebration has been an inspiring festival of thanksgiving for what the centuries have brought and for the work of the great men who laid the foundations on which their successors have builded nobly.

The morning sunbeams that gilded with summer splendor the historic heights at Quebec on each of the days of the tercentenary celebration lighted up a couple of hours later a vaster pageant here in the West—the great expanse of

THE PAGEANT OF THE WHEAT.

wheat, with heavy yellow heads ripening to the harvest, from skyline to sky-line a Field of the Cloth of Gold, as a poet might say, and a rippling sea of wealth, as the matter-of-fact, practical man prefers to see it. With an acreage one-third greater than last year's under crop, and with conditions almost ideal since the seed went early in the fertile soil, a crop which in magnitude and in quality will excel all previous crops in the history of the West is in prospect. So great is the volume of the wheat that the problem of the ability of the existing transportation facilities to move it out of the country is looming up. A hopeful factor in the situation is that the early harvest will give three or four weeks' more time than is usually available for the carrying of the wheat to the lake ports before the close of navigation.

In the newspapers of both the United States and our own country the doings of a pastor in East Orange, New Jersey, who has held open air services on Sundays during July, at which the men present were invited to smoke and soda

MAKING RELIGION FREE-AND-EASY.

water was served to the thirsty, have been made mention of. The congregation was even requested to remain seated while the hymns and the Doxology were sung, so anxious was the East Orange minister to make things easy for his flock. Religion in New Jersey must have fallen upon strange days, when a minister resorts to such devices. We may next expect to hear of hammocks being provided for the congregation, in which they may lounge while the pastor points the way to salvation.

Last month the Philosopher took occasion to deal with the criticism of Canada and the Canadians set forth in a series of articles by Mr. Harold Begbie in the London Chronicle. Mr. Begbie wrote his articles after a trip across the

ANOTHER CRITIC OF CANADIANS.

Dominion; and they stand on record as affording a striking illustration of how much misinformation a man may accumulate with a little effort and how much bosh in the way of false conclusions he may base upon his misinformation. But Mr. Begbie is outdone by a writer who contributes, without signing his name, an article in the latest issue of the London National Review, in which he tells the readers of that review many startling things about us. He says that we "dress so as to slavishly reflect the style in vogue in the United States," where, by the way, there are many styles in vogue; that we "drink ice-water and cocktails;" that we "smoke domestic cigars;" that we "gamble in real estate, also in produce;" and—"will it be believed?"—that we "chew peanuts interminably." These are some of the statements he makes, after care-

ful observation, as he assures his readers, of the people of Canada. And he says that "it is sheer nonsense to talk of a Canadian nationality." This cheerfully bumptious gentleman, whose modesty in refraining from signing his name seems strangely out of keeping with his character as it shows through his writing, should have been secured to take part in the pageants at Quebec. Arrayed in cap and bells, he might have enacted the part of a jester. He would not need to do any more than repeat extracts from his article in the National Review to provoke much merriment.

This year a vastly greater volume of Western grain than ever before will pass over our railways and on by the mighty St. Lawrence—which is taking its place as the chief traffic way of the continent—to the eager markets overseas. And the northern outlet by way of Hudson Bay cannot be made ready too soon for our needs.

WILL THERE BE A BLOCKADE?

The future will see Fort Churchill a northern New Orleans. Meanwhile the St. Lawrence outlet, as New York is realizing with alarm, is carrying out four times the volume of traffic that goes out by New York, instead of one-twelfth as much, as was the case not many years ago. Anxious meetings of the New York Produce Exchange and other business bodies in New York have been held during the past few weeks to consider this state of affairs, and New York newspapers have voiced the urgent demands of the business interests concerned for lower rates on the United States railways. Grain can be carried to Montreal by the all water route at from three and a half to four cents a bushel less than the cost of carrying it to New York; while by the lake and rail route the difference in favor of Montreal is two and a half cents a bushel. What the New York Produce Exchange and other concerns interested may be able to do in the way of inducing the railways to cut their rates remains to be seen; but a speaker at one of the New York meetings discouragingly remarked that if they did get a reduction there would immediately be an equivalent reduction in water carriage to Montreal. In this matter the natural geographical advantages, of which Canadian energy and enterprise have made the most, are unquestionably with Canada.

To the Western Home Monthly subscriber who a couple of weeks ago sent the Philosopher a copy of the Philadelphia Enquirer of July 4, with the Independence Day editorial marked, thanks are hereby returned for the pleasure

AS TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

which the Philosopher has had in reading that just, well-informed and right-spirited article. The subscriber in question is one of our numerous Western Canadian citizens born under the Stars and Stripes. He has specially marked these sentences in the editorial in the Philadelphia paper: "It is not true, and it is well the truth be known, that on July 4, 1776, the American people were unanimous in favor of independence. It is not possible to ascertain how many favored this movement, but at the date mentioned it may be assumed that about one-half of the population was in favor of it—probably more. Even the Congress which met in this city a year after Lexington and Bunker Hill was divided upon the question of the Declaration of Independence. When the document was finally signed, there was no ringing of bells and no explosion of fireworks. A few months later, when disasters came thick and fast probably a majority would have been in favor of peace." These words, be it remembered, are from a leading paper in Philadelphia, the city where the Declaration of Independence was signed. They are a reminder that the people of the United States have of late years been reading more impartial histories than their forbears read, or reading histories more impartially. As late as the closing weeks of 1775, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams believed that independence was not wanted. A few wise concessions on the part of the British Government would have averted the war; but the wisest of then living British statesmen, Chatham and Burke, were not then at the helm of state. A change in the political relations of Great Britain and the American

Colonies that were driven into declaring their independence was inevitable, owing to the growth of the latter; and but for the stupid obstinacy of those responsible for what happened Benjamin Franklin's dream of a British Empire with the American Colonies as a component part, might have been realized long ago. There would have been no legacy of bitter memories which estranged for over a century the two great branches of the English-speaking race, which are now happily on terms of ever-increasing friendship and of united desire for the preservation of the world's peace and attainment of all the good ends of civilization.

When the Rocky Mountains were young, there were mighty volcanoes among them. But long ages ago they settled down. The idea of volcanic activity anywhere on the upper half of this continent at the present time is startling, but

DAME NATURE'S ROLLING PIN.

Prof. A. H. Sylvester, of the United States Geological Survey, has his doubts about Mount Hood in Oregon, which has been behaving suspiciously of late. Ever since the mountain was known, steam has been escaping from certain fissures in it. But have we not hot springs in the Canadian Rockies? Mount Hood, however, has been "warming up" recently, Prof. Sylvester reports. A few months ago numerous witnesses saw "a cloud of smoke, probably dense steam, rising from near its summit." This persisted throughout the day, and at night there was a glow "like a chimney burning out." Sudden floods the next day were inexplicable except on the theory that the glacier had melted rapidly from volcanic heat. As an interesting coincidence it is noted that at the same time there were earthquake throes in the Bogaslof group off the Alaskan coast. No further signs have been noted, and it is very possible that these faint activities mean merely a last flicker of life in an expiring volcano. It is, at any rate, abundantly interesting that Mount Hood, as Prof. Sylvester says, "must be taken from the list of extinct volcanoes and placed at least among the doubtful." Volcanic action suggests earthquakes. Much remains to be learned in regard to the conditions and the forces at work beneath the surface of the planet on which we live. But one fact of which we may, according to all the conclusions of science, feel reasonably sure is that no area of any of the continents is farther from any likelihood of disturbance than this northern central area in North America. Beneath these vast prairies where Dame Nature has packed the earth down well and, as it were, rolled the crust smooth with a Titanic rolling pin, the foundation is not excelled in solid stability by the foundation of any other part of the land surface of the globe. ..

Three hundred and twenty years ago this summer the stout little ships of Queen Elizabeth's navy planned and built by Sir John Hawkins and captained by him and Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Frobisher, drove into the huge galleons of the Armada

THE MASSED LEVIATHANS ON THE NORTH SEA.

and destroyed the naval might of Spain. From that day Britannia has ruled the waves and has ruled them of right and of might. Holland, in the great age of Dutch power, challenged the British supremacy at sea; and France too, essayed to challenge it. But their challenges were vain. Now Germany is believed to cherish the dream of seizing the sceptre of the seas; certain it is, at any rate, that Germany is straining every resource to make her navy numerous and powerful. The North Sea has thus become the important naval area of the world at the present time. The Mediterranean has become pretty much a British lake, now that Britain and France are allies. The Japanese alliance and the close friendship with the United States are strong factors in making both the Atlantic and the Pacific secure. But out of the North Sea might issue a German Armada. Rightly or wrongly, this possibility is much in the world's mind; and rightly or wrongly, the British people and the German people regard this possibility as the reason for the gathering in the North Sea of the greatest and most powerful fleet the world has ever seen—three hundred and fifteen ships flying the British flag. From the Admiralty offices in London flashed instructions by wireless transmission to the commanding officer in charge of the manoeuvres, and by the same "sightless couriers of the air" the fleet kept in touch with the naval stations on the British Isles and with Gibraltar. This is the Twentieth Century, whose sense of wonder is dulled by a series of marvels of human achievement such as never in any previous epoch appealed to the imagination of mankind; but the whole world has been impressed by the wonderful North Sea demonstration of unconquerable British sea power, as it has never been impressed before.

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In Dear Old Sweetheart Days
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There Never Was A Girl Like You
When You Go for a Trolley Ride
Should We Part
Why is Papa Not At Home
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The Wick of the Julie Plante
Fagan ("No One Else Can Get That Cut But Fagan")
The Girl Who Threw Me Down
When You Dream of Someone and Someone Dreams of You
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Everyone Was Meant for Someone
Don't Be So Angry
When The Moon Plays Peekaboo
The Birds Are Singing Home Sweet Home For You
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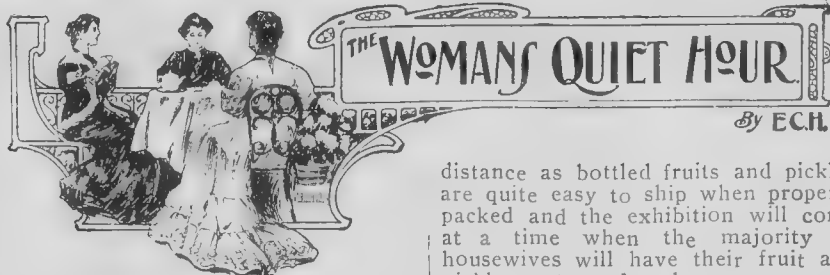
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Sowing Seeds in Danny.

This is the name of Nellie L. McClung's new book which I hope, before very long, every reader of the Quiet Hour will have been able to test for themselves. It is a story of life in the west, not the romantic, the novel, the dramatic side of western life, all of which has been portrayed many times, but the everyday home life that has gone to build up the great Canadian West, the life of the farm and the village and the heroine par excellence of the book is a little girl of twelve and the keynote of the book is in the foreword:

So many laws, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
When just the one of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

Mrs. McClung is a true daughter of the west and she has touched with the hand of a master the various phases of life: The visionary lady of the pink kimono who brings her washwoman from the tub to read her lofty sentiments on the sowing of seeds in the mind of four year old Danny; the clever old doctor who is dissipated and who has lost his grip; the clever young doctor who is full of theories and enthusiasm and who makes mistakes; the niggardly farmer as typified by Sam Motherwell; the genuine kindly, wholesome, hospitable farmers typified by the Slaters; the country dance with its mingling of all classes; the operation for appendicitis performed in a barn by the light of a lantern and one lamp, on the Englishman who is learning to farm; the retired farmer who would be a politician; the frantic partisanship of the local press; the servant girl problem—these are just a few of the everyday questions and the everyday people who come into the book. There is plenty of wholesome love story, well and delicately put, there are tears, but above all there is an abundance of hearty laughter. The book is pre-eminently sane and true to life.

Mrs. McClung was a teacher before her marriage and a very successful one, and she has a house full of little people of her own and her child characters show her study of child life in every line. Sowing Seeds in Danny is not to be reckoned among the great books, but I am much mistaken if the West does not live to be as proud of its author, Mrs. McClung, as it is now of Ralph Connor. Mrs. McClung lives out at Manitou and when she is not writing she takes an active interest in the good works of the little town. She is a charming hostess and a very devoted mother at all times.

Horticultural Show.

Winnipeg is to have a horticultural show in September when it will be possible to show what the West can do in the line of fruit and vegetables which it is not possible to do at the time of the Winnipeg Industrial. The Western Horticultural Society and the newly formed Florists' Society of Winnipeg have the matter in charge and the prizes are well worth competing for. While the major portion of the exhibits will no doubt come from Winnipeg and Winnipeg district the managers of the show are eager to enlist outside contributors and particularly the women who are taking an interest in house plants, garden flowers, vegetables and bees. Special attention also will be given to the department of preserved fruits and pickles made from both wild and cultivated fruit and vegetables, and this is a department that will be more easy of access to the woman at a

distance as bottled fruits and pickles are quite easy to ship when properly packed and the exhibition will come at a time when the majority of housewives will have their fruit and pickles put up for the season.

I know that many women in the country have great success with house plants and though they often have only a few, and those generally of well known varieties, still they will have individual plants that often far surpass in symmetry and bloom those grown in city homes, and it is just such plants as these that the managers of the exhibition are anxious to have exhibited. I know of one lady in Deloraine who has specialized on Begonias, and though she has no very great number, the individual plants are finer than any others I have ever seen and there are many other women in just the same position.

The arrangements are not all completed yet, but anyone who wishes to compete should write at once to Prof. Broderick, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, who is the secretary and manager and who can give all particulars.

Mr. Waugh.

I am sure that many readers of this column will be glad to learn of the splendid portrait of Mr. Richard Waugh that has been painted by Victor Long, of Winnipeg, and which was on exhibition at the Winnipeg Industrial. Many, of course, saw it and would at once realize how splendid a portrait it was of their old friend.

I understand that all the dollars necessary for the purchase of the picture to place in the halls of the Agricultural College have not come in, so I am sending the women this little reminder of the opportunity that is given them to perpetuate in such a suitable manner the work and the memory of an old friend. Subscriptions should be sent to David Horn, Chief Grain Inspector, the Grain Exchange Building, Winnipeg.

Typhoid.

I was reminded by a doctor friend the other day that we are getting round to the season of the year when typhoid is apt to break out upon any provocation and this recalls to me a mental promise, which has lain on my mind for some time, of calling the attention of the readers of my column to the advantages of using charcoal as a preventive of disease of all kinds and a keeper down of bad odors. I think I recommended before the use of it in refrigerators. Not many of these are used in the country, however, but a great many cellars are, and they are fruitful sources of trouble.

If there is any dampness in your cellar sprinkle the floor with quick lime and place some big lumps of charcoal about, and if the walls show any signs of damp or mould have them washed with lime wash with plenty of copperas in it. In many sections of the West there has been a heavier rainfall than usual and more moisture lying about. A few bags of quick lime and half a bushel of charcoal would not cost very much anywhere in the West and they would be a cheap and safe precaution against disease and should not be overlooked. Of course, if your household has been actually exposed to typhoid germs and any member is in a state of body to contract the disease, charcoal will not prevent it, but it is a wholesome and safe protection against foul smells and disease germs and as the advertisements say, "no household should be without it."

Odds and Ends of Interest.

In the British Museum are the oldest scissors known. They are made of bronze and are centuries old and of very substantial workmanship.

During the long centuries that have elapsed less change has taken place in scissors than in any of the other implements used in sewing. The forging of steel scissors is so difficult and costly a job that so far the United States has never been able to compete with Great Britain and Germany. This may explain to the housewife why really good scissors always command a fair price and if you buy cheap scissors they are almost invariably nasty.

From my scrapbox for the month I have picked the following verses that I think are worth remembering. The one about boys particularly for the mother who is so anxious that her boy "should behave like a little gentleman."

About Boys.

Show me the boy who never threw
A stone at some one's cat;
Or never hurled a snowball swift
At some one's high silk hat.
Who never ran away from school,
To seek the swimming hole;
Or slyly from a neighbor's yard
Green apples never stole.

Show me the boy who never broke
A pane of window glass;
Who never disobeyed the sign
That says: "Keep off the grass."
Who never did a thousand things,
That grieve us sore to tell;
And I'll show you a little boy
Who must be far from well.

"Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought 'Tis sweet to live;
Somebody said 'I'm glad to give';
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?"

A Little Prayer.

That I may not in blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,
Of comforts they have never had.

That through the year which lies
Ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be
wet,
For any word that I have said
Or profit I have tried to get.
—S. E. Kiser.

Referring to my
Dinner for Six. talk on oil stoves
last month, let me
tell you of a dinner which I saw
cooked for six people on a single
burner stove. The woman's equip-
ment was a large galvanized
iron pail, so large, in fact, that
it gave room for placing three
five pound tin jam pails on its bot-
tom. I am not sure that a pail of this
size can be bought ready made, but any
tinsmith can make one. It had an
ordinary tin lid that fitted it closely,
this I know had been made to order.
Early in the morning the dinner was
started, a piece of beef that promised
to be tough was cut up and put into
one of the jam pails and a big cup of
washed rice and nearly a quart of
skim milk went into one of the others.
While the meat was being prepared a
teakettle of water was on the oil
stove getting hot. Cold water and
some red peppers were added to the
meat, and the two small pails were
stood inside the large one, some of
the boiling water poured round them
and the flame of the stove lowered so
that it would keep the water boiling
gently and no more. The housewife
went upstairs and did the work and
sat down and sewed. About half
past ten she took off the lid and added
the third jam pail nearly full of water,
took out the rice, which was beauti-
fully plump and grainy. Potatoes
and little young carrots were pre-
pared, and for the pudding currants
were washed and together with a
good custard were added to the rice

which was now put into a big round
pudding dish. Shortly after 11
o'clock the potatoes were put on in
two of the jam pails, the carrots were
added to the beef and the pudding
dish was set on top to steam the cus-
tard. Sharp at 12 o'clock the pudding
came out done to a turn, the potatoes
were drained and last of all the
thickening was added to the stewed
beef, now as tender as chicken, and
by the time the men had their faces
washed the dinner was on the table,
hot, appetizing and nourishing. The
table was set in the kitchen, which
thanks to the little oil stove was cool
and comfortable. The stove had not
been turned out entirely but the big
pail had been more than half filled
with water. By the time dinner was
finished the water was hot to wash
the dishes. This woman told me that
cooking in this way, of course some

days it would be a meal that did not
require so long, she had never ex-
ceeded a gallon of oil a week. Where
there are two or more neighbors
near enough it is an excellent plan to
buy the oil by the barrel. It can be
rendered perfectly safe and harmless
by sinking the barrel in the ground
and taking the oil out by one of those
syphon arrangements that are used in
grocery stores when the oil is kept in
the basement.

If the housewife has succeeded in
persuading her husband to provide
her with one of the fireless cookers,
which have been described in these
columns more than once she can with
a single burner oil stove do all the
summer cooking, even to the bread
baking of a family of six for the oven
of a single burner stove will bake
four large loaves of bread at the
same time.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Wm. Whyte: A busy binder makes
a busy railway.

Goldwin Smith: Most things suf-
fer when they get mixed up with
politics.

Lord Grey: Giving advice is the
cheapest mode of philanthropy
known.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour: The busi-
ness in life of politicians is to dis-
agree with each other.

Hon. W. S. Fielding: Savings banks
reflect the result of fore-thought,
self-denial, and frugality.

Mark Twain: Those people who
travel much are the most humble
about their own country.

Principal Patrick: It is not the
amount known but the use of it that
gives knowledge its vital power.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: When a
woman is kind she is very kind, but
when she is cruel she is horribly
cruel.

Bandmaster Innes: In the earliest
music imagination had no part. The
barbarian yelled from mere instinct.

Sir W. C. Van Horne: The hum of
the Eastern factory is the echo of the
hum of the Western thresher.

Rudyard Kipling: The average
Englishman will grumble when he
goes to heaven. The marble steps
will be cold.

The Duke of Norfolk: The prin-
ciple of self-government is at the
root of all our colonial imperial
policy.

Agnes Deans Cameron: Courtesy is
"the beauty of the heart;" and no
one class of society has a monopoly
in this kind of beauty.

J. M. Barrie: A suit of clothes, like
a pair of carpet slippers and a briar
pipe, is not comfortable until it is
worn out.

Thomas A. Edison: As we get
older we lose our curiosity. Few men
know how a watch works, or want
to; but every boy does.

Sir Conan Doyle: Advice is cheap,
but unfortunately one has to find out
the result of evil very largely by
one's own experience.

Sir Frederick Bridge: It is said
that we as a nation are not musical;
but England possesses as many beau-
tiful songs as any nation in the world.

Rev. Dr. Bryce: College prizes
sometimes represent a power of ac-
quiring rapidly knowledge which
slips away perhaps equally rapidly.

Gen. Baden-Powell: You are not
going to teach soldiers much by
marching them along a hot and dusty
road; except perhaps endurance and
blasphemy.

Rev. Dr. Campbell: Knox Church,
Regina, is as fine a structure as Old
Knox Church, Toronto, which is say-
ing a good deal for the Western city.

Agnes C. Laut: All true education,
from the mother's arms to ripeness
of knowledge, is an unfolding of life
from within, a continuous process of
development.

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The Duke of Argyll: Canada, at
all events, has taught the home coun-
try an Imperial lesson in the appoint-
ment of her Commissioners, of whom
none hold a higher place than Lord
Strathcona.

Sir W. C. Macdonald: Had I my
way about it, there should be one
clause added to every creed in the
world—"I believe in work." And an-
other commandment we should have
—"Thou shalt not remain idle."

Sara Jeanette Duncan: We get a
great deal of the machine-made smile
nowadays. It has become the correct
thing for women to possess a smile.
It is worn like the latest frill or fur-
below. But it has been fixed there
by fashion or some other irresistible
power, and it will "not come off."

Premier Asquith: The special fea-
ture of the British Empire has been
that it has combined, and has suc-
ceeded in combining in a degree un-
known in any other combination in
history, a loyal and affectionate at-
tachment between the centre and the
parts of the Empire, and between the
various parts themselves with com-
plete practical independence.

R. L. Borden, M. P.: Let us strive
to know what is best for our coun-
try, and, with that end in view,
patiently study our history, our insti-
tutions and the lives of our great
men. Let us value rightly our great
inheritance and strive to be worthy
of the best traditions of Canadian
patriotism. And let us always put
Canada before party, and our country
above any class or section within it.



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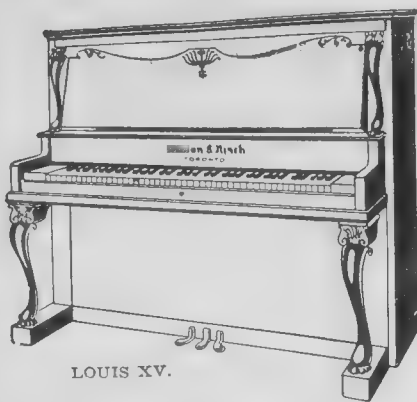
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LOUIS XV.

We've always had a very high ideal for our instruments and we are always working to better them. The money that most manufacturers spend in securing professional testimonials we put into the improvement of our instruments.

The Mason & Risch in select musical circles is termed "THE PIANO WITH A SOUL," an appellation which is the envy of all other makers.

"QUALITY COUNTS" every time and Mason & Risch embodies the maximum of

good features in piano construction. To secure quality the defects in other makes are carefully avoided, substituting therefor the newest ideas and features protected to us under special patents.

Rigidity of the Frame in the construction of Mason & Risch Pianos, together with OUR SPECIAL PIN-CLOCK DEVICE, is mainly responsible for the rich clear tone of our instruments and why they remain so long in tune.

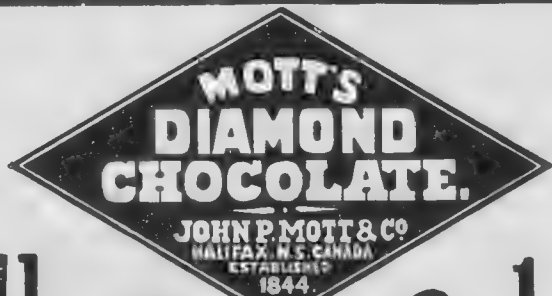
Quality, clearness, richness, volume and resonance of tone is "The Soul of a Piano"—A Mason & Risch has those qualities which entitle it to be called "The Piano with a Soul."

Write for a copy of our illustrated booklet entitled "A Story of Modern Piano Making." It deals exhaustively with the whole subject of how a Piano should be made to give entire satisfaction and keep in tune. Write for illustrated booklet "H."

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The farmers' choice and the dairymen's favorite. **Easy to Turn, Easy to Clear, and a Clean Skimmer.**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUES

The RAYMOND MFG. CO. Ltd. of Guelph

324-6 SMITH STREET - - WINNIPEG

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Sleeves.

The new dresses and suits for fall are in and there is one feature of the new gowns that will be a pleasure to the woman with thin arms and arms that will not stay white, and this is the mitten sleeve. The sleeve proper of gown or coat is as short as ever, in fact, some of them in afternoon gowns do not reach even to the elbow but under them is the long mitten sleeve of lace and net that not only reaches to the wrist, but in many cases right over the back of the hand. These sleeves are almost tight fitting but a fluffy effect is produced by tiny ruffles of lace in groups of three set at intervals down the sleeves. The effect is extremely smart and though these sleeves are no temptation to the girl or woman with beautiful arms, they certainly are a joy to the woman who does not possess such beauties. They are quite easily constructed and many of the afternoon gowns show small yokes or touches of the same lace on the bodice.

Suits.

It is a bit too early to give any detailed account of fall suits, but there are some things that can be definitely counted on. Suitings are in the main solid colors and quiet tones, the new blue even is a subdued shade of the Copenhagen, and there is plenty of navy, brown and grey; indeed, dark grey is a favorite. In navy blue a good deal of hard finished herringbone serge is shown and in the softer cloths there are some broken stripes, particularly in the greys. Moleskin velvet is one of the materials that will be extensively used for fall suits for more dressy occasions and dark mouse grey is one of the leaders. These suits show touches of black satin in

the form of girdles and finishing, and this rather gloomy combination is relieved by waistcoats of hand-made Irish crochet and the most gorgeous of oriental buttons and buckles.

Empire and Princess.

All the afternoon gowns of silk, eolienne, and all the sheer silk and wool goods, show the empire or princess lines and though the extreme clinging gowns that have created such a sensation in Paris are not shown in Winnipeg, nor are they likely to be, still there is a very marked closeness in the fit of the upper part of the skirt and the sheath effect is quite in evidence. When not carried to extreme it is very pretty on slight figures, but woe betide the fat woman who tries it on.

Girdles.

Satin girdles having the high swiss belt effect round the waist and long ends falling below the knee in front are seen on very many of the new gowns, especially the suits. The style is pretty and becoming to many and rather relieves the severity of a plain cloth gown.

In lighter weight goods almost every skirt shows strappings of silk stitched on both sides; so much is this the case that it grows rather wearisome. There is a more general tendency to trimmings than has been the fashion for some years.

Neck Wear.

For the fall and coming winter the higher your collar comes up under your ears the better, and no collar is complete now without the frill, and the frills grow deeper and fuller all the time.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

Horse Book Free.

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass., has recently issued a larger and more complete edition of his handy reference book "How To Remove Blemishes," which will be sent postpaid to any address upon request. This little book will be appreciated by any horse owner as it is full of "horsey" information that can be used to advantage. Send a postal today addressed plainly as above and the book will be sent you by return mail free of all cost and postpaid. Canadian address Lyman Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal. Mention this magazine when writing.

Marlin Repeating Rifles.

The Marlin Model 20 Repeater is operated on the popular trombone principle; has solid top, side ejector and regular closed-in Marlin frame. This makes for greater comfort and convenience and better service. The solid top does not catch rain or snow; keeps a wall of metal between your head and the cartridge; prevents powder and gases from blowing back into your face. The side ejector throws the shells away from you, not in your face and eyes; you don't get the habit of closing your eyes at each discharge, and as the ejected shell never closes the line of sight, you do not lose your bead on the game or target, and can make repeat shots instantly. All Marlin Repeaters—rifles and shotguns—have solid top frame, side ejector and closed-in breech. Any of our readers interested in firearms would do well to write for illustrated booklet giving complete information. Address the Marlin Firearms Co., 76 Willan St., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A. When writing please mention this magazine.

The Best Roofing.

Rex Flintkote roofing is acknowledged the best roofing for country buildings because absolutely proof

against the most extreme weather, summer and winter; and so easy to lay that the farm hands can do it by following the directions and using outfit in each roll. Send for free samples and book showing Rex Flintkote on farm buildings in different parts of the country. Your dealer will supply Rex Flintkote if you insist. Write us if necessary and we will see that you get Rex Flintkote. Address "Roofing Dept., MacKenzie Bros., 244 Princess St., Winnipeg. Mention this magazine when writing.

My Old Canadian Home.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto and Winnipeg, music dealers and publishers of music, etc., have recently printed a song entitled "My Old Canadian Home," words and music by Chas. E. Bain. It is predicted that this song will meet with popular favor just as soon as it is better known.

Something for Men and Boys.

A copy of a handsome catalogue recently issued by The 2 Macs Limited, Ottawa, Canada, has just come to our office. The 2 Macs Limited is a big mail order house for everything in men and boys' wear. This announcement includes order tailoring cut in the most approved style and made in their own work rooms by a staff of competent tailors. The 2 Macs carry an immense stock of domestic and imported goods. New York and London cutters are employed and upwards of one hundred skilled tailors are constantly at work on the premises. The 2 Macs are tailors for more members of Parliament and senators than any other three houses combined in Canada. They are the originators of the liveries used in the Senate and House of Commons, and make a specialty of clerical garments. They are official tailors to the Ottawa Electric Railway since its inception, this year alone making over 300



"The Superior Express" en route East.

Rail and Steamer Trips

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RY.

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"The Superior Express"

Daily between Winnipeg and Port Arthur

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All New Equipment.
Sleeping and Dining Car
Service the best in Operation.

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NOW IN EFFECT.

Let us figure on a trip for you.

Any Agent will be glad to help you, or write



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Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent,
Dept. "B," Can. Nor. Ry.,

WINNIPEG.

DULUTH



The train runs direct to the steamer's side at Port Arthur.

suits for the company. "No fit, no pay—The 2 Macs' Way" is a phrase they coined for advertising purposes and they live up to it at all times. Samples and self measurement blanks will be sent to any address upon request, and after they once have your measure all you have to do is simply to give your name and choose your cloth as all measures are kept on file for reference. Samples of cloth will be sent to any address. Their catalogue contains a complete list of gents' furnishings, hats, caps, boots, shoes, hosiery, waterproof coats, in fact, everything for men and boys' wear. Write them for illustrated catalogue and please mention this magazine when writing.

Of Interest to Women Sufferers.

"The main cause of such success as I have had," said Mrs. Currah, "is the genuine and unquestioned merit possessed by Orange Lily. It is an

applied or local treatment and so differs radically from those taken internally. It is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Sir Joseph Lister, surgeon to King Edward VII. In its composition mild but powerful antiseptic elements are combined with a highly concentrated nerve food. This is absorbed into the diseased tissue with the certain result that the waste matter is expelled, the congestion is removed and the nerves are toned and strengthened. You will notice," added Mrs. Currah, "that in all my advertisements I merely request the suffering women to send for a free trial treatment. While this trial treatment is worth 35 cents, I send it without charge, for as the good effects are noticeable from the start those who give it a trial are more than likely to continue its use until cured." Suffering women are enjoined to write Mrs. F. O. Currah, Windsor, Ont. When writing please mention this magazine.

Binder Twine for Farmers.

McTaggart-Wright Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, are selling direct to the farmer the highest quality of Pure Manila Binder Twine at 10¢ per pound. The twine is said to be evenly spun, 550 feet to the pound. Send for sample. Address them to Dept. H., 207 Fort St., Winnipeg.

One for Oxydonor.

Read the following testimonial: Rheumatic Pains.—Captain A. Dunlop, 180 Clergy St., Kingston, Ont., writes March 18, 1901: "After considerable doubts re your Oxydonor, I have been induced by a friend in Toronto to try it. I got No. 2 and am quite satisfied, for my rheumatic pains are gone and I feel quite a new man. I have it now in use on a relative of mine for Bright's disease and the change in two weeks for the better has been wonderful." You apply Oxydonor at home, while you sleep, without loss of time from work or

business. It is perfectly safe, always ready for use, and easily applied. It will serve a whole family and never loses its force. Send at once for free book which teaches the way to health. Address Dr. H. Sanche Co., 356 St. Catherine St., Montreal. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

Caustic Balsam Cured Splint.

I write to let you know what good success I have had in using your Gombault's Caustic Balsam. I had a man bring a horse to my barn four weeks ago with a splint close to the knee. He said that he would give me \$8.00 if I would take it off. I treated him four times with Caustic Balsam, and this morning he told me he would have to pay me the money. I have used your Caustic Balsam in my practice for last 6 years and have always had good results with it. Dr. E. Wainfor, V. S., Prospect, Ohio. Mention this magazine.

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number stating size wanted.

Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



6077—A New Shirtwaist Design.

Novel ideas in shirtwaists are constantly coming to the fore, and an attractive one is here shown, modelled in a pretty figured taffeta. This waist has a double box-pleat in the centre-back, while the front is ornamented on either side by two wide tucks stitched to yoke depth, which provide the necessary fulness over the bust. The closing of the waist is effected on the left side of the front, fancy buttons being used for



fastening. The pattern provides for both full-length and shorter sleeves, and for two styles of cuff and collar. It is suitable for making either in silk, pongee or linen, 4½ yards of 24-inch goods being needed for the medium size.

6077—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6091-6095—A Smart Costume for the Promenade.

Some piquant models for gowns and wraps have been evolved by the designers, and two of the best of these creations are here shown. The jacket wrap will be very popular for wearing with the new skirts, and will look equally well whether made of the same material as the dress or a contrasting one. The jacket is closed in double-breasted style, the points of the collar and bretelles rolling sharply away from it with a jaunty air that is very fetching. The cape sleeves provide a pretty and stylish finish, while allowing for the omission of the jacket sleeves if desired. The skirt is a five-gored, pleated one, three box-pleats ornamenting the front, while the sides and back are arranged in side-pleats. The pleats are stitched to position over the hips, falling thence to the hem in modish

fulness. Any of the fashionable materials may be used for modelling, 4¼ yards 22 inches wide being needed for



the wrap and 8¾ yards of the same width for the skirt.

Two patterns: 6091—5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. 6095—8 sizes, 22 to 36 inches waist measure.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

6046—A House Dress in Japanese Style.

The fad for everything Oriental has manifested itself in some very attractive house gowns in which the Japanese or Chinese model is closely followed. The gown sketched is extremely graceful, and will be especially becoming to a tall, willowy figure. It consists of a waist and an attached 7-gored skirt, the conspicuous feature of the waist portion being the shoulder-piece and kimono sleeve cut in one. If the kimono sleeve is not liked, however, a bishop sleeve—which is given with the pattern—may be substituted. The gown is quite elaborate enough for afternoon or evening wear at home, many such gowns being now worn by smart hostesses at informal "at homes." Japanese crepe, silk, challis or voile are appropriate materials, bands of silk or embroidery being suggested for finishing the edges. For the medium size 9¾ yards of 36-inch goods will be required.

6046—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.



4251—A Bathrobe for the Little Man or Maid.

A bathrobe is as indispensable to the juvenile wardrobe as to that of the "grown-up," and an excellent model is illustrated in the accompanying drawing. It is especially adapted for home-making, as the design is extremely simple. The fulness of the body portion is disposed in tucks in back and front, while that of the sleeve is gathered at the wrist into a pretty cuff.



The hood may be used or not, as desired. Blue and white elderdown was used for developing the model, with ribbon and tassels of a corresponding shade for decoration. For making this garment in the medium size 4¼ yards of 27-inch material are required.

4251—7 sizes, 2 to 8 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

4218—A Serviceable Apron.

Whether she possesses a bent for art which causes her to spend her out-of-school hours over paint, brushes and easel, or whether she is simply eager to help her mother in housewifely pursuits, the up-to-date school girl stands equally in need of a cover-all apron. This need not necessarily be an unbecoming garment. On the contrary, as shown in the accompanying illustration, it may be quite a picturesque one. The apron sketched may be made in



either high or low neck effect, and of any desirable tub fabric. It is fashioned very simply, and is manifestly not adapted to elaborate ornamentation. To develop the medium size 3¾ yards of 36-inch material will be required.

4218—4 sizes, 10 to 16 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6002—A Practical Housework Set.

For the woman who likes to engage in housewifely tasks a set of protectors for the gown and hair is one of the necessities of existence. The set shown in the accompanying illustration is most practical and convenient, consisting of apron, sleeves and dusting cap. The apron is one of the comfortable class of such garments, affording absolute freedom of movement while completely enveloping those parts of the gown most liable to soilure. The detached sleeves are easily slipped on or off, and are effectual protectors of the sleeves of the gown worn beneath. They might also be used for office sleeves, the need of which every business woman has



Chateau Frontenac—Quebec

learned by experience. The cap is of novel shaping, and is as becoming as it is convenient. There are many materials suitable for making these accessories, gingham, percale and madras



being the most generally used. For the medium size $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material will be needed.
6002—Sizes, small, medium and large. The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

4322—A Neat Blouse Suit for the Boy.

The blouse suit is eminently suited to the need of the growing boy because of its comfort, becomingness and simplicity. The model shown is of excellent style, and not at all difficult to make at home. The front of the blouse is ornamented with a wide applied pleat, by means of which the side-front closing is effected, several large buttons providing the only decoration. A



box-pleat extends the length of each sleeve from shoulder to wrist, where tucks are used for a finish instead of cuffs. The knickerbockers are full enough to allow for plenty of free movement, and are made with or without a fly. An Eton collar, with a soft tie, is here worn with the blouse, but any preferred collar may be worn. Serge, cheviot, or any of the new suitings would develop the suit acceptably. $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the 6-year size.
4322—8 sizes, 3 to 10 years.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6096—A Comfortable Negligee Shirt.

A well-fitting shirt which does not "ride up" in the back nor constrict the arms or neck is a real comfort to the wearer, as every man well knows. This rare combination of virtues, however, is not often encountered in the shop-made shirt, and for this reason, if for no other, most house-mothers prefer to make such garments with their own hands. An excellent model for a man's negligee shirt is here shown, and will be appreciated by the home sewer who

recognizes the value of a reliable pattern. It is made with a back yoke, which insures a good fit over the shoulders, and is provided with detachable collar and cuffs. The style is suitable



for development in fine flannel, cotton cheviot, madras, percale, or any shirt material, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide being needed for the 40-inch size.
6096—8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches breast measure.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

4300—A Charming Party Dress.

An exquisite little gown for the young girl's party wear, embodying all of the newest and smartest ideas, is shown in this illustration. The pretty tucked blouse will be found most becoming to a slender girlish figure, as also will the gracefully full skirt, which is formed of three straight sections joined under



tucks, the upper section being tucked lengthwise to fit snugly around the hips. The yoke may be omitted from the blouse if a low-neck development is desired, and there is a choice of two styles of sleeve. Voile, eolienne, nun's veiling or any of the soft silk fabrics may be used for making the dress, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material being used for the medium size.
4300—5 sizes, 13 to 17 years.
The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

Evening.

When the west is filled with beauty
And the sunset colors glow,
Through the ever waving pine tree
Breezes whisper soft and low.

To the earth and unto nature
Comes a sense of peace and rest;
As we see the wild birds flying
Homeward to their sheltered nests.

As the shadows grow yet deeper,
And the twilight gathers round,
Sing the crickets from the meadow
With a shrill and chirping sound.
—J. B. M. Wright.

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Sir Frederick Treves, M.D.: Most nervous disorders are caused by mental indolence and passiveness, a weak yielding to bodily sensations and impressions. During the excitement of the French Revolution a number of persons who had for years been weak and sickly became healthy and strong, this being true especially among the indolent members of the aristocracy, whose nervous troubles disappeared entirely. The Japanese have a special method of training the will from early childhood, and it has been plausibly argued that it was this sturdy will power more than anything else that enabled them to overcome the Russians.

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A 24-page Illustrated Book for Adults, containing complete information on Health, Disease, Love, Marriage and Parentage. Tells what you would hesitate to ask a Doctor. Was 25c—now 10c., to introduce. By Mail Prepaid on receipt of price. **MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th St., New York City.**

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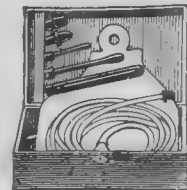
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We positively give both a Famous Altom Watch, Stem Wind, beautifully engraved Solid Gold Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a \$50 diamond, for selling 50 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. **ALTOM WATCH CO., Dept. 514, Chicago.**



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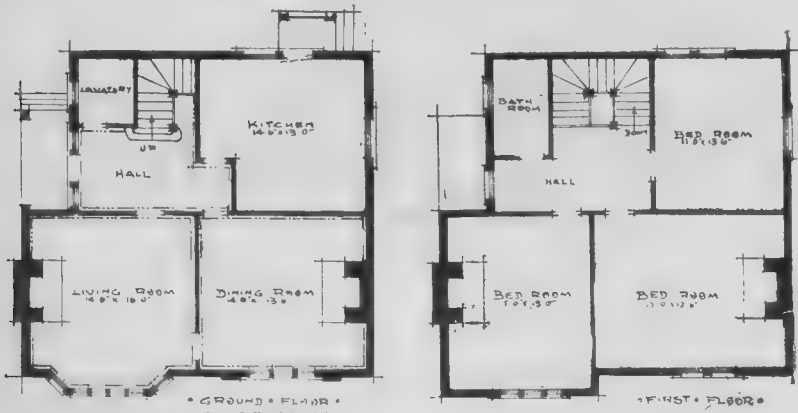


ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect. Winnipeg

This makes a picturesque home, and yet the main lines have not been sacrificed for mere prettiness. The outline of the roof is that of a general mass, and the gables and dormers spring naturally from it. The foundation is of stone run up above

ground some six feet, giving a substantial appearance. Above the stone there is brick to the second floor and then shingles. The lay out is planned with an entrance from the side and is very simple, the idea being to get large light rooms.



SUMMER-TIME SONGS.

BY GEORGE JAY.

THE BILLS.

See the ghastly pile of bills,
Tradesmen's bills!
What a fury in my bosom their insistency
instills!
How they gather, gather, gather,
As the postman rings the bell,
While I foam and froth and lather
In my rage, until I'd rather
Pack that postman down to—well,
Till I'd wish that every dun
Demanding mon, mon, mon,
Knew the horror which my hapless being fills
Knew the hoarded cash within his hungry tills
Insufficient for the payment of his unremitting
bills,
Of his bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
As I know my cash too scanty for my bills!

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at mid-day
As the sun was shining with power,
And the summer boarders came over
The bridge at the dinner hour.
And I sizzled there on the planking
'Twixt the pitiless orb o'erhead
And his hot and dazzling reflection
In the river that 'neath me sped.
And I gasped as I saw the seaweed
On the water floating wide:
Great Scott! that I, like a dolphin,
Might dive in that cool blue tide!
How often, Oh, how often,
I'd gurgle and splash and roll,
And get cool for once this summer
Clear to my sun-baked soul.
And for ever and for ever
I'd give this bridge wide berth,
For in summer there's no hotter place
On the whole top side of the earth!

U S U S U S U S U S U S U S U S U

Rosendale, Wis., Mar. 23, '08.
I have used a U. S. for 15 years.
It has always been perfectly satisfactory
and I never hesitate to recommend
it to anyone. CHAS. L. HILL.

DURABILITY

This word is the secret in separator construction. Compare these two letters, please. Is not Mr. Kroyer's experience, with this "cheap" apology for a separator, sufficient proof to any fair-minded reader, about to purchase a separator, the wise move to make? Read Mr. Hill's testimony, please, and compare—15 years of perfect satisfaction as compared with 8 months' use and "all played out." The ever-ready-to-use

CLEAN TRIMMING
EASY RUNNING
LONG WEARING

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IMPROVED U.S. CREAM SEPARATOR

has more practical improvements than any other separator made, having a solid, low frame; most simple yet efficient bowl, waist low supply can and numerous other advantages.
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BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

Canadian Shipments made from our Warehouses at Montreal, Calgary and Winnipeg.

499

New Market, Minn., Mar. 19, '08.
I bought an "Economy" Separator
8 months ago and it is all played out
now. Ordered a No. 6 U. S. and am
now satisfied. A. KROYER.

U S U S U S U S U S U S U S U S U

Miscellaneous

A Love Poem.

Sweetheart of the Long Ago,
Time plays many a trick, I trow.
I am sitting in my room
Writing verses—ah—to whom?
Thinking, sweetheart, still of thee
And the Land of Was-to-Be;
Thinking verses to and of
Thee, my first, my only love;
Talking to my musing self;
Padding poetry for self.
If the "Then were but the Now!"
I am here and where art thou?
Art thou far away from me
Over mountain, over sea?
Dost remember how we played
In the pear tree's pleasant shade?
Dost recall the perfect bliss
Of our stolen pristine kiss;
And remember how we said
That we'd run away and wed?
Need I put in public print
That at which I only hint?
Sweetheart, dost remember how
Deep we loved?—Where art thou now?
Long ago—and still I care
More and more for thee. Ah, where,
Where—if art at all—art thou?
Answer, sweetheart, answer now!

Comes a voice: "Why, I'm out here
In the kitchen, cooking, dear."

Time plays many a trick, I trow
Sweetheart of the long ago.
Franklin P. Adams.

Short Sermons.

A live doubt is better than a dead certainty.
Friendship you have to buy is dear at any price.

Never kick a live electric wire when it's down.

A character is not so easily made as a complexion.

The devil can always make room for one more.

True charity begins at home, but it doesn't end there.

Misfortunes never come single; sometimes they come married.

In order to enjoy life a man must be a little miserable occasionally.

People often confess little faults for the purpose of hiding big ones.

A little judicious guying has made many a weak man fairly strong.

A man's development is often indicated by the number of his enemies.

Every man knows how different he would be if he were some other man.

Many a man's popularity is due to the fact that he doesn't think out loud.

A man's idea of an ideal wife is one who thinks she has an ideal husband.

The less a man knows about women the more trustworthy is his opinion of them.

Some men never work harder than when they are doing useless things without pay.

To be natural, however artificial the circumstances, is the perfection of good manners.

The definition of a true friend is one who knows you are no good but is able to forget it.

If a man doesn't repeat the cute things his baby says it's a sure sign he hasn't any baby.

It is the man who snores loudest who always manages to get to sleep first in a sleeping car.

Character is the inside decoration of man; reputation is the whitewash on the outside.

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When writing please mention this magazine.

Music and the Drama.

The Saskatchewan Sangerfest idea has met with warm approval and already Prince Albert, Saskatoon and other places have signified to the secretary of the Musical Association, Mr. Chisholm, of Indian Head, their intention of being represented. The initiative in Battleford has been taken by Mrs. H. C. Brokovski, who has found such a ready support to the idea that the Battleford district should also be represented in the competitions to be held in Regina May next.

After the performances given by the Brandon company of amateurs in that delightful comic opera, "The Girl from Paris," it was not to be wondered at that requests were numerous for its reproduction. The efficient manner in which the pretty play was handled by some of Brandon's leading talent left nothing to be desired. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 15 and 16, this opera was again put on at the Auditorium and drew crowded houses.

On Wednesday, July 22, the second night of the fair, a grand concert was given at Victoria Hall, Carberry. Two prominent artists were specially engaged. Mr. Augustus Hughes, violinist, (Conductor of the Winnipeg Theatre Orchestra) and Miss Hazel M. Ireland, pianist. Among other artists are the well known popular singers: Mrs. H. R. Belt, soprano; Dr. Jackson, tenor; and Claude Hughes, bass.

Downie's Uncle Tom's Cabin was presented in Carman on Wednesday evening, July 22. There was special scenery for every scene depicted, enlarged choruses of genuine negroes from the cotton belt, modern, up-to-date specialties, two male and female quartettes, a band of Alabama picanninies, a gorgeous cake walk in a pretty setting entitled "The Place of Silver Mat," improved light effects and mechanical illusions.

The big theatrical event of the month in Winnipeg was the opening of the summer season at the Walker Theatre by the John C. Fisher company. Quite naturally, there was much curiosity regarding the company, as the Daly Musical Company had set such a high standard last summer for musical comedy performances. Though very different in personnel, the two organizations bear comparison well, with the result that there was no disappointment experienced by the large audience present for the first performance of the Fisher company.

The Strathcona Band have done credit to themselves and to their city, winning out with ease in the Band Competition at the Dominion Fair at Calgary. Five bands were entered in the competition, viz:—Camrose, Lethbridge, Pincher Creek, Raymond and Strathcona. The judges of the competition were the leader of the band of the 91st Highlanders, the leader of the 56th Regimental Band of Ohio and the leader of the 15th Light Horse Band, Calgary. The bands at the competition in the evening had each to play one of Sousa's Marches and the result was a foregone conclusion, Strathcona winning easily and thus getting the first prize of \$150. The judges had some difficulty in settling second place, the choice lying between Lethbridge and Pincher Creek. Eventually the judges placed Lethbridge second and that band gets the second prize of \$50. The nineteen bandmen who represented Strathcona were as follows: Fred Richards, J. Jackson, A. Jackson, R. A. Brock, G. Davidson, A. Black, B. Flavin, G. Watkins, A. Richards, J. Richardson, A. Singhwaite, T. Lendrum, D. Smith, C. Westerby, A. George, W. Nicholls, J. Jackson, Jr., R. Peterson, J. Greiner.

The audience that gathered in I. O. O. F. hall, Wolseley, Sask., on July 8, to hear "The Prince of Liars," Sidney Grundy's great comedy, tested the capacity of the hall. It went off with the greatest enthusiasm from the audience. At intervals the laughter and applause stopped the action of the play, to allow the audience to recover. Of the individual actors every one was a star whose magnitude was only limited by their opportunities. The cast was as follows: Mr. Arthur Hummingtop, Rube Allyn; Mr. Ralph Omerod, Geo. Milner; Mr. Joshua Gilliland, Fred Murray; Dobson, J. M. McLean; Mrs. Hummingtop, Laura Hindson; Mrs. Gilliland, Evelyn Allyn; Rosa Columbric, Flora Daly; Daisy Maitland, May Brown; Barbara, Aileen Neilles; Pianist, Elizabeth Boyse.

A large audience greeted Dr. Minor C. Baldwin on his first appearance before the Western public on Wednesday evening, July 8, at Prince Albert, which is the fourth Canadian city to hear the talented New York musician whose fame as an organist is well known. His coming to the West marks an epoch in Western Canadian music and the Young Men's Association, under whose auspices he played, are to be congratulated upon securing the services of one who may so justly be called a master. Fortunately were they who were privileged to hear him.

Two periods of rest for the organist were very acceptably filled by Mr. Gerald Clute, baritone soloist, of Saskatoon. Mr. Clute was in a difficult position, for in the company of a musician such as Dr. Baldwin, a singer must be above the average to receive a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Clute appeared twice and each time was called back to

respond to a hearty encore, showing that he won favor with the audience. His voice is rich and mellow and possesses perhaps too much tremolo to suit all tastes. But he sings with a great deal of expression which, after all, is the true test of the musician. His encores were two little songs of Noel Johnson's: "The River and the Sea" and "A Rose."

An academy of music for Winnipeg, the superior of anything which is at present in Canada, presided over by European professors capable of giving the most proficient instruction in instrumental and vocal music, modern languages and elocution, is said to be the aim of a number of citizens interested in musical affairs in the West. Mr. Erikson will leave for Europe in a few days for the purpose of selecting the instructors which he says will be among the best that can be procured. He will return in September, and states that a series of concerts will be given before the academy is formally opened. The staff at the beginning will consist of a director, a professor in languages, and four musical professors. Mr. Erikson also stated that temporary quarters would be secured and that it was the intention to erect a suitable building for the purpose within a year. The vacant property at the corner of Osborne street and Broadway has been inspected, but no definite deal has been made. Another plan in connection with the scheme is to secure the co-operation of the local musical organizations, and found a symphony orchestra, a leader of which, according to Mr. Erikson will be located in Europe.

It was further stated that the scheme has been assured of plenty of financial backing by a number of local citizens, although no names of those interested have yet been disclosed. Inquiries among a number of musical residents of the city elicited little information of the project, although Mr. Erikson states the plans will be completed within a short time, and the names of the instructors and professors named as soon as he is able to arrive in Europe and make the selection.

Miss Lena Duthie, the celebrated lyric soprano of Aberdeen, Scotland, gave her lecture recital at the British Hall, Davidson, on Saturday evening, July 11. Miss Duthie is recognized in England and the United States as the leading exponent of the Scottish and Irish folk lore and national songs, and her entertainment entitled "An Evening in Scotland and Ireland" is extremely interesting. Outside of Scotland it is not very often that you hear a Scotch song, "native and to the manner born." Miss Duthie is, of course, a native of the Land O' Cakes, and her splendidly

rendered songs come like a breath of the wet west wind over the lochs. She has a well trained voice and as a ballad singer has no equal on this side of the Atlantic.

Faust, the story old of man's temptations and his fall, was presented at Portage la Prairie on Friday, July 17, by Porter J. White and a good company. The acting was excellent. The mechanism and the electrical effects were superior to those of any production of Faust ever seen there. It was certainly a good performance, aided by very effective settings and mechanisms.

Melfort celebrated Dominion Day in right royal style, the festivities closing at eight o'clock, when two short plays were given by the band in the Ozark Hall. There was a crowded house and the performance was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. The band played some very fine selections at the start and shortly afterwards the curtain rose on the first play, "A Pair of Lunatics," in one act. There were only two characters in the play, these being Miss Clara Manners and Captain Fielding, acted by Mrs. Peel and Mr. W. McGregor and each did their part splendidly.

In the interval between the two plays a male quartette occupied the front of the stage and sang "The Boys of the Old Brigade" and "There was a Tack" in good style.

"Timothy Delano's Courtship" proved a great success. This play was in two acts and there were five characters in all, these being: Aunt Tabitha (Mrs. Peel), Miss Alice (Mrs. Graham), Hildegarde, a negress (Miss Goodwillie), Timothy Delano (W. W. McGregor), and Master Dick (M. M. Graham), and each part was splendidly performed. The play, of course, had the usual happy ending, as it should have.

The performance was closed by the singing of "God Save the King."

The Baritone's Confession.

An incident showing the importance of Phrasing in Poetry and Music.

The Amateur Baritone surprised a house party the other evening by singing with fervor "Oh, I am full". There was a mild shock for an instant, but he gathered breath and continued "of love for thee". He phrased badly. Like hundreds of musicians he was unable to appreciate that in music as in poetry there are words, phrases and sentences. Phrasing is one of the tests of musicianship. In piano

playing the phrases are defined in various ways, but broadly by the momentary slowing or quickening of the tempo. The ordinary mechanical piano-player, human or pneumatic, phrases indifferently, if at all. But the Angelus, King of Piano-players, has an attachment called the phrasing lever which makes it possible to instantaneously retard or quicken the music. If the operator has the true musical temperament, he can procure from the Angelus effects which the greatest pianist could not surpass. This amazing piano-player is being installed by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming as an interior part of their splendid piano, the Gourlay. Every musician in Canada knows that the Gourlay is in the front rank of Canadian pianos. The Gourlay-Angelus is a combination of the finest piano in Canada with the finest player in the world. It is an eminently artistic combination and can produce effects which must satisfy the most artistic musician. There is nothing cheap or common about the Gourlay and nothing mechanical about the Angelus. The Gourlay-Angelus is worth seeing, and better still, it is worth having. Write for catalogue and price list to Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The Bishop of London: I am now convinced that the uplifting of the morality of our people lies above all and everything else in educating the children rationally and morally. I believe that more evil has been done by the squeamishness of parents who are afraid to instruct their children in the vital facts of life than by all the other agencies of vice put together.

Thomas A. Edison: My mother was a Canadian girl. She used to teach school in Nova Scotia. She believed that many of the boys who turned out badly by the time they grew to manhood would have become valuable citizens if they had been handled in the right way when they were young. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me. I felt I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.

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If you haven't confidence in electricity let me treat you at my risk. I will give you the Belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. Give me reasonable security and I will take your case, and you can

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Work for Busy Fingers.

Knitted Star Dolly.

When No. 50 linen thread and No. 16 needles are used, a fair size mat is produced.

Use four steel needles, cast 3 on each of 2 and 2 on 3d—8 stitches in all.

[K means knit plain; n means to narrow or knit 2 together; s and b is slip and bind, slip 1, 1 plain, pass slip over; p, purl or seam; o, thread over once; s means slip without knitting.]

With 4th needle knit 1st and 2d rounds plain.

All even rows are plain to the 38th.

3—* O, k 1, repeat from * all round.

5—O, k 2, repeat.

7—O, k 3, repeat. Continue to increase 1 stitch every row to the 19th.

19—O, k 9, repeat.

21—O, k 1, o, s and b, o, k 7, repeat.

23—O, k 1, o, n, o, s and b, k 6, repeat.

25—O, k 1, o, n, o, n, o, s and b, k 5, repeat.

27—O, k 1, (o, n) 3 times, o, s and b, k 4, repeat.

29—O, k 1, (o, n) 4 times, o, s and b, k 3, repeat.

31—O, k 1, (o, n) 5 times, o, s and b, k 2, repeat.

33—O, k 1, (o, n) 6 times, o, s and b, k 1, repeat.

35—O, k 1, (o, n) 7 times, o, s and b, repeat.

37—K 3, (o, n), 6 times, k 3, turn, knit back and on first 18 stitches.

I put in a 5th needle here, make 1 point.

38—S 1, k 2, p 12, k 3, turn.

39—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 6 times, k 2, turn.

40—S 1, k 2, p 11, k 3, turn.

41—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 5 times, k 3, turn.

42—S 1, k 2, p 10, k 3, turn.

7. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 4 times, knit 17, over, knit 2.

9. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 5, over, knit 2.

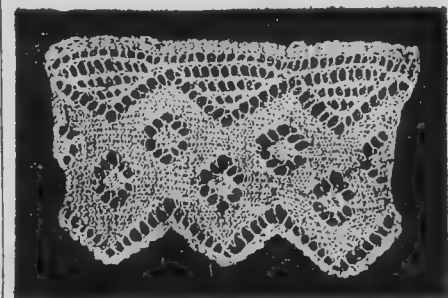
11. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 5 times, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 5, over, knit 2.

13. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 4 times, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 5, over, knit 2.

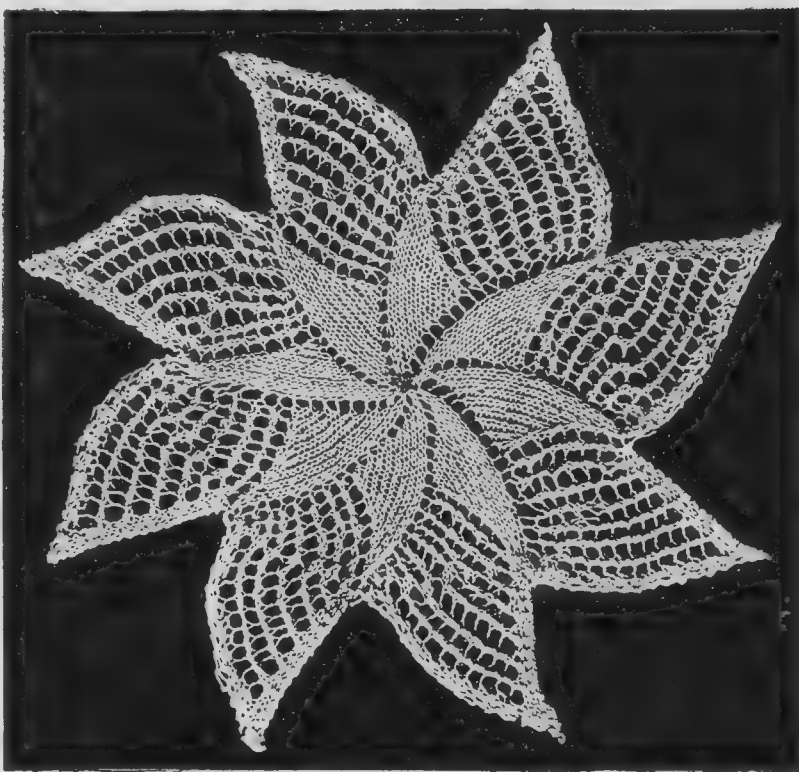
15. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

17. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, narrow, over, knit 3, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

19. Knit 3, (over, narrow) twice, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 17, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.



Open Diamond Lace.



Knitted Star Dolly.

43—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 5 times, k 2, turn.

44—S 1, k 2, p 9, k 3, turn.

45—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 4 times, k 3, turn.

46—S 1, k 2, p 8, k 3, turn.

47—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 4 times, k 2, turn.

48—S 1, k 2, p 7, k 3, turn.

49—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 3 times, k 3, turn.

50—S 1, k 2, p 6, k 3, turn.

51—K 1, n, k 1, (o, n) 3 times, k 2.

52—S 1, k 2, p 5, k 3, turn.

53—K 1, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 3.

54—S 1, k 2, p 4, k 3.

55—K 1, n, k 1, o, n, o, n, k 2.

56—S 1, k 2, p 3, k 3.

57—K 1, n, k 1, o, n, k 3.

58—S 1, k 2, p 2, k 3.

59—K 1, n, k 1, o, n, k 2.

60—S 1, k 2, p 1, k 3.

61—K 1, n, o, k 2.

62—S 1, k 5.

63—K 1, n, k 3.

64—S 1, k 4.

65—K 1, n, k 2.

66—S 1, k 3.

67—K 1, n, k 1.

68—K 1, n, bind off. This finishes 1 point; finish the other 7 in the same way.

Open Diamond Lace.

Cast on 27 stitches, knit across plain.

1. Knit 3, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 7, over, knit 2.

2. Knit plain; all other even rows the same.

3. Knit 3, (over, narrow) 3 times, knit 5, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 9, over, knit 2.

5. Knit 3, (over, narrow) twice, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 17, over, knit 2.

21. Knit 3, (over, narrow) twice, narrow, over, knit 17, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

23. Knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3 together, over, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

26. Knit 3, over, narrow, knit 7, over, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

27. Knit 3, over, knit 3 together, over, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1.

Repeat from 1st row. An especially pretty trimming for underclothing, and very durable. In fine thread it is a dainty edging for handkerchiefs. The insertion is easily made from the lace, but will send it if wanted.

A Dainty Tea Dolly.

Complete this little dolly is 4 1/4 inches square. Take a piece of fine linen 4 3/4 inches square, and draw 4 threads 1/2 inch from the edge, allowing for a 1/4-inch hem. Turn and hemstitch the hem neatly. Draw 1/2 inch. Knot chain along both edges of this space, button-holing the corners, where the linen is cut, closely. Fasten in half-way across one corner, knot 1st strand a little below the center of space, pass up this strand, say 1-16 inch, knot with next strand, pass down last strand same distance, knot with next, and so on entirely around the drawn space, forming a zigzag line, letting the knotting threads cross the corners. About 1/4 inch above and below this zigzag line of knotting, knot 2 strands together all around. There will be 3 knotting threads crossing each corner both ways; over these, starting at the center, where all are

Does the Dealer Know Better than You What You Need In Your Home?

If not, you owe it as a duty to yourself to insist on getting what you ask for when you try to buy an advertised article. You are attracted by the advertisement in this magazine; you read it and make up your mind that the goods advertised are what you want. You enter a store to make your purchase. Be true to your conviction and get what you ask for.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES

knotted together, weave a 4-leaved figure according to directions that have been so frequently given that it seems needless to repeat them.

This border is a very simple but most effective one, and will be liked for handkerchiefs, as it is so quickly done. In the center of the doily is a Tenerife wheel, which may be made first and applied, or worked in the fabric. Strike a circle $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Run around the line twice, using fine stitches; starting in the center, cut out to the line in various directions, form-



A Dainty Tea Doily.

ing little tabs which fold back underneath; buttonhole-stitch closely over the doubled edge, then put in your foundation threads, following regular directions for making Tenerife wheels. Other of these little doilies shall follow, if desired. They are very dainty for use on a five o'clock tea-table, and the borders may, of course, be used for handkerchiefs, lingerie, or for any article requiring such decoration.

Hood for Schoolgirl.

Scarlet Germantown makes a very pretty hood. Work with No. 12 steel knitting needles. Cast on 30 stitches and knit 1 row plain, 2d row purled, 3d row plain.

Repeat these three rows until there are 8 ribs on the right side of work. On the last row narrow 1 stitch each at the beginning and end of the needle. Break off yarn, but do not bind off the stitches.

Pick up and knit 33 stitches along the right side of the crown, beginning at the lower end, knit the stitches across top of crown, and pick up and knit 33 stitches along other side of crown.

2d Row.—Purled.

3d Row.—Plain.

Increase 1 stitch at each end of the third row and every third row hereafter until 12 stitches have been added to each side, then knit without increasing until there are 9 ribs on the right side.

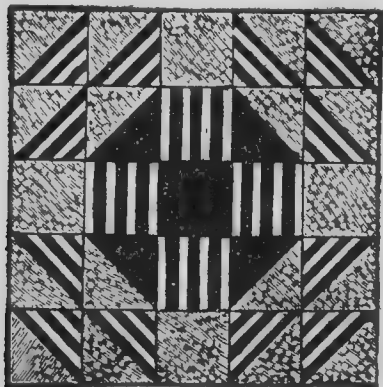
Join the colored wool for the border and knit 1 row plain. This will be knit on the right side of the hood, which is the wrong side of the border.

2d Border.—Wool over needle, narrow, and repeat to end of row. Repeat 2d row 16 times, then bind off.

Pick up and knit 25 stitches along the lower edge of the left side of the hood; beginning at the third rib from the front on the right side, pick up 1 stitch in every fourth stitch along lower edge of the crown, then pick up 25 stitches on other side of front. Knit 17 rows in the front border, stitch and bind off. Finish edge of border with small crochet scallop, and catch the borders back on the hood, letting the front overlap the ends of the lower border. Sew a pretty full ruche in front and finish ear places with bows of ribbon. Ties of ribbon.

Anna's Choice Quilt Block.

Three colors are used for making this pretty block, and the quilt is put together with plain squares, or with strips one-third the width of the pieced



Anna's Choice Quilt Block.

block. The squares and half-squares which compose this block are $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches across, making a complete block 12×12 inches; but they may be of any size desired.

Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch.): A series of stitches (sts.) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl. st.): Drop the stitch on

the hook; pick up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s. c.): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d. c.): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t. c.): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over needle and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over, draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d. t. c.): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s. t.): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k.) is to knit plain.

Over (o.): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.

Narrow (n.): Knit two stitches together.

Purl (p.) or seam (s.): Knit with the thread in front of needle, this is the reverse of plain knitting.

Purl-narrow (pn.): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f.): Over twice, purl two together.

Slip, narrow and bind (sl. n. and b.): Slip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needles.

Slip and bind (sl. and b.): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast off, repeat.

Stars (**) and parenthesis () indicate repetition, thus: * over, narrow, repeat from * twice, is the same as saying, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times, is the same.

4250—A Useful Nursery Garment.

The creeping apron becomes quite indispensable when the baby begins to travel around the floor in his own queer fashion, for it not only protects his little dress from soiling, but also insures the tiny wearer against chilling draughts. The model shown in the sketch is an excellent one for the mother's use in making this little garment. It is very plainly and simply fashioned



THE HOUSE OF McLEAN

Winnipeg's Greatest Piano and Music Store.

Headquarters in Manitoba for the world's leading piano "Ye Olde"

HEINTZMAN & CO.,

We also have a large assortment of good

SECOND HAND PIANOS AND ORGANS

received in exchange for new instruments. These have been put in good repair and some of them are almost equal to new instruments. We will sell any of these instruments at almost your own price.

10c. SHEET MUSIC

Over 1200 pieces containing the most popular songs, as well as the old favorites. Send for catalogue. Any one of the 1200 pieces will be mailed on receipt of ten cents.

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO., LTD.

Dept. W.

528 Main St.,

Winnipeg, Man.



FALL FASHIONS AND FABRICS

There are many different grades of brilliantine, and many different qualities of skirting. You will find these numbers made of excellent material, absolutely guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.



No. 42156. Ladies' or Misses' skirt of very good grade brilliantine. This neat skirt is cut in the new box plaited style. Between the plaits are pointed straps of self cloth making a very effective pattern. Full sweep. Colors: Black or Navy Blue.

Price, Ladies'.....\$4.00
Misses'.....\$3.50

No. 42506. A dependable style in Ladies' or Misses' skirt. Made of fine quality mixed skirting. Designed in plaited style. The bottom is trimmed with two narrow and one wide taffeta fold. A stylish and excellent wearing skirt. Color: Fancy Gray Mixture with Black taffeta silk trimming.

Price, Ladies'.....\$4.85
Misses'.....\$4.65

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Send your Name and Address for our FUR CATALOGUE, issued about SEPTEMBER FIRST

SINCLAIR BROS., Winnipeg, Man.

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MEND IT

Does Your Granite Dish or
Glass Ware Need Repair?

USE COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES
mend all leaks in all utensils—tin,
brass, copper, granite ware, hot water
bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet.
Anyone can use them; fit any surface.
Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg.
assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted.
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B., Collingwood, Ont. 617

LADIES' SUITS, \$7.50 to \$18.

Tailored to order. Beautiful voile skirts, \$5 to \$9. New silk coats, \$5 to \$10. Nice cloth skirts, \$2 to \$6. New waists, in lawn and silk, 50c. to \$4. Wash jumper suits, \$2.25. Lustre jumper suits, \$4.75. Silk jumper suits, \$12. Linen suits (coat and skirt) \$4 and up. Send to-day for the sample materials and style book. They are free.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ontario.

and requires absolutely no trimming. It is buttoned down the back and about the feet is drawn in to the necessary size either with a drawstring or an elastic.

Holland, gingham or flannelette are suitable for making, the latter material being the warmest for cool weather wearing. For the 1-year size $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch goods are necessary.

4250—Sizes, $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, 2 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

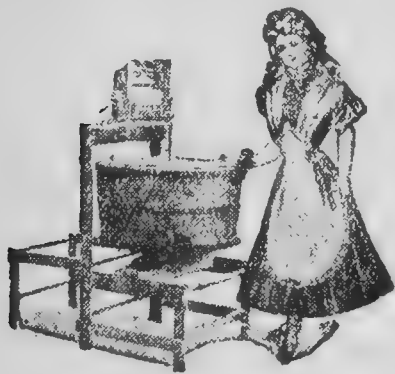
Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:

Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., President Victoria College.
Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.
Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto.
Rev. Wm. McLaren, D.D., Principal Knox College, Toronto.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.
Consultation or correspondence invited.



ONE HOUR

with the Connor Ball Bearing Washer will do a washing that would take all day with a wash-board.

This wonderful invention makes washday a joy and a pleasure. Washes a whole tub full of clothes in less time than a single garment could be washed on the wash-board, and with almost no work at all.

In fact, it almost runs itself. Best of all, it washes the clothes to snowy whiteness without rubbing or wearing.

It washes everything. Blankets, heavy rugs just as easy as handkerchiefs and napkins. No steam, and don't slop the floor.

It is a new invention. Works on an entirely new principle. Washes clothes by forcing the boiling water through every mesh and fibre of the clothes in a perfect catarrh. By doing away with all wear and tear of hand rubbing it makes clothes wear more than twice as long.

The tub swings on steel ball bearings. These balls carry all the weight. The slightest push will start the machine, empty or full of water and clothes. A little child can start it, empty or full. By grasping the handle and swinging it to one side the coiled tempered spring stops it and starts it back the other way with a quick reverse motion, as the tub swings the other way another spring swings it back. Back and forth the tub swings, with just a little help from you.

The wringer stays on during the washing. The basket rack folds up out of the way when not in use. The tub is easily removed from the stand.

You have our guarantee, backed by 25 years' experience in manufacturing washing machines' that this washer will do the work quicker and better than any other washer made, no matter what the cost, and no matter what the dealer claims for it.

Price delivered, \$11.00. If your hardware dealer won't get one for you, write direct.

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Western Agents—Mackenzie Bros.
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V. W. HORWOOD,
ARCHITECT.

TAYLOR BLOCK:
177 McDERMOT AVE., E.
WINNIPEG.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—SQUARE WORD BLANKS.

"One day, in former times, a — was dining with an eminent State official in Venice, and was enjoying a highly-seasoned —, when his elegant — flashed in the sunlight, and, unfortunately, caught the eye of the — himself; 'unfortunately,' for next day came a polite message from the grasping ruler, and the brilliant ornament changed owners."

In the above sentence, fill the four blanks with words of four letters each, and suited to the sense. The words thus used, if written down, one below another in the order of their appearance in the sentence, will form a Word Square, and reading across, beginning at the top, will have the following meanings:

1. One who is in a position of responsibility; a title derived from Anglo-Saxon words meaning "bread-keeper."
2. A dish of boiled or stewed meat: a collection of various musical pieces.
3. A hoop.
4. The title of a magnate of Italy in former times.

No. 2.—HIDDEN ANIMALS.

In the following narration may be found the names of twenty-four animals:

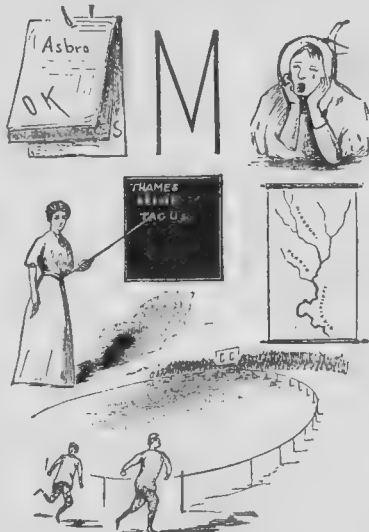
I stood by a toy-boat landing, opposite old Ogletorpe's store, and carelessly threw a pebble into the little murmuring brook. It glanced into a dark-mouthed burrow, when, lo! rising painfully, I saw a pitiful-looking creature which soon came limping and staggering onward.

"That is not a mole," I thought. "It must be a rat, though I never before set eyes on such a moist and miserable specimen as this. Still, it walks and seems able to go at a fair crawling pace, although it appears loth to do even that. I must have hit it with that pebble; or, may be, a land-crab bit the poor thing. I'll carry it home and tend to it. Yes? No? Shall I? On second thought, I won't. I'll leave it on the little landing here."

I went home; tried to fly a kite; threw my ball on the half awning to catch it as it rolled off; planted a stiff ox-goad in the lawn for a flagstaff; ran off with a caramel Kate had given to the baby; and tried writing poetry, something about "Oh, ye nations of the teeming East!"

But all was of no avail, and even now I see that poor creature in as startling plainness as when I had just turned my back. However, that was the last time I threw a stone.

3.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

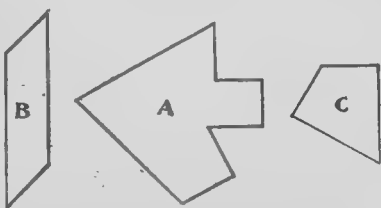


A well-known quotation.

No. 4.—LADDER.

- * Uprights:
- * 1st, of consequence
- * 2nd, spoken to.
- * Rounds:
- * 1st, part of the body.
- * 2nd, from side to side.
- * 3rd, a pronoun.
- * 4th, pleasing to the senses.

No. 5.—OCTAGON PUZZLE.



Cut from a piece of stiff cardboard four of each of the three designs A, B, C, as shown in the accompanying drawing. This operation will give you twelve pieces. The problem is to assemble them together in such a way that they will form an octagon.

No. 6.—REVERSALS.

1. Reverse a bird, and get a pellet.

2. Reverse a circular band, and get an expression of contempt.
3. Reverse a part of a clock or watch, and get set down.
4. Reverse clothing, and get to boast.
5. Reverse clubs, and get a wound with a sharp-pointed weapon.
6. Reverse a time of battles, and get unmanufactured.
7. Reverse a place defended from the wind, and get a fish.
8. Reverse a bark of a dog, and get wages.
9. Reverse recompense, and get part of a clothes' press.
10. Reverse an eatable root, and get a pleasant month.
11. Reverse a naughty boy's expression of defiance, and get food for cattle.
12. Reverse a road, and get to steer wildly.

No. 7.—PICTURE PUZZLE.



The names of nine animals are represented by the above tree and its surroundings.

No. 8.—BLENDED SQUARES.

1	2	3	7	8	9
4	5	6	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
		20	21	22	19
23	24	25	26	27	28
30	31	32	36	37	38
33	34	35	39	40	41

Words of Seven Letters—3-35, a state; 7-39, to respire; 13-19, recent change; 23-29, a fish.

Words of Three Letters—1-3, a curse; 4-6, recompense; 13-15, novel; 7-9, a lad; 10-12, an animal; 20-22, an affirmative; 30-32, a tree; 33-35, a bird; 25-27, a plant; 27-39 an article; 36-38, concealed; 39-41, before.

No. 9.—DIALOGUE NAME PUZZLE.

The following dialogue contains anagrams on the names of twelve well-known authors, American, British, French, German and Italian. The anagrams are printed in black; and, besides the anagrams, there are six hidden names of celebrated personages that are mentioned in some of the twelve authors' works:

The speakers in the Dialogue are Henry, Ned, Marie and Ruby.

Henry. As you are too sick, Ned, to share in a noisy game, we'll seek a sharp riddle or two. Are you willing?

Ned. Indeed, yes! Let it be riddles; they do not compel hammering and pounding. I hope to be up and active and eating regular meals soon. It's a miserable arrangement to be at rice and other spoon food all the time.

Henry. I should think so. You must be tired of lying flat, Ned!

Ruby. You boys are always talking about eating. (Turning to Marie) What is the name of that new tune, Marie, about "Dee," which you bought from the music man Friday last?

Marie. "Banks of Dee."

Ned. Oh, never mind the new tune, girls. Shall it be riddles, Hen, or what?

Henry. Riddles. Now, Ruby; what French poet do I name when I say "green bar?"

Marie. I know, but I won't tell Ruby! Oh, oh, look! There's Pa in the street on horseback. Can he curb the old Arab safely, do you think?

Ruby. Yes, he could, if there wasn't such a noise in the street. Do hear the boys on that car yell at each car they pass!

Henry. Our dog's bark is loudest.

Ned. Oh, dear! Do you call yourselves sprightly? Why you are as slow as moles. How soon shall we have the riddles?

Henry. Why, Ned, you youngster lingering there, it's you who are slow. We've had them already. Now, brush up your wits, and solve the riddles, if you can!

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the September number of the Western Home Monthly.

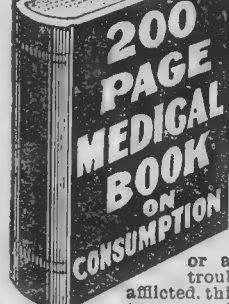
Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

- No. 1. Pyramid.—T
A
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R
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S

- No. 2. Central Deletions.—1. PopU-
lar, poplar. 2. ReVel, reel. 3. HUe, he.

4. CoLon, coon. 5. SpAin, spin. Uvula:
No. 3. Pictorial Enigma.—Nether-
lands. Desert, head, net, sea, thread,
snarl, hearts, ears, steed, halter, herd,
deer, Sedan, lether.
No. 4. Riddle.—Mirror.
No. 5. Illustrated Conundrum.—1. Be-
cause it is hard to beat. 2. Because he
would like to see it go off. 3. Because
it is partly red (read). 4. Because he
makes it sound.
No. 6. Old Style Conundrum.—Par-
snips (Pa-snips).
No. 7. Abbreviations.—1. Don, on, do.
2. Pit, it, pi. 3. Pin, in, pi. 4. Mat, at,
ma. 5. Son, on, so. 6. Red, Ed, d. 7.
Pan, an, pa. 8. Met, et, me. 9. Cox,
ox, Co. 10. For, or, Fo.
No. 8. Buried Heroes.—1. Leonidas.
2. Hermann. 3. Pompey.

Consumption Book



FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 644 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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RHEUMATISM in any form

Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Catarrh, Malaria, Jaundice, and all diseases arising from impure blood. Full particulars and 80-page book free; this costs you nothing. Address,

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UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR **GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS** are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Piano for sale, would take good horse in part payment. P. O. Box 44, Winnipeg.

Have You Suspected Your Kidneys as the Cause of Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected.

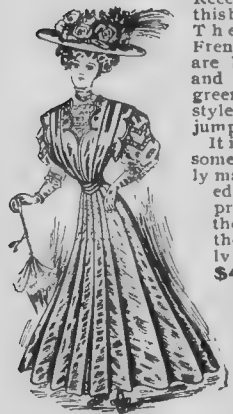
It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is give DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS a trial.

They are the most effective remedy to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pain across my back so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I feel now most completely cured thanks to your pills. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Send \$4.75



Receive by mail post-paid this beautiful jumper suit. The material is fine French lustre. The shades are black, cream, light and dark brown, dark green, grey and navy. The style is the latest tuckered jumper and pleated skirt. It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. We guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send \$4.75 to-day. We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase. Same suit in wash duck, in navy, white and linen colors, \$5.85 and 35c. for postage.

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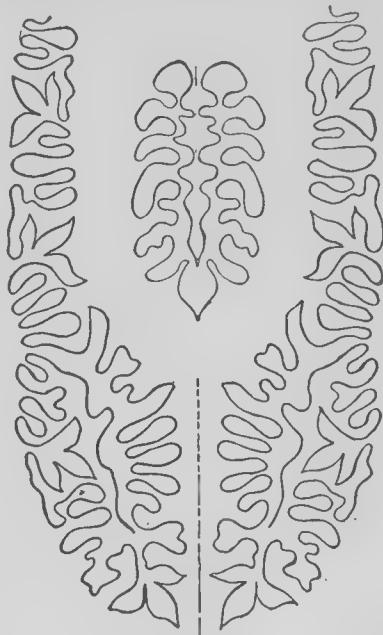
Drawer 1230, WINNIPEG

WEAK MAN RECEIPT FREE

Any man who suffers with nervous debility, loss of natural power, weak back, failing memory or deficient manhood, brought on by excesses, dissipation, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, may cure himself at home with a simple prescription that I will gladly send free, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man who will write for it. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Michigan.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern 56.
Braided Jumper.

This braiding design is simple and effective, with very little work. Soutache braid should be used and may be sewed through with small stitches or caught in from the back. Before transferring, cut out center figure, and after cutting dotted line, spread the pattern, inserting the central figure to give added width.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface.

Sponge material uniformly with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

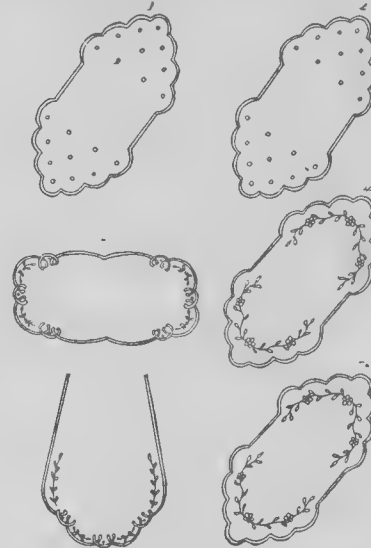
Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon, as you will notice if you raise the paper by one corner occasionally.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

Novelty Neck Bows.

These bows are very simple and attractive, and are made of lawn or fine linen. Button-hole the edge of each before cutting out.

Each bow consists of two parts shir-



red together in the centre by a narrow piece of the material. Nos. 1 and 2 belong together, as do 4 and 6. No. 5 is the tab for No. 3.

These bows can be made more elaborate by sewing narrow lace around the edges. In ordering this pattern refer to Pattern No. X.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

Home-Made Summer Drinks.

Grape Cobbler.

Mix a pint of grape juice with a bottle of plain soda and a pint of ginger ale; add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, a sprig or two of pounded mint, and serve at once.

Pineapple Julep.

Add the juice of two oranges to a grated pineapple, and, if you have them on hand, a pint of mashed raspberries; stir in half a cupful of powdered sugar and at serving-time add water, either plain or effervescent.

Cherry Shrub.

Mash a quart of very ripe stoned cherries through a colander; boil a pound of sugar and a quart of water for five minutes; add the cherries and the juice of a lemon; strain and stand aside until very cold. Serve with shaved ice or partly freeze.

Grape Granito.

Put a pound of sugar into a pint of water, boil for five minutes. Take from the fire, add the juice of one lemon and one orange. When cool add a pint bottle of grape juice. Add shaved ice, or chill it by putting it in contact with ice.

Orange Punch.

Boil one pound of sugar and one pint of water with grated yellow rind of one orange for five minutes; after it begins to boil take from the fire and strain; add the juice of three oranges and two lemons and stand aside to cool. When ready to use add a pint of shaved ice and a quart of water.

Farmer's Soda.

Put the strained juice of one lemon into an ordinary-sized tumbler; add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and fill the tumbler two-thirds full of cold water; stir until the sugar is dissolved, then drop half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda into the tumbler; stir, and drink while effervescing.

Mint Cup.

Boil a pound of sugar and a quart of water for five minutes; strain. Take the leaves from twelve stalks of mint, chop fine and pound them to a pulp; add them and the juice of two lemons to the sugar and water, strain. Turn into an ice-cream freezer, and stir now and then until the mixture is frozen like wet snow. Serve in glasses.

Currant Water.

All sorts of fruit waters are made after the same recipe. Mash the fruit, add sufficient sugar and water to make the proper flavor and consistency. For instance, for currant water mash one pound of ripe currants; if you have raspberries add a quarter of a pound; strain the juice through a sieve and add a pound of granulated sugar; stand this aside. When ready to serve add sufficient water to make it palatable.

Indian Punch.

Boil a pound of sugar, a quart of water and the grated yellow rind of a lemon for five minutes, and strain; add a teaspoonful of bitter almond extract, the juice of three lemons, a teaspoonful of vanilla and two cupfuls of strong tea. When very cold add ice and a pint of effervescent or plain water.

Bishop.

Put four cloves, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of whole allspice, a blade of mace and the grated rind of one lemon into a quart of water; bring to boiling point and boil for five minutes; add a pound of sugar; boil for five minutes longer and strain. When cold add the juice of two lemons and one pint bottle of rootbeer.

Welsh Nectar.

Grate the yellow rind from three lemons; add a gallon of water, two pounds of loaf sugar, and boil ten minutes. When cold, strain. Put into bottles, and add to each bottle twenty-four raisins that have been stoned and chopped fine. Cork lightly and stand in a cold place for three or four days, shaking well every day. Then cork and stand aside. This drink if carefully bottled will keep in a cool place for a week or two.

Apple Cup.

Wash and core six apples; then cut them into thin slices without paring. Put them in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle with a cup of raisins, two bay leaves, a two-inch stick of cinnamon and the grated yellow rind of three lemons. Add two quarts of cold water; bring to a boil; add two more quarts of cold water; cover the kettle and boil slowly for thirty minutes; strain through a muslin bag. When cold add the juice of three lemons. At serving-time add a little shaved ice or chill it by putting it in contact with ice.



The Modern Fruit Jar

Gently press down the cap of a Schram Automatic Fruit Jar and your preserving is done. The jar is perfectly sealed and the fruit will remain in good condition until it is needed.

Slip a case knife under the rim of the cap, draw around and the jar is opened. Nothing could be simpler, nothing could work more perfectly.

The Schram Jars cost no more than the old style screw top jars and cause no troubles. No rubbers to buy.

8,200,000 sold in 1907 and not a complaint. Extra caps complete, 20c. a dozen. At all dealers.

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For Liquor and Drug using. A scientific remedy which has been skilfully and successfully administered by competent physicians for the past 27 years.

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GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Has been in use for over 30 years, and is considered by all who have used it to be the best medicine for

BAD BLOOD BAD BOWELS BAD BREATH

It will thoroughly renovate the entire system, and make the blood pure, rich and red—curing Boils, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm, and all blood and skin diseases.



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An Academic Department of McMaster University for Girls. High School and Junior School. Residence and Day Students. High Grade School. Fees for year: Residence, \$252.00 to \$262.00; Day, \$34.00 to \$72.00.

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E. A. Hardy, B.A., Principal. J3
Miss Charlotte Thrall, Vice-Principal.
A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc., Musical Director.

Women's Ailments

There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength

Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flushes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tired over these trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bring color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. The old, worn out, tired out, languid feelings give place to strength and vitality, and life seems worth living.

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The Home Doctor.

Remember:—

Hot water is good for a bruise or a sprain.

Lemon juice will more thoroughly cleanse the skin than soap.

Never take a hot bath just after a hearty meal.

Ammonia will relieve the pain of an insect bite or sting.

Good health requires plenty of fresh air in bedrooms.

A baby gets thirsty and needs a little water several times a day.

Never sit facing a bright light to work.

Deep breathing develops the chest and strengthens the lungs.

A fruit diet is of great value in aiding digestion, stimulating a sluggish liver and clearing the complexion.

If a child's clothing catches fire roll her in a rug or any heavy woolen article.

Water is the sapollo of the body; be sure to drink plenty every day, between meals.

Stop giving milk in any form to babies with serious bowel disorders, and give barley or rice water or white of egg in water after vomiting ceases.

A raw cucumber sliced and rubbed over the face will remove tan.

Dampened baking soda or clay bound on stings or bites of insects will cure quickly.

Never bite thread or crack nuts with the teeth unless you wish to help the fortunes of the dentists.

Remember that one hour's sleep before twelve o'clock is worth more than three hours after midnight to restore the system.

The brain that never forces itself to work will become dull and stupid just as surely as muscles lose their strength if unused.

Correct living and thinking leads to long life; it includes exercise of mind and body, good food, fresh air, healthful companionship.

A muddy complexion sometimes results from retiring at night without washing off the dust and soil that accumulates on the face through the day.

Warm olive oil rubbed on the baby's abdomen and covered with heated flannel will often relieve a sharp attack of colic.

A baby's eyes may be injured by sleeping in a room where the light falls directly upon him. Sleep is more restful at any age in a darkened room.

Do you wash baby's mouth after he has nursed? The milk that remains unswallowed sours very quickly and is apt to cause thrush. Wash out his mouth with a piece of soft muslin dipped in pure water, or water to which a little boric acid has been added as an antiseptic.

When children blink incessantly, it is from an unconscious effort to increase the accommodation of the muscles of the eye, to be able to do near work; such as reading, writing or sewing, and should be regarded as a symptom of eyestrain and treated as such and not as a bad habit to be punished.

It is harder to sit straight than to stand straight, because the muscles naturally relax when resting. But it can be done. Practice sitting up straight every day for an hour and it will soon become second nature to you.

All heavy, greasy foods, such as fat meats, fritters, crullers and fried foods, should be dropped from your bill of fare during the summer months. Use fish, fowl, eggs, soups, fruit and all the fresh vegetables you can procure, especially onions, spinach and other "greens." Rhubarb, currants and gooseberries make excellent sauce. The lighter, less heating cereals, whether cooked or not, prove very satisfactory for breakfast and tea, for children and all who have slow or poor digestion.

This is the season for rambling in the woods, often returning to suffer for days with swollen face and blistered, itching hands from contact with poison ivy. It is well to know a remedy which will speedily relieve pain and discomfort. Any alkaline wash, such as baking soda, is good, but the tincture of grindelia is found to be almost a specific in these conditions. Every camping outfit should contain a four ounce bottle of grindelia. Bathe the swollen parts and the itching spots and the inflammation soon subsides.

Beef-tea will not prove so monotonous a diet to an invalid if a different flavoring is used each day, such as clove, bayleaf or celery.

The best cleaning agent for the hands is to take one tablespoonful of cornmeal (yellow) and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, rub well into hands for about two minutes, then wash off in clean, cold water, dry carefully, and the hands will be soft, clean and velvety. Sour milk can be used in place of vinegar with just as good results.

When tired and weary after a day's outing or traveling, it is a great mistake to plunge the face into cold water, which really acts as an irritant. Whereas tepid water produces quite a contrary effect. After washing off the dust on face and ears a little buttermilk, or, failing that, rosewater dabbed on, will soothe and whiten the skin and take away the feeling of irritation.

Hot baths are of great use to those who suffer from nervous exhaustion. A warm bath at the close of a hard day's mental work is productive of sleep, but it is wisest first to apply cold water to the head, or at least to the brow. After severe physical exertion, such as climbing, walking, bicycling or riding, it is wise to take a hot bath before going to bed, so as to relax the muscles and prevent any sensation of stiffness on the following day.

An attack of hives is very apt to occur in the spring and early summer, owing to a run-down condition of the system and a sluggish digestive tract. It will be very necessary to diet rigidly until the hives disappear. Take no meat, rich pastry, spices nor any food difficult to digest. Use a solution of boric acid or strong salt water to quiet the intolerable itching. The old-fashioned remedy of equal parts of sulphur and cream of tartar mixed in syrup and taken in teaspoonful doses for several days, is still considered a specific to purify the blood, after which an iron or vegetable tonic will build up the system.

A great deal of trouble from blackheads, pimples and other facial blemishes would be avoided if people knew how to wash themselves properly. Cold water is a tonic, but it does not remove the oily particles which are thrown off by the skin and which gather the dust in the air. A warm sponge bath should be taken every night, or as often as possible, at bed time, using a good vegetable soap, and thoroughly rubbing. A dash of cold water afterwards will make the skin firm and elastic.

In the morning wash in cold water, rubbing vigorously with a dry towel. This stimulates the action of the blood and sets it to moving briskly through the system.

For the last few years physicians have been strenuously urging the necessity of drinking water. In almost any climate copious draughts are required by the system, not only to assimilate the food, but to flush the stomach, bowels and kidneys in order that they may be better able to perform their work. The water should be taken on an empty stomach, otherwise the gastric fluid will be so diluted that it cannot properly perform its functions. Half an hour or an hour before breakfast, midway of meals and on retiring are the most approved times. A quart or more during the day will serve to hold the system in good condition and will keep the stomach, bowels and kidneys in good working order, providing these rules are rigidly followed.

Care of the teeth is one of the most important details of a woman's toilet. Not only from a point of good looks, but from a health point as well, should the teeth be considered. A trip to the dentist should be made at least every six months and a general overlooking of the teeth made. Decayed matter on the teeth is a menace to the general health, as in masticating the food, particles are distributed through the blood and poison the system. The woman who has few teeth or poor teeth of her own should have them replaced by a good plate of false teeth as it is necessary for good digestion that the food be well masticated. No woman can be dainty or appear at her best with neglected teeth.

How To Treat Stings.

Stings, whether of nettles, bees, or wasps, should be well bathed with a solution of ammonia or carbonate of soda, or if these are not at hand, a strong solution of common washing soda will relieve the pain and draw out the poison which has been injected under the skin. If the sting has been left in the first care should be to extract it. Press a watch key around the spot, then afterwards bathe well with the solution of ammonia or other alkaline. Next apply a piece of lint soaked in the solution, and leave it on the part affected until the pain is removed. This treatment never fails to give relief, even in the worst cases, and has the merit of being simple and handy in cases of emergency.

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Boys and Girls.

Mrs. Peter Piper's Pickles.

"There's nothing in that bush," said one old crow to another old crow, as they flew slowly along the beach. "No, nothing worth looking at," answered the other old crow, and then

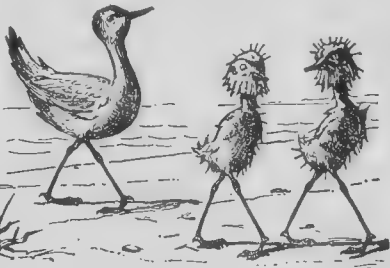


they alighted on a dead tree and complained that the egg season was over. That was because they were fond of sandpipers' eggs, and there were none in that bush. No eggs were there, to be sure, but there sat Mrs. Peter Sandpiper, talking to two fine young sandpipers, just hatched.



"Tangled in the long grass."

"Nothing worth looking at!" said she, indignantly. "Well, anything but a crow would have more sense! Nothing in this bush, indeed! Pe-tweet, pe-tweet!" And truly she might be angry at any one snubbing those young ones of hers. Their eyes were so bright, their legs were so slim, and their beaks so sharp that it was delightful to see them. And they turned out their toes so gracefully that, the first time they went to the sea to bathe, every one said Mrs. Peter Sandpiper had reason to be proud of her children. But just as soon as they could run they got into all sorts of



"They turned out their toes gracefully," troubles, and vexed Mrs. Sandpiper out of her wits.

"Such a pair of young pickles I never hatched before!" said she to Mrs. Kingfisher, who came to gossip one day. "Well, well, my dear," said Mrs. Kingfisher, "boys will be boys; by the time they are grown up they will be all right. Now, my dear Pinlegs was just such—"

But Mrs. Sandpiper had to fly off to see what Pipsy Sandpiper was doing, and keep Nipsy Sandpiper from swallowing a June beetle twice too big for him. They were great trials. They were always eating the wrong kind of bugs, and having indigestion and headaches. They were forever getting their legs tangled up in long wet grass, and screaming for Mrs. Peter Sandpiper to come help them out, and at night they chirped in their sleep and disturbed Mrs. Sandpiper dreadfully by kicking each other. At last she said she could stand it no longer; they must take care of themselves. So she cried "Pe-tweet, good-bye," and then she flew away, leaving Pipsy and Nipsy alone by the sea to take care of themselves. It was quite a trouble at first, for Mamma Sandpiper had always helped them to bugs and worms, one apiece, turn about, so all was fair. But now Pipsy always wanted the best of everything, and Nipsy, being good-tempered, had to eat what his brother left. One day bugs

were very scarce, and both little Sandpipers were so hungry that they could have eaten a whole starfish—if he had come out of his shelter. Suddenly Nipsy, who was a trifle near sighted said he saw a large beetle coming along the beach. They ran quickly to meet it. But what in the world was it! It



"Oh, My! He's going backward!"

had legs; oh, such legs! They were larger than Pipsy's and Nipsy's put together. Its back was like a huge shell, and its eyes were dreadful. The little sandpipers looked at each other in terror. But a mild little voice from the creature relieved them.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Let me introduce myself. C. Crab, Esq., of Oyster Bay."

"Oh, ah! Indeed!" said Pipsy. "Glad to know you, I'm sure."

"I think I must have lost my way," said C. Crab, Esq. "Could you oblige me by telling me if you see any boys near?"

"Any boys?" said Pipsy and Nipsy, looking at each other. "Never saw one in my life. What do they look like? Have they many legs? Are they fat? Are they good to eat?" asked both the hungry sandpipers.

"They are creatures," said the crab, with a groan—"creatures a thousand times larger than we are. They have strings. They tie up legs and pull. They throw stones. If you ever see a boy, run for your life."

"Good gracious me!" cried both the little sandpipers. "How very dreadful!" But there were no boys in sight; so C. Crab grew sociable, and offered to show them a place where bugs were plenty. "Just get on my back," said he, "and I'll have you there in no time."

So they got on his back. It was very wet and slippery, but they held on with their toes, while C. Crab gave himself a heave and started.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Nipsy. "He's going backward!"



"This is twice as deep as you were in."

"He actually is!" cried Pipsy. "At this rate we'll get there day before yesterday, won't we?"

"Surely," said Nipsy. "How very horrid of him when we are so hungry! What a slow coach!"

"Let's jump off, quick, or he'll take us clear into last week!" cried the silly sandpipers, and then they skipped off and ran down the beach in the opposite direction. C. Crab called to them, but it was no use, so he went on his way. But as for the sandpipers, they went on getting into trouble. The day was hot, and after they had run some distance, they stepped into the water to cool off. Nipsy stepped in first, but the water was up to his breast and it frightened him, so he stepped out again.

"Pooh!" said Pipsy. "You're afraid, you are! Look at me!"

Then he jumped in, and only his head stuck out.

"This is twice as deep as you were in!" he cried, turning up his bill, and rolling his eyes.

"You're sitting down, you are!" cried Nipsy, in scorn.

"I'm not," said Pipsy.

"You are. I can see your toes all doubled up, even if the water is muddy," said Nipsy, and rushed at him to punish him for bragging.

They both rolled under the water, and then out on the shore, dripping wet and very angry with each other.

Pipsy went home to the old bush and was very miserable. He wanted something to eat, and did not know where to find anything. Nipsy went high up the beach, and found a lot of young hedge-crickets. But he did not half enjoy them. They were fat and smooth, and he was hungry, but crickets had no flavor without Pipsy to help eat them. But he was angry at him yet.

"He must come to me," he said, sternly, to the cricket he was eating.

The cricket said nothing, being half-way down his throat, and pretty soon

Nipsy could stand his feelings no longer. Catching up the largest, smoothest, softest cricket, he ran down to the shore as fast as his legs could carry him. There, in the twilight, he saw a lonely figure standing on one leg.



"He saw a figure standing on one leg."

"Pipsy!" he cried. "Nipsy!" cried Pipsy. And they flew to each other. "Here's a glorious fat cricket for you," "Forgive me, Nipsy," said his brother. And then they were happy.

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Woman and the Home.

The Secret.

There's a little word called "Sweetheart"; it's as old as Heaven's blue; 'Tis the sweetest word e'er spoken and its joy is ever new; It was Love's first murmured message, spoken in the ears of Love, When the Earth took shape from nothing and the blue sky arched above; It has come through Time unmeasured; It has lived unnumbered years; It was born of smiles and laughter and has dried Grief's countless tears; It's the magic soul of music and the living fire of Art, And I've chosen it to give thee—just that little word "Sweetheart."

Ah, the aching hearts and heavy it has bidden hear and smile; It has bidden Youth be merry and has cheered the Afterwhile Of the years to peace and gladness and the dreary days and long Are forgotten in the glory of its whispered even-song. It has made the heart go leaping of the schoolboy at his play; It has filled with gladder dreamings all the sunshine of his day. It has bridged world-sundered chasms and has played the noblest part In the life and strife of being—just that little word "Sweetheart."

It has cheered the eve of battles; it has fired the Heart of Dawn; It has braved the mouth of cannon and has borne war's banners on; It has lured the soldier Deathward, where the scarp was red and steep; It has trembled like a blessing on the ashen lips of Sleep; It has hushed the cry of children; it has fired the souls of men, Beaten back on shores of Failure, to be bold and strong again; In the hermit's cloistered silence or in Traffic's busy mart, It is of all, in all, through all—just that little word "Sweetheart."

And forever and forever, through the endlessness of Time, It shall hallow song and story and shall be the soul of rhyme; It shall be a part of Being, much as heartbeat, much as breath, It shall be the joy of living and the overthrow of Death; So I bid thee kneel and listen till I whisper thee the key, Till I tell thee why is Labor, Life, Love, Death and Mystery; Hut or palace, serf or master, clod or genius, toil or art, It is of all, in all, through all—just that little word "Sweetheart."

—J. W. Foley.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A distant relative who is "close" is both far and near.

Some people display the best of taste by cutting out originality from their conversation.

Most of us know when we have said enough, but few of us have sufficient self-control to put the lid on.

In after years a man sometimes wishes he had attended his own funeral instead of his wife's wedding.

Occasionally a woman dyes her hair red, but if a man was to do a thing like that he would be confined in a padded cell.

Teaching Children to Help.

This is one of my "hobbies," for it seems to me there can be so much accomplished in this line. We live on a farm and have a boy of ten who has lived with us two years. When he came to us he had very little idea of helping, but we began by giving him small tasks, such as watering the poultry, hunting the eggs, wiping the dishes, picking up cobs and chips, etc., until he became interested in the work and now does many of these and other small chores without being told, which will help him in more ways perhaps than we can realize. We have also tried to teach him that by helping to do these things he is helping to earn the living, thereby giving him a feeling of independence which could be gained in no other way.

Little tots of even two or three years may be taught to be helpful by sending them on small errands, such as for a spool of thread or thimble or something of the kind, and they are delighted to do this because they are "helping mamma." Children must have something to do and very often if it is not something helpful they are in mischief of some kind. While they must be given time for play, a badly spoiled child will be the result of no training in the line of helpfulness.

The Mission of a Smile.

It ended with a hearty laugh by everyone. The little deaf lady laughed. "Did you hear it, aunty? What are you laughing at?"

"Why should I frown?" Years ago the little deaf lady had read of another little deaf lady down in a little seaside hamlet who always attended meeting and was one day

asked by some one passing out, "Why did you come to church?"

She looked out over the sea and replied, "This is about the only place the sailor boys have to go so I come to smile them in and smile them out."

And they watched for her as a part of the little church and its ceremony. Just how many a sailor boy may have been "smiled" back to the teaching of the childish prayers at his mother's knee none may know till they can see the great Record Book.

Education.

The three R's in themselves may not mean so much, but the developed mind which springs from their mastery is the motive power of the world.

A prominent Y. M. C. A. secretary of a large city, in sizing up one of the boys of his flock, remarked, "He started out young, for himself in the world, knocked around, and because he was fairly bright, made quite a success of his knocking. If he got into tight places he got out. But with years creeping upon him, his lack of a developed mind and the consequent judgment is sadly showing itself."

Therein lies a deep thought for us in regard to our children. Youth and normal brightness may knock themselves around on to quite an eminence of success. You have heard of the two frogs that got into a can of milk at a railroad station and soon found themselves whirled cityward. One of them began to mourn and sink while the other one kicked. When the journey was ended number one was in the bottom of the can, dead, while number two had kicked himself high and dry on a ball of butter! That example may be good to hold up to a timid, inert boy, but should he kick himself on to an elevation of prominence without mental balance to hold his position, there is liable to be an explosion or a collapse which will prove the kicking valueless.

Let us give our sons and daughters healthy mental food that will train and develop the mind; that will place them on a healthy plane of resolution, self-possession, steadiness of purpose, persistency, and a comprehension of the connection of each to the other. Teach them to think, to aim, to resolve, and to stick to it.

Pin-Money at Home.

Your call for articles on pin-money brings to mind the efforts of one girl who not only earned enough money through her own efforts to give her schooling for two years, but also helped at home during her father's illness.

During a visit to a general store, a lady was making inquiry for ferns. The dealer said he had frequent calls for ferns, but was unable to supply them, as few people cared to take the responsibility of their raising. This was the start she needed. Writing to her uncle, she explained her plan and asked the loan of twenty dollars. The answer came, full of encouragement and accompanied by the draft. Not a few hours were spent in studying fern catalogues, which resulted in an order for 156 plants, at ten cents piece. The express on them amounted to a dollar and a half, and the remainder was invested in jars. Seventy-five plants were potted at once, the rest being left bedded in tubs. She tended them carefully, keeping sufficiently moist and occasionally added emulsion. A notice was inserted in her home paper, the same bit of information given those of neighboring towns to the effect that she would take orders for ferns to be distributed the first of September. The best of success rewarded her first efforts, sixty-seven dollars being cleared. By this time she had had considerable experience, and on the next growth she netted even more. This particular girl went from this small beginning into something larger in floral culture.—From The Circle.

A Delicious Way of Preserving Raspberries.

To every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of castor sugar. Put the raspberries in a bowl in the oven; also put the sugar in a separate bowl in the oven to get hot through but not brown. When the fruit begins to boil take it out of the oven, add the heated sugar, and stir until all is dissolved. Pour into jars, place tissue paper dipped in brandy on the top, and tie down with parchment covers. This will keep a year and longer, and has the flavor and color of fresh fruit.

An Effervescent Saline.

An effervescent saline may be made as follows, and will be found a great economy: Take four ounces of Epsom Salts, four ounces of tartaric acid, four ounces of bicarbonate of soda, four ounces of cream of tartar, and half a pound of icing sugar. See that all the ingredients are thoroughly dry. Mix and pound them till fine. Pass all through a wire sieve three times. Place in perfectly dry bottles, and cork tightly. The ingredients for this recipe will be found cheap and a really good saline can be obtained therefrom. If liked, half a lemon can be squeezed into the drink, which makes it healthful and refreshing.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARIAGGI, WINNIPEG

COOKING RECIPES.

Corn Fritters.—One quart of grated green corn, three eggs, one-half cupful of flour, salt and pepper. Add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs the last thing. Drop by small spoonfuls into the fat.

Green Tomato Butter.—Select tomatoes that are full grown, but quite green; slice them thin; make a syrup in proportion of one pound of sugar to two pounds of tomatoes; boil down slowly for four hours, or until the butter is smooth and thick, stirring frequently to prevent sticking and scorching. If liked, flavor with lemon when done.

Tomato Omelet.—Three eggs, yolks and whites, beaten separately. Beat whites very stiff. Add three tablespoonfuls of milk and pinch of salt to the yolks, salt and fold lightly into the whites. Have one teaspoonful of butter melted in piping hot pan. Cook slowly. Stew three tomatoes until tender and turn over omelet just before folding.

Tomato Fritters.—For tomato fritters stew a quart tin of the vegetable, or a quart of fresh ones, until they are reduced one-half. Set aside to get cold, then season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Add the beaten yolk of an egg and sufficient fine breadcrumbs to make a mixture thick enough to hold together when dropped from a spoon into smoking hot lard.

Ham and Tomatoes.—When there is a little meat left on a ham bone, a palatable dish can be made from it. Take six good size tomatoes and hollow out the centers. Fill with onion and ham, chopped fine, and a few bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Cover the opening on top with a thin slice of ham, and drop a spat of butter on each. Bake in a buttered tin until tomatoes are done.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Place a layer of stale bread, rolled fine, in the bottom of a pudding dish, then a layer of any kind of fruit. Sprinkle on a little sugar, then another layer of breadcrumbs and of fruit; and so on until the dish is full, the top layer being crumbs. Make a custard as for pies, add a pint of milk, and mix. Pour it over the top of the pudding and bake until the fruit is cooked.

Peach Meringue Pudding.—Stew the peaches in a syrup of sugar and water until tender; remove and boil the syrup until thick, then pour over the peaches. Make a cornstarch custard of the yolks of two or three eggs, about a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch (wet in cold milk), sugar and vanilla. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and sugar, and spread over the peaches. Use the custard as sauce.

Blackberry Sponge.—Put small cubes of bread into an earthen bowl, pouring over the bread as it is fitted into place hot blackberry juice, made by cooking blackberries until they are soft, sweetening and passing through a sieve. Use as much juice as the bread will absorb, set the sponge away in a cool place for several hours and then turn from the bowl. Serve with whole blackberries, sugar and cream.

Vegetable Salad.—Save your vegetable scraps from dinner for a nice salad at next day's lunch. With a light dessert one needs little else except a cool drink in hot weather. Use a cupful each of potatoes, carrots or any vegetable cut into dice with peas or string beans—one, two or three kinds—with a French or mayonnaise or boiled dressing poured over. Border with lettuce if convenient and serve very cold. Fish may be used instead of vegetables.

Corn Salad.—Boil twelve ears of corn in salted water until quite tender. Cut it from the cob and let it get cold. Make a stiff mayonnaise dressing in the usual manner, then dilute it to the required consistency by adding some thick cream; dress the corn with the sauce, and arrange it in a deep dish; scatter a little finely chopped parsley over the surface, then garnish the corn with pickled cherries and surround it with crisp lettuce which has been torn into fine shreds.

Huckleberry Pie.—Cover your plate or tin with plain crust. For a juicy berry pie you must use a deeper plate. Fill as full as you can with berries. Sprinkle over them one-half spoonful of flour and two spoonfuls of sugar. Cut the upper crust a little larger than the plate, raising the under crust with the blade of a knife, lay the upper crust edges under it to keep in the juices. Press it to the plate and prick holes in the crust at intervals. Set it in the oven and bake moderately for half an hour.

Welsh Rarebit.—One-quarter pound of cream cheese, one-quarter cupful rich milk, three-quarters teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg and a little pepper. Grate the cheese and put with milk in double boiler. Beat the egg and add mustard, salt and pepper. When cheese is melted stir in the egg mixture and the butter, and cook about two minutes. Do not let it curdle. Pour over slices of toast. Many people use ale instead of milk.

Spiced Peaches.—To seven pounds of peaches peeled and cut in halves allow three pounds of sugar, one ounce each of allspice and whole cloves, a tablespoonful of cassia buds and stick cinnamon enough to make about a foot in length. Tie the spices in a thin piece of muslin. Boil sugar, vinegar and spices together and pour over the fruit, letting it stand over night. In the morning pour off and reheat. Pour over the peaches in the preserving kettle, cook together five minutes, pour into jars and seal.

Turkish Stew.—Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan. Mince fine a large onion, add to butter and fry until nicely browned. Cut cold roast beef in dice and let simmer gently with the onion in just enough water to cover for twenty minutes. Now take one-half cupful of tomato catsup, two ginger snaps, one-half teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper and two bay leaves and stir in meat and onion. Cover and cook for ten minutes longer. Thicken with browned flour and serve with boiled potatoes.

Berry Sponge Pudding.—Clean one quart of blueberries or blackberries. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in half a cupful of water until dissolved. Add to the berries half a cupful of sugar, mix through and mash them up. Boil half a cupful of sugar with one cupful of water, add the gelatine to the boiling syrup and let cool. Rub the berries through a sieve. Now add to the cooled syrup the juice of one lemon, the berry pulp and the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs, set the bowl in ice water and beat until it thickens. Pour in a mold. Serve when firm with whipped cream.

Peach Cobbler.—Fill a shallow pudding dish or deep earthenware pie plate with ripe, peeled peaches, leaving the pits in to increase the flavor of the fruit. Add cold water enough to half fill the dish, and cover the whole with a light paste rolled to twice the thickness used for pies. Cut slits across the middle, prick with a fork, and bake in a slow oven about three-quarters of an hour. The peaches should be sugared according to taste before putting on the crust. Serve either warm or cold. The crust should be inverted after being cut into sections, and the peaches piled upon it. Eat with sweet cream.

Bread Pudding.—One and one-half slices of bread, one pint of milk, two eggs, piece of butter as large as English walnut. Sugar to taste. Salt and a little nutmeg.

Rhubarb Pie.—One cupful of stewed rhubarb, one cupful of maple sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat thoroughly and bake with one crust. Frost with two whites.

Hot Chocolate Sauce for Pudding.—Boil one cupful water and one-half cupful sugar three minutes. Mix three teaspoonfuls grated chocolate and one teaspoonful cornstarch with two-thirds cupful of milk. Stir in with sugar and water. Boil until it thickens a little.

Strawberry Sauce for Rice.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with two cupfuls of powdered sugar and add the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Then pour in a cupful of very ripe strawberries which have been mashed to a pulp. Chill and serve with boiled rice or any pudding requiring a sweet sauce.

Rice Stew.—Chopped cold meat well seasoned, wet with gravy if convenient, put it on a platter, then take cold rice, made moist with milk, and one egg, season with pepper and salt. If not sufficient rice, add powdered bread crumbs. Place this around the platter quite thick; set in oven to heat and brown.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

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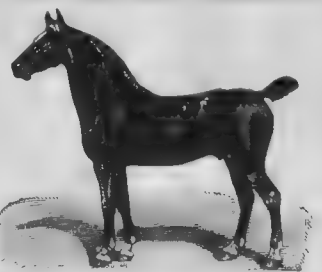
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found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea,
Summer Complaint and Cramps. We
would not like to be without it in the
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CORRESPONDENCE SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Sherbrooke, Quebec.

About the Farm.

Does Ma Wish She Was Pa?

(A Story in Rhyme.)

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"
Sez Pa, one winter's night;
"I'd go down South an' stay a while,
Where days are warm and bright."
He set an' watched the fire die
(Seemed lost in thoughtful daze),
Till Ma brought in some fresh pine
knots
And made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares
O' stock in Standard Oil,"
Sez Pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."
Ma made the kettle boil,
An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)
Fetches cheese an' doughnuts, made
the tea,
Then Pa—set down an' et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"
Sez Pa; "I'd have a snap."
Next, from the lounge, we heard a
snore;
Pa—at his 'ev-nin' nap!
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,
Brushed up, put things away,
An' fed the cat, then started up
Her plans for bakin' day.
She washed an' put some beans to soak,
An' set some bread to rise;
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em, too,
All ready for her pies;
She brought more wood, put out the cat,
Then darned four pair o' socks;
Pa woke, an' sez, "It's time fer bed;
Ma, have you wound both clocks?"

Poultry Dots.

Milk, whole or skim, sweet or sour,
is good for fowls and chicks but
water must also be provided.

The house cat sometimes will catch
little chickens and do it so slyly that
she will not be discovered unless
carefully watched.

During the warm, sunny days it is
best to turn the brood coop so that
it will face the north, thus keeping
out the heat of the sun which would
otherwise make the interior very un-
comfortable for the hen.

Chicks which begin to be troubled
by leg weakness when two or three
weeks old usually have been over-
fed or not given enough opportunity
to exercise. There is nothing like a
run on green turf to make strong,
healthy chicks.

Little ducklings are very sus-
ceptible to sunstroke. They should
always have a shelter to protect them
from the hot August sun or they will
be seen to flatten out on the ground
and become almost perfectly rigid,
and most of those affected will die.

If you have not already swept down
the cobwebs and dirt from the inside
of the hen house and whitewashed
the interior, do it without delay. It
will not only clean and purify the
building but will make it lighter and
brighter and in every way more sat-
isfactory.

Unless the male birds are valuable
beyond the ordinary "rooster," it is
not profitable to keep them through
the summer and if they are disposed
of or killed and eaten the expense of
keeping them is saved and much
trouble from their quarrelsome dis-
positions may be avoided.

If turkey hens with broods of little
poults are confined in coops they
must be dusted with lice-killing pow-
der twice a week and the heads of
the poults must be greased with lard
or vaseline once a week. Lice breed
faster on a confined turkey than on a
hen.

After the breeding season is over
it is sometimes best to put the old
fowls out in the orchard with a low,
cheap shed to roost under and nests
to lay in, and let them remain there
all summer. They will improve the
quality of the fruit by fertilizing the
trees and consuming worms and in-

sects. They will also obtain much
good health from running about in
the shade.

Preserving Eggs.

In the month of August when the
price of eggs is usually at its lowest,
the industrious housewife "puts
down" a sufficient number of eggs to
keep the family throughout the win-
ter when eggs are sometimes almost
worth their weight in precious metal.
For this purpose various methods
have been employed including pack-
ing in common salt, immersing in
lime water, greasing with lard and
the use of water glass. Of all these
methods the greasing with lard is
easily the worst and the water glass
method considerably the best. As
the best is what the readers of the
Western Home Monthly want, we
will not take their time by describing
the other preservatives and the man-
ner of using them.

To make the water glass solution
obtain a gallon of water glass, or
sodium silicate, from the nearest
wholesale druggist. This should cost
about a dollar and will be a heavy
liquid, almost of the consistency of
thick molasses. Next boil nine gal-
lons of water and let it cool. Mix
the water glass with the water and
put the liquid in large earthen jars.
If you have not the jars, take a hard-
wood barrel or cask, remove one
head and fill it with loosely crumpled
paper moistened with kerosene. Set
fire to the paper and let it burn. If
it chars the barrel a little no harm
will be done. This is to destroy the
sizing or any other foreign substance
that might be in the barrel which
would otherwise weaken the water
glass or pollute it so that its pre-
servative properties would be partly
or wholly destroyed.

The receptacle, whether it is jar or
barrel, should be set in a cool, dry
place and covered to exclude the
light. Eggs may be placed in it as
fast as collected and the receptacle
may be filled until the eggs are with-
in an inch of the surface of the
liquid.

If eggs are bought they should be
candled or examined through an egg
tester, to make sure that they are
good, before they are put into the
water glass mixture because one bad
egg may spoil a lot of good ones and
enough bad ones in a barrel will spoil
every egg in the lot. Eggs put down
in this manner in August may be used
at any time during the following
winter and will be found in excellent
condition for both cooking and eat-
ing.

Incubator Notes.

A reader of the Western Home
Monthly writes: If you have trouble
in controlling the temperature in your
incubator try wrapping the heater
with asbestos. This, I learned after
spoiling two lots of two hundred
eggs each, this year and losing a
great many early last year. Papers
laid over the top of the incubator also
form a great protection if the room
happens to be a rather cool one.

When through with the machine at
the end of each season, empty the
tank, drain and dry it thoroughly
and put it in a dry place; usually the
attic is best, if it is accessible. One
year we were having some repairs
made in the house so we tied the
tanks from my incubators with
binder twine to the rafters in the
granary. Pack all the accessories to
each machine in a small paper or
wooden box, together with the book
of instructions for that particular
machine, clean the trays and floor by
scrapping thoroughly, and washing if
necessary, and put away—open, so
that they will be perfectly clean and
dry when wanted next year. The
legs may be taken off and the ma-
chines all taken apart and they will
then take up a very small space.

Never use the incubator as a
brooder if you wish to use it again

as a hatcher. After taking off a
batch of chickens, clean the trays
and floor and put a small dish of
fresh earth into the machine for a
few hours while adjusting the regu-
lator, before putting in more eggs.
This will sweeten it wonderfully.

When lighting up see that the lamp
flame does not strike against the
chimney at either side, that the chim-
ney is well down all around and the
lamp standing level. Lack of atten-
tion to these precautions has cost
the writer many a weary time of
cleaning up smoke and soot, the re-
soldering of two burner necks and
some rather narrow escapes from bad
fires. Should your tank leak, don't
try to get along by putting in corn-
meal, unless it is in the middle of a
hatch, but draw out most of the
water, find the leak and cover with
melted resin, if you can't handle a
soldering iron. I would strongly ad-
vise every poultry raiser to own a
soldering outfit and learn to use it in
case of emergency.

Always follow the directions that
come with your machine as to ad-
justing the regulator, as the manu-
facturer knows more about its con-
struction than any one can tell you
and he is just as anxious for your
success as you are.

Trap Nests.

A subscriber from British Colum-
bia inquires how to make and use
trap nests, or where such nests can
be purchased.

Answering the latter part of the
question first, trap nests are sold by
most dealers in poultry supplies and
most plans for making them are cov-
ered by patent, though some dealers
sell the plans and the right to make
them for the poultryman's own use.

The trap nest is simply a nest with
a trap which springs when the hen
goes in and drops a shutter, or closes
the door, so that she cannot get off
after laying until she is liberated by
the caretaker. Each hen should be
banded with a leg band bearing a
number. The poultryman goes through
his pens every two hours or so, look-
ing at all the nests, and when he finds
one with a hen in and the egg laid
he opens the nest, removes the hen,
gets the number on her band and
writes that number on the egg with
a pencil. He may also put down on
a tally sheet a little cross to show
that the hen laid that day. In this
way he not only knows which eggs
are laid by certain hens but how
many eggs certain hens lay in a
month, season or year.

The knowledge of the parentage of
the egg enables him to set them
under certain hens and to mark the
chicks when they hatch by punching
the webs in their feet and thereby
establish a pedigreed strain. The
knowledge of the number of eggs
each hen lays in a year enables the
owner to throw out such hens as do
not lay enough to pay a profit and to
raise the chicks of each season from
those prolific hens which are money
makers. The use of these nests re-
quires constant attention for the hen
should not be confined in one very
long after she has laid.

How to Make Hens Sit.

A subscriber writes: "Please tell
me how to get Barred Plymouth
Rock hens to sit. Mine have been
laying since in February but do not
show any desire to incubate. I am
feeding a ration of corn with a small
feed of oats about three times a
week to vary it. Please tell me how
to make them sit."

As a rule, Barred Plymouth Rocks
need no particular inducement to sit
at this season of the year. The fact
that yours do not become broody in-
dicates that the particular strain you
have has been bred away from the
tendency to incubate; the fowls have
become nonsitters to some extent.
There is nothing you could feed them
which would be more likely to make
them broody, though if you had fed
a better egg making ration during the
winter they would have laid out their
litter of eggs and would then have
been more inclined toward broodi-
ness.

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In the Dairy.

A farmer's wife writes: "We live on a small farm and milk never more than eight or nine cows but we have found that the hand separator pays. We paid \$80 for ours, which we have had nearly four years. We have our cows fresh in the fall and so in the summer when the flies are bad and prices low we do not run the separator. We have the separator in a small room off the kitchen where there is good ventilation and little dust. I wash the bowl and other essential parts every time they are used and in warm weather I wash the tinware every morning, rinsing them at night with cold water. When the temperature of the room is freezing I sometimes do not wash the tinware for several days. We catch the cream in a small milk can and in warm weather cool it at the pump by setting in a large earthen jar. In cold weather I set the cream in the open window. We keep the milk warm until it is separated and then cool it as quickly as possible. I use sal-soda, hot water and elbow-grease for cleansing. We always use what cream we care for but we have come to like the separated milk, having it on the table every meal. The pigs and calves thrive on it as they never did on the stuff we used to get home from the creamery and the hens lay freely when they can have all they want of it. We send the cream to Winnipeg, the empty cans are cleansed before being returned and we get a milk check every week. It may be, as some say, that "They beat us on the test," but it is better than the old way and I do not make our own butter much of the time since we get more for the cream than we must pay for good dairy butter from some of our clean neighbors who do not keep separators.

Separator Paid for Itself in One Year.

A subscriber writes: "We take our milk to the cheese factory all summer so you might think we have no use for a separator. We thought so too, especially as the creamery is only one and one-half miles away so we can go there when not making cheese. By chance, at an auction, we bought a separator that had not been used much and built a little room with the sow stable on one side and the calf stable on the other side. Just as soon as the cows were milked the cream was separated and fed to the calves (not the foam, as it is not good for them). The calves, of course, drank it just as if it were fresh milk. Other years when we took the milk to the creamery it was not fit to feed to young calves so we let the calves run with the cows until the calf was old enough to drink whey. As we milk thirty-five cows there would be thirty-five calves taking the milk and cream from the cows for several weeks. This year the calves were weaned and the butter or cream (for we took the cream to the creamery three times a week) that was taken out of that milk paid for the separator in one year. It took no more time to separate the milk, wash the separator and feed the calves than to build a fire, warm the stuff they call creamery milk and feed the calves, so the time saved was the time that it took to hitch up, go to the creamery, wait your turn and come home the other three or four days of each week.

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the secretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them the proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

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FREE TO MEN UNTIL CURED Not One Penny in Advance or on Deposit



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Are you gloomy and despondent? Do
you feel the need of new strength?
Are there weaknessess which exhaust
your vital forces? Does your back
trouble you? Have you Rheumatism,
Constipation, Kidney, Liver or
Stomach troubles?**

If you have one or all of the above symptoms; if you realize that your strength is ebbing away; if you are not the man you should be, I offer you in the world-famed Dr. Sanden Herculex Electric Belt, a remedy so safe and natural, so sure in its results, that I can afford to give it to you absolutely.

FREE UNTIL CURED.

Not a cent need be paid in advance or on deposit. All I want is some assurance from you that you will pay me when cured, and I will take all the risk. If the Belt fails, return it and that will end the matter. I charge only the regular catalogue prices for the Belts on trial—in some cases only \$5. If you prefer to pay cash you get a liberal discount.

It is my great knowledge of electricity and its effect on the human system, gained through years of experience and study; also my success in restoring to health thousands of men and women in all parts of the world, that makes me so confident I can do the same for you. Let me give you back your strength. Let me give you a perfect blood supply and circulation; a nervous system in harmony with the rest of your body; a stomach that will digest its food properly; a mind alert and active. Let me make you what you were intended to be—strong, happy confident, brave—a satisfaction to yourself and the admiration of your friends.

If you have time and money to waste you'll probably try some of the many drug remedies, but you'll come to me in the end. Nearly every person I cure has used drugs without success. No one else has the confidence in his treatment to take your case on the same terms that I do. You can't possibly lose by it. This is no "money back" proposition. If you accept my trial offer you can keep your money in your pocket until cured.

If you need my help, let me take charge of your case at once. The Belt is worn comfortably about the waist at night while you sleep, filling the depleted nerve centres with new life and energy and curing while you sleep. It is the most scientific way of applying electricity.

FREE BOOK. Write or call for free book on medical electricity, beautifully illustrated. It will give you prices and full particulars and contains much useful information for both men and women. Sent free, by mail, in plain sealed envelope to all who apply. Write or call at once—today Address,

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

Dineen Building, Entrance No. 6 Temperance Street.

Office Hours 9 to 6:
Saturdays until 9 p.m.

MOTHER'S GUIDE



When a young girl's thoughts become sluggish; when she has headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep; dislikes the society of other girls; then the mother should come to her aid promptly, for she possesses information of vital importance to the young daughter.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and has helped to bring three generations safely from girlhood to womanhood. Read what

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

has accomplished for Miss Olson. Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 North East Street, Kewanee, Ill., in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, sideache, and established my periods after the best physicians in Kewanee had failed to help me, saying that an operation was necessary."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

The Merriest Day.

You must wake and call me early; call me early, husband dear, Tomorrow will be the busiest day we've had for just a year. The van is coming early, you must wake, and wake me, too, There'll be more work about the house than both of us can do.

At five o'clock tomorrow, dear, when day begins to break, We must both get up and stir about: I hope for goodness' sake, The day will be the only precious thing that will be broken, And I hope you'll think, without regret, at night, of all you've spoken.

The pictures must be taken down, the carpets taken up, And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for decent bite or sup; We'll have to do the best we can with cold things, nothing more, And eat them off the mantelpiece, or, maybe, off the floor.

Your nightshirt's in the oven, love, the pillows are away; You must sleep on the kitchen-table—tomorrow's moving-day. Your tooth-bush is in the barrel that's full of boots and clothes, And the soap and towels are somewhere—where, goodness only knows.

Your books are in the coal-box, packed as tightly as I could; Your razor's in the largest trunk, among the coal and wood; The gridiron's in the wardrobe-drawer, and the baby is there, too; I put the bottle with him—'twas the best that I could do.

Oh! tomorrow will be the merriest day in all the gladsome year; You must wake and call me early, before the van gets here.

It is believed that by marching thirty-three miles in ten hours and a quarter, with only one rest of an hour and a half, an English battery of mountain guns in Egypt has established a record.

Prime Ministers' Sunday Resignations.—It is a curious fact that the news of a Prime Minister's resignation has been made known three times on a Sunday during the past fourteen years. Mr. W. E. Gladstone's resignation was accepted by Queen Victoria on Saturday, March 3rd, 1894, but the news was not made public until Sunday. Lord Rosebery's resignation was announced on Sunday, June 23rd, 1895; and Lord Salisbury's became known on Sunday, July 11th, 1902.

Parrots as Advertising Agents.—A new school has been started in the Grand Montrouge district of Paris. It is a school for the teaching of parrots, and specializes in making the birds of commercial value. It has occurred to the manager of the school that a clever parrot may be very useful as an advertiser, and he is at present teaching a number of them to cry aloud the excellence of various products. These birds will later on be hung in cages in prominent positions on the boulevards. The birds are being taught by a phonograph in dark rooms.

Romance of South African Mines.—The proposed closing of the Dutoitspan diamond mine recalls one of the most romantic stories of the South African diamond fields. Less than forty years ago a man called De Beers was farming a few hundred barren acres of veldt near Dutoitspan. One day in 1871 one of his children, while playing, saw a flash of light from the mud-covered wall of the house, and, on examination, found that it came from a small, glasslike pebble embedded in the wall. He dug out the pebble with his penknife and took it proudly to his father. The pebble proved to be a valuable diamond, the first fruits of the rich store of gems which lay hidden under the farmer's barren acres. Mr. De Beers sold his farm for £6,000; the Dutoitspan, De Beers, and Kimberley mines

revealed their treasures of gems; and within a few years £50,000,000 would not have bought the farm which, before that lucky discovery, De Beers would gladly have sold for a few shillings an acre.

In different parts of the world 3,000 marriages take place every day, according to statistics collected by an American clergyman.

Miss Gladys Vanderbilt visited the Irish fair in Madison Square Garden and paid £1,100 for a pair of cuffs and collar of Irish point lace, made two hundred years ago by the nuns of Youghal.

Japanese Women.—The woman of fashion in Japan is a costly luxury. A Kobe newspaper, in giving the cost of her wearing apparel, says she has £2 15s. worth of clothing under her kimono, which costs £5. The obi costs another £5. Numerous tying paraphernalia sum up to £3 15s., and a set of footgear amounts to £2. Combs and hairpins, ornamented with gems, cost £49; a shawl, £1 10s.; a diamond neck clasp, £30; a gold watch, £30—nearly £200 in all for a season. A middle-class woman wears about £30 worth of clothing each year.

Ten Commandments of the Business Man.

1. Thou shalt not in any wise boast, brag, bounce or bluster, or the wise man will hold thee in low esteem.
2. Thou shalt not permit thy wife to be living at the rate of \$1,000 a year, when thy business is not yielding more than \$999; nor shalt thou withhold from her the business information which, as a helpmate, she is entitled to receive.
3. Thou shalt not carry the counting house into the domestic circle, nor in any wise spoil the children's hour.
4. Thou shalt not mock the unsuccessful man, for he may be richer in his poverty than thou art in thy boasted abundance.
5. Thou shalt not hobnob with idle persons, nor smoke with them, nor encourage them, nor approve of their evil life.
6. Thou shalt not keep company with an unpunctual man, for he will certainly lead thee to carelessness and ruin.
7. Thou shalt not forget that a servant who can tell lies for thee may one day tell lies to thee.
8. As to the hours of slumber and sleep, remember the old rule: Nature requires five, Custom gives seven; Laziness takes nine And wickedness eleven.
9. Neither a borrower nor a lender be, but give where well bestowed right cheerfully.
10. Be honest in copper, and in gold thy honesty will be sure.

Children who exhibit a taste for music should have their talents encouraged by allowing them to practice on a Gourlay piano. While the mind is in the formative state and during the first teaching period it is highly important that none but the very best piano should be used. The pleasing tone and responsive touch of the Gourlay piano appeals alike to young and old.

As the Oil Rubs In, the Pain Rubs Out.—Applied to the seat of a pain in any part of the body the skin absorbs the soothing liniment under brisk friction and the patient obtains almost instant relief. The results of the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil have surprised many who were unacquainted with its qualities, and once known it will not be rejected. Try it.

CONSTIPATION

The nourishment you derive from food is absorbed into your system through the walls of the intestines, but when the bowels are not acting freely, naturally, poisons are generated from the obstructed, undigested mass and these poisons, instead of Nature's nourishment, are then taken into the blood and carried through every part of your body. Every organ is weakened; your breath becomes offensive, your eyes dull and heavy, and your skin is disfigured by pimples and blackheads. Mother Seigel's Syrup regulates your liver, gives perfect digestion of food and makes constipation impossible. "My little girl suffered much from constipation," says Mr. W. F. Steeves, Hillsboro, Albert Co., N.B. in a letter of Feb. 1st, 1908. "She was subject to headache and sleeplessness, her breath was offensive and her tongue coated. But Mother Seigel's Syrup completely cured her."

MOTHER

SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Price 60 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

J. H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG,
MAN.



Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Cockroaches and all insects. No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try This." We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill 1,000,000 bugs. Leaves no stain, dust, dirt or disagreeable smell. Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and druggists \$1 per dozen.) DOMESTIC MFG CO., Dept. 32 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

The Perfect Dressing for Ladies' Shoes.

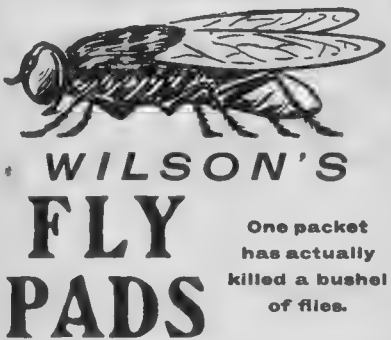
Preserves the finest leather and gives a brilliant polish that will not rub off or soil the daintiest garments.

No dealer careful of his reputation will say anything else is as good.

At all Dealers
10c. and 25c. tins



204



**WILSON'S
FLY
PADS**

One packet
has actually
killed a bushel
of flies.

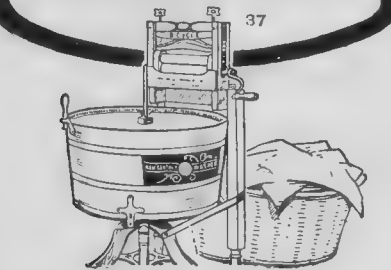
SOLD BY —
DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c.
will last a whole season.

**Nine O'Clock, and
the Washing Done**

The "New Century" Washing Machine washes a tubful of clothes in five minutes. And washes them better than you can possibly do the washing by hand.

New Wringer Attachment allows water to drain directly into the tub. Price \$9.50 complete—delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec. Write for free copy of our new book.

Dowswell Mfg. Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.



Every Woman
is interested and should know
about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe.
Best—Most convenient. It cleanses
instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.
General Agents for Canada.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Just This Minute.

If we're thoughtful, just this minute,
In whatever we say or do;
If we put a purpose in it
That is honest, through and through,
We shall gladden life and give it
Grace to make it all sublime;
For, though life is long, we live it
Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute we are going
Toward the right or toward the wrong;
Just this minute we are sowing
Seeds of sorrow or of song.
Just this minute we are thinking
On the ways that lead to God,
Or in idle dreams are sinking
To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone; tomorrow
Never comes within our grasp;
Just this minute's joy or sorrow,
That is all our hands may clasp.
Just this minute! Let us take it
As a pearl of precious price,
And with high endeavor make it
Fit to shine in paradise.

—Nixon Waterman.

Voice of Medical Science.

By Miss Marie C. Brehm.

More than sixty-five thousand persons in the United States died last year of consumption. The relation of alcoholism to consumption is receiving world-wide recognition and the belief that no nation can prevent the spread of pulmonary tuberculosis unless it prevents the spread of alcoholism is gaining. The use of alcoholic liquors predisposes people to consumption. Legrain says: "The increase of consumption is proportionate to that of alcoholism in France." The late Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, reported that less than twenty-five per cent. of all consumptives coming under his observation were total abstainers. Moderate drinkers are more liable to disease than total abstainers. Quain's Dictionary of Medicine says: "A poison may be defined as a substance having an inherent, deleterious property which renders it capable of destroying life by whatever avenue it is taken into the system." And among such poisons it enumerates alcohol. Dr. Adolf Fick, professor of physiology in the University of Wurtzburg, Germany, says: "From an exhaustive definition we shall have to class every substance as a poison which, on becoming mixed with the blood, causes a disturbance in the function of any organ. That alcohol is such a substance cannot be doubted."

Whoever is taught from the pulpit, the platform, the press, the Sunday school or public school, that a poison is a substance which has the inherent power when introduced into the circulation to injure health and destroy life, and that alcohol is such a poison, is learning truths he will not have to unlearn. Alcohol is a narcotic, and, like other narcotics, it has the power to create an uncontrollable desire for itself. Its miserable victims are seen on every hand wherever the saloon exists. We have a vast army of inebriates in our land, representing all classes and conditions. They are withdrawn from the ranks of active workers and producers and become burdens to be supported by the sober, industrious, property accumulating, taxpaying element of society. Today over a million workers are waging a great warfare in their effort to break up and banish the great evil of intemperance. More and more, above all other agitation, the voice of Science is heard proclaiming the truth that the use of alcoholic liquors, even in small quantities, is physiologically wrong. Daily experience and common sense everywhere demonstrate the fact that alcoholic drink is a degenerating influence. An overwhelming array of facts could be cited from business experience, athletics, army service, Arctic exploration, epidemics, and even labor strikes, showing that total abstainers have better physical and mental endurance than moderate drinkers. Ruskin says the wealth of a nation does not consist of its territory or its material things. The wealth of a nation consists in its population, and only in its sound population.

Since the use of alcoholic drinks is physiologically wrong, it follows logically that it is economically wrong, for whatever reduces the power and value of the individual unit of society, reduces the power and value of the nation. Shall we not accept as a truism, that which is physiologically wrong cannot be morally right, and what is morally wrong cannot be economically right, and what is physiologically, morally and economically wrong cannot be any twist of legislation be made politically right? Therefore, as the light of truth is turned on the problem of how to free the nation from the curse of intemperance and its attendant evils of disease, crime, insanity, poverty, misery and woe, the voice of Science, the voice of Common Sense, and the voice of God unite in declaring: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Presbyterian Banner.

Drink Habit Among Women.

According to Prof. John Duncan Quackenbos, specialist in nervous and mental diseases, member of many American and foreign medical societies, and formerly of the Columbia university faculty, the drink habit is spreading at an alarming rate among the women of New York. To a representative of the Sunday World he said:

"It is with real alarm that I note the rapid growth of the drink habit among the women in New York City. I have been in a position to watch that growth closely and I can say with full knowledge that ten women drink today where one drank a dozen years ago."

"The growth of the habit has been among women of all classes, the rich and poor, young and old. Girls in their teens evidently see no impropriety whatever in drinking publicly with men companions. Very often, indeed, I have had young girls brought to me for treatment, hysterically drunk."

"I have treated within a year women whose weekly bill for champagne alone was \$100 and who filled up the intervals between their draughts of wine with highballs and cocktails. One woman drank a quart of champagne every morning, and when ready to go out her custom was to order her maid to bring her another quart. Then, before leaving the house to enter her carriage, she would empty the bottle to 'steady her nerves.'"

"School misses and college girls in great numbers are among the throng of women drinkers. A case was pointed out recently of a luncheon given here in New York at which twenty-four debutantes drank thirty-six bottles of champagne, and fifteen of them smoked seven dozen cigarettes."

"As every one knows, the punch bowl figures largely in the growth of the drink habit among the women of New York. It is found at all functions, and many a girl has got her first taste of liquor by a dip into it. The punch bowl, however, is not to be blamed entirely. Many women dip into it and do it many times without acquiring the drink habit, but many get their start there. It does give them the taste of liquor and then, with many of them, the taste for liquor."

"Now, the tendency of the American woman is to go to extremes, and in drinking she over-drinks. It is dangerous for her to touch liquor at all. This is particularly true of the New York woman, because of the added excitement of life in New York."

"It is not my object to preach unless the mere statement of fact is a sermon, and the fact is New York women do drink, or rather too large a percentage of them drink, and drink to excess. If one doubts it let him go to any of our large hotels and restaurants any night and look about him. On every hand you find them and their sister visitors to New York drinking. No one thinks anything about it, and the women think they are simply doing the proper thing. Many of them drink because they like the liquor."

"I have treated in the last eight years seven hundred cases of alcoholism, with a large percentage of women, and I found in many cases where the patient was a woman that she did not, deep down in her heart, want to be cured of the habit. The fact is true especially in the case of the rich society woman. She usually comes to me either at the urgent solicitation of relatives or friends, or with only a surface desire to be rid of the habit. Very few of them honestly and truly, and with their whole heart, want to be cured."

"Conditions might not be so bad, however, if women or men drank real, pure, whiskey, real, pure wine and real, pure liquors of all sorts, but they don't. They think they do, but what they are really drinking is a deadly poison and one swift in its execution. I feel safe in saying that out of one hundred drinks sold in New York City as whiskey not more than one is the real article."

"It is rather surprising how many of our school children have become beer drinkers, especially those of foreign birth, and the habit is making them mentally sluggish to a degree that is attracting the attention of educators and philanthropists."

Owing to its exclusive devices such as the melodant, the phrasing lever, the melody button and the diaphragm pneumatics, the Gourlay-Angelus piano plays with all the individuality and authority of a virtuoso. It was the first on the scene and from its marked superiority it is still entitled to the last word.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

THROW AWAY LINIMENTS

Here's the Prescription to Cure Rheumatism.

Liniments only reach the skin and the muscles directly under the skin. Now, liniments can't cure Rheumatism. They simply deaden the nerves for a time. When the effect wears away, the pain returns worse than ever.

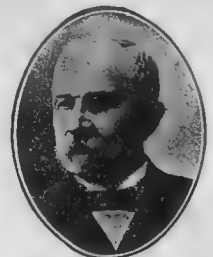
If the bowels do not move regularly—if the kidneys are strained or weak—if the skin is dry or harsh—the blood is sure to be filled with impurities or uric acid. This uric acid is changed into uric acid which is the poison that causes rheumatism.

Now, the only possible way to cure Rheumatism is to prevent uric acid from being formed. Logically, the only way to do this is to keep kidneys, bowels and skin in good working order, and prevent the stomach from being too acid. And the only way to do this is to take "Fruit-a-tives."

These marvelous tablets of fruit juices and tonics act directly on the three great eliminating organs—bowels, kidneys and skin—and put them in perfect condition. That is the only secret of their great success in curing rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago.

50c a box—6 for \$2.50. "Fruit-a-tives," Limited, Ottawa.

BE WELL AND STRONG WITHOUT MEDICINE



Hercules Sanche

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Oxygen is death to disease, and life and health to the human body. On this principle OXYDONOR has cured hundreds of the worst cases of chronic disease—pronounced incurable.

The application of OXYDONOR creates a strong affinity for Oxygen, causing Oxygen from the air to be instilled into the body, entirely revitalizing it. The disease, whatever it may be—so long as no vital organ is destroyed—is speedily driven out, and abounding health takes the place of the feeble, diseased condition.

This seems wonderful, but we have letters from hundreds of people who have experienced it. Here is one from Mrs. E. Poyner, Uxbridge, Ont. "Your Oxydonor has improved my health wonderfully in a short time, so much so that I have gained 11 pounds. My heart was very bad, and I had violent pains in my head, and I could hardly walk across the floor. Now I can walk down town and back and the pains have left me. I would not be without my Oxydonor."

The whole cost of OXYDONOR is the first cost. It lasts a lifetime without any expense, and saves many times its cost in doctor's bills.

Write for our free book telling about the OXYDONOR treatment and some of its wonderful cures.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.
356 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

Stovel's Wall Map of Western Canada

size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price \$2.50. Address, The Stovel Co. Winnipeg.

REMARKABLE INVENTION

**"Actina" a Scientific Appliance,
for Relieving Defective Eye-
sight—Has Achieved
Wonderful Results**

If your eyesight is defective or you have any form of eye trouble that might endanger your eyesight, you should lose no time in investigating "Actina." It is applied directly over the eye and its potentiation stimulates and maintains the circulation of the blood thereby removing congestion and assisting nature to repair the defects and restore the eyesight to normal condition. Hundreds of people owe the restoration of their eyesight to "Actina." Among them are the following:

Prof. T. S. Sligh, Mansfield, La.
Rev. J. M. Foster, Burton, Wash.
Rev. W. C. Goodwin, Moline, Kas.
Rev. Chas. H. Carter, East Springfield, N.Y.
Mr. S. A. Donnelly, Agt. U. S. Secret Service, Louisville, Ky.

Many persons wearing spectacles might better be without them. Strengthen the eye by improving the circulation and it will not require an artificial lens. If you are interested and desire to know what the "Actina" is and what is accomplishing, write today for our FREE TRIAL OFFER and OUR BOOK—TREATISE ON DISEASE. The book contains most valuable information. A postal card will bring it to you. Address Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 H Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet



Used in the following Western Public Schools—

"Neepawa"
"Killarney"
"Melita"
"Wolseley"
"McGregor"
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

Write us for booklet and information.

AGENTS

**J. H. Ashdown HARDWARE Co.
WINNIPEG, LTD.**



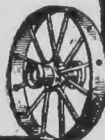
Low Down Wagons

soon earn their cost on any farm.

Steel Wheels

for farm wagons. Straight or staggered spokes. Any size wanted, any width of tire. Hubs to fit any axle. For catalogue and prices, write to

**Warmer Implement Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN.**



WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Customer—"Look here, waiter; I found a button in my salad."
Waiter—"Yes, sir; that's part of the dressing."

Automobile caps are frequently worn by young men who couldn't buy an automobile if they were selling for \$5 a dozen.

"I am very sorry to hear, Captain Salter, that your wife left you so unceremoniously."

"My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate, and she proved to be a skipper."

"You tell me she married for love, but I happen to be aware that the man she married is worth a million."
"Precisely—it is the million she loves."

"I want to get some salad," said Mrs. Youngwife. "Yes'm," said the dealer. "How many heads?" "Oh, gracious! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the inventor of predigested hay, "a man has lived four days in a mine on nothing but oil and wood." "Well, what's in that to shout about?" "Plenty. You're stupid. It gives me a new idea for a breakfast food."

"Did ye get damages fer being in that railway accident, Bill?"

"Sure; fifty dollars for me and fifty dollars for the missus."

"The missus? I didn't hear she was hurt."

"She wasn't; but I had the presence o' mind to fetch her one on the head with me foot."

Small Eleanor—Papa, have you paid the doctor for the new baby yet?
Papa—No, dear. Why do you ask?
Small Eleanor—Cause if he charges full price I wouldn't pay it. It ain't near as big as the one he left next door.

"It must take a good deal of skill to land a big fish."
"It takes a deal more to explain why you didn't."

He—"Mary, this milliner's bill is unusually large. I thought we had decided to be economical."
She—"And we have been. Haven't you given up smoking and horse-racing and the club?"

Landlady—"Dear me, what a peculiar odor! It smells like burning rubber."
Boarder—"Perhaps the cook has dropped a piece of the steak on the stove."

Professor (lecturing on hygiene)—"Tobacco, gentlemen, makes men ugly, short-winded, idiotic, paralytic; and I can tell you this from experience, for I have smoked for many years."

"Do you still play bridge?" asked one suburban society lady to another.
"Oh, yes; I play every evening."
"For money?"

"Yes."
"It must be an expensive pleasure."
"No; one evening I win and the next time I lose."
"Oh, then if I were you I should play only on the evenings I won!"

"I have brought you a poem of four stanzas, sir."
Editor (examining it)—"I count five."
Contributor (mystified)—"Sir?"
Editor—"Yes; in addition to the four, you see, I note it stanza chance of going into the waste basket."

Mrs. Watts—"Don't you ever do anything at all?"
Weary William (the tramp)—"Oh, yes, mum. Sometimes I does time."

He (resolutely)—"Now, Maria, we must talk seriously to your father about our engagement, and make him toe the mark."
She (nervously)—"Yes, dear, but I'm afraid you'll be the mark."

"Williams has sent his wife to New Zealand for his health."
"His health?"
"Yes; he said it was the only way he could get rid of his (s) cold."

"Lend you my dawg to go out shooting with!" exclaimed Giles.
"With your permission, sir, no. Last dawg ever I lent to a party from London who wanted a bit of sport was so full of lead when he came back that the vicar took and mended the church roof with the poor animal."

He—"When we are married we must both think alike."
She—"Yes; but I'll think first."

Ours is truly a great and glorious country: it produces spring chickens all the year around.

Golfer—"Dear, dear! there cannot be worse players than myself!"

Caddie—"Weel, weel, maybe they're worse players, but they dinna play!"

Jim—"I promised my old 'ooman two years ago that first time I ever comed home 'nebrlated I'd give her a five-pun-note, an' I'm proud to say her's never had it yet."

Garge—"Ah, now—but I reckon she's thought every other night she wuz entitled to four pound nineteen an' six!"

Bob Footlite (actor)—"Failure? I should think it was! The whole play was ruined."

She—"Gracious! How was that?"

B. F.—"Why, at the end of the last act a steam pipe burst and hissed me off the stage."

"This paper," said Languid Lewis, "tells about a horse runnin' away with a woman, and she was laid up for six weeks."

"That ain't nothing," rejoined Boastful Benjamin; "a friend of mine once ran away with a horse, and he was laid up for six months."

He—"Why do you force me to wait for an answer?"

She (who is up in political economy)—"Because I don't want to give you a monopoly until I find out whether there's any competition."

Mrs. Bloomer—"It's shameful! Mr. Silenti, who is deaf and dumb, is going to marry Miss Quiett, and she's deaf and dumb."

Mr. B.—"What of it?"

"Why, just think! Their children may be deaf and dumb, too."

"That's all right. We'll watch where they settle, and move in next door to 'em."

Tommy—"Halloa, Jimmy, where are you going to in such a hurry?"

Jimmy—"I'm going home."

Tommy—"Something good going on there?"

Jimmy—"Well, ma's going to spank me."

Tommy (in surprise)—"But why are you in such a hurry?"

Jimmy—"Because if I don't get home at once pa will be in, and he'll do it."

"What do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police-court the other day.

"What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your honor," he replied, with much emphasis.

"Laura—"I don't know, George, it seems such a solemn thing to marry. Have you counted the cost?"

George—"The cost, Laura? The cost? Bless you! I've got a clergyman cousin that'll marry us for nothing!"

Miss Gush—"And Ethel, dear, what is the baby's name?"

Mrs. Newmother—"I've named him Ethelbert Algernon."

Miss Gush—"But I always thought the father named the boys?"

Mrs. Newmother—"If you could hear what his father calls him when he is walking the floor with him in the early dawn you wouldn't wonder I took matters in my own hands."

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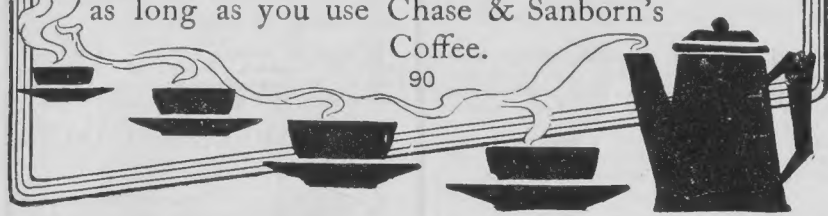
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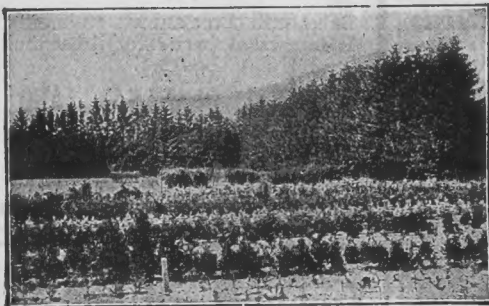
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Hints for the Housewife.

Keep Cool.

Folks are easily stampeded, Just when all their sense is needed; That's a fact by all conceded As a universal rule. If you'd meet the situation, Give it your consideration, Show no silly perturbation, Just keep easy, calm, and cool.

When your hands and arms are waving, When your tongue is loudly raving, When, in short, you are behaving Like a perfect bloomin' fool, Matters never can be mended, Too much effort is expended, Use your wits as they're intended, Just keep easy, calm, and cool.

Don't be foolishly elated, Don't with pride become inflated, Don't get mad and irritated, All your passions strictly school; Try to hold yourself together, Don't let go and snap your tether, Even in the present weather, Just keep easy, calm, and cool.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

To keep linen and other white articles a good color fold up in blue paper.

In washing paint, always remember to wet the under part first, so when washing the upper, any water running down will leave no streaky marks.

Flies may be kept off screen doors by rubbing the frame work and wire netting with kerosene. The odor seems to be offensive to flies.

After frying fish place a little hot water and a few drops of vinegar in the pan so as to take away from it the taste and odor of the fish.

Rub raisins clean between towels instead of washing them. The latter method is apt to make them heavy and soggy in cake or pudding.

The knife used for peeling a pineapple should never be used for slicing it, as the rind contains an acid that is apt to cause a swollen mouth and sore lips.

When sweeping matting put a soft cloth around the broom. While it will sweep the matting just as well, it will also save it from wearing out materially.

Stains on white silk can usually be removed by soaking with gasoline and then rubbing in lump magnesia; as much should be rubbed in as the gasoline will absorb.

In order to prevent lamp chimneys from cracking, put them into cold water and let it come to a boil. Before taking the chimneys out the water should be allowed to get cold.

Rubber rings used for fruit jars that have become hard may be made pliable again by soaking for half an hour in a solution of two parts water and one part ammonia.

When olive oil is used at the table it should be put in dark colored bottles and removed to a cool, dark place immediately after the meal. It is injured by being kept in the light.

A badly faded garment may be made white by washing it in a boiling solution of cream of tartar—one tablespoonful of cream of tartar to each quart of water is the proper proportion.

To distinguish mushrooms from toadstools, sprinkle a little salt on the spongy part of the sample to be tried. If they turn yellow they are poisonous; if black, wholesome.

Dining-room chairs that are worn on the edges can be neatly mended by stretching bicycle tape firmly over worn places. Smooth carefully; then paint brown or green to match leather. A child's ten-cent box of water colors will do this nicely.

Save wooden meat skewers, as they are useful for getting into corners when scrubbing paint, etc. Let a skewer soak in the bucket while you are scrubbing wainscoting. After being used once or twice it forms a little brush, and is invaluable.

Keep Your Oven Clean.—Have the inside of the oven kept scrupulously clean. Wash the entire inside of the oven (not forgetting the roof) at least once a week. Remove the shelves and door before commencing operations, and scrape off any burned substance with an old knife. Let the oven be kept open until quite dry and all smell of soap has passed off. A spoke-brush kept for this purpose is very useful.

Newly-ground coffee sprinkled over game will keep it fresh in the most unfavorable weather.

To Remove Mildew Spots.—This is an old-fashioned remedy, but a very good one. Make a paste of starch, yellow soap, and lemon juice, spread on the spots, and leave in the open air all night. Repeat if necessary. Buttermilk will sometimes remove mildew spots.

Cushions.—A novelty in cushion-covers has been introduced, made of Swiss embroidery finished with a narrow frill of lace. Another new idea is to cover a colored sateen cushion with an old lace curtain which has the design outlined in silk or bebe ribbon.

Here is something to do away with that dangerous paraffin can. Save all the orange peel you may have. Dry it in a cool oven, and store it away in paper bags. Then some morning when your fire won't burn, throw a bit of peel on and watch the effect.

If you want to clean rusty fireirons you should rub them well with sweet oil, and leave them wet for a day or two. Then rub them with unslaked lime. This will remove the rust, and then you may polish your irons just as usual. We have tried this, and have found it very good for cleaning them.

Few women appear to know of the rest that results from changing the shoes as soon as one goes indoors. Shoes which are worn in the street should on no account be worn in the house a moment longer than is possible. A very slight difference in the shaping of outdoor and indoor shoes allows the muscles of the foot to relax.

If the housekeeper who wishes to save her time and energy would do her mending before the clothes are washed she will find it to be more practical. She can mend all rips and tighten any buttons that would be likely to fall off in the wash, and thus save the annoyance of putting on others to replace them. When a garment having a small rent or tear is sent to the laundry it is apt to come back with the tear very much larger.

SUMMER DRINKS.

The following cooling and refreshing drinks will be appreciated during the warm weather:

Orange Sherbet.

Pour over the rinds and juice of three oranges and two lemons five breakfast-cupfuls boiling water; when cold strain, and add two pounds of fine sugar; gradually heat up again until the sugar is melted. When quite cold, add the whisked whites of two eggs, and bottle for use. A wineglass to a tumbler of cold water makes a nice drink or for use with gazogene.

Raspberry Vinegar.

Put the quantity desired of ripe raspberries in a basin (an old soup tureen does admirably), cover with good white vinegar; allow it to stand for a week, then stir and press the fruit well to extract the juice. Strain through fine sieve. To every breakfast-cupful of juice allow one teacupful sugar. Heat over slow fire to boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Cool thoroughly, then bottle and cork tightly. This makes a pleasant, refreshing drink with cold water, aerated water, or gazogene.

Nettle Beer.

Gather a large handful of fresh green nettles, wash, and put them into a large basin. Pour over them two gallons of boiling water, and allow to stand twenty-four hours. Strain and add the juice of two lemons, two teaspoonfuls essence of ginger, two pounds of sugar. Stir all well together, and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved stir in one teacupful of barm. Bottle, and cork very firmly. In three days it will be ready for use.

Lemon Kali.

Rub the rind off two large lemons, with six ounces of lump sugar. Bruise the lumps to powder and dry in oven. Mix with dried sugar two ounces of tartaric acid and two ounces of bicarbonate of soda. Put into a wide-necked bottle, cork, and keep in dry place. A large teaspoonful to a tumbler of cold water makes a nice effervescing drink.

In order to obtain the best results in musical work it is essential to have a piano of fine tone quality and responsive action as a means for correct pianistic expression, or to give popular support to the voice. In this respect the Gourlay piano satisfies the most critical musician either for purely instrumental use or accompaniment.

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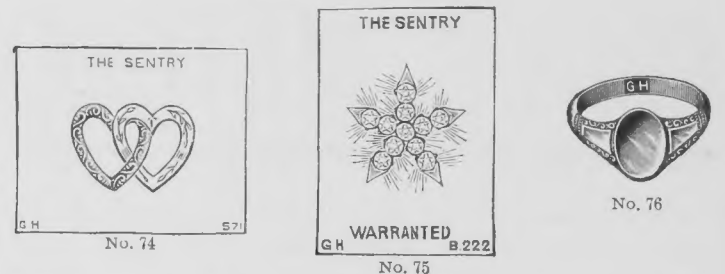
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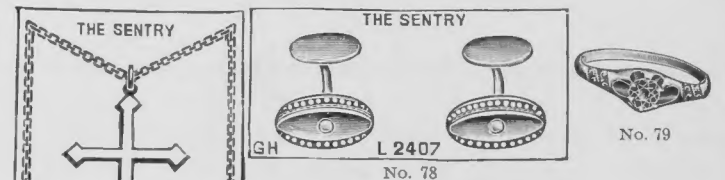
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How to Determine the Size

Cut a strip of thick paper so that the ends will exactly meet, when drawn tightly around the second joint of the finger.

Lay one end on the diagram at ● and order the size the other end indicates.

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